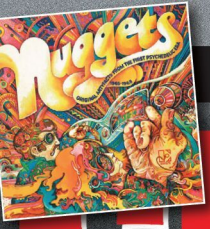

NUGGETS INSIDE THE GARAGE BIBLE ✦ DAVE BROCK INNER AND OUTER SPACE

SHINDIG!

"EVERYBODY WAS SINGING ABOUT BEING IN LOVE AND THE MOON IN JUNE AND ALL THAT STUFF. THEN WE COME ALONG WITH 'WAAAAAH! SHE'S A WITCH!'"

the SONICS

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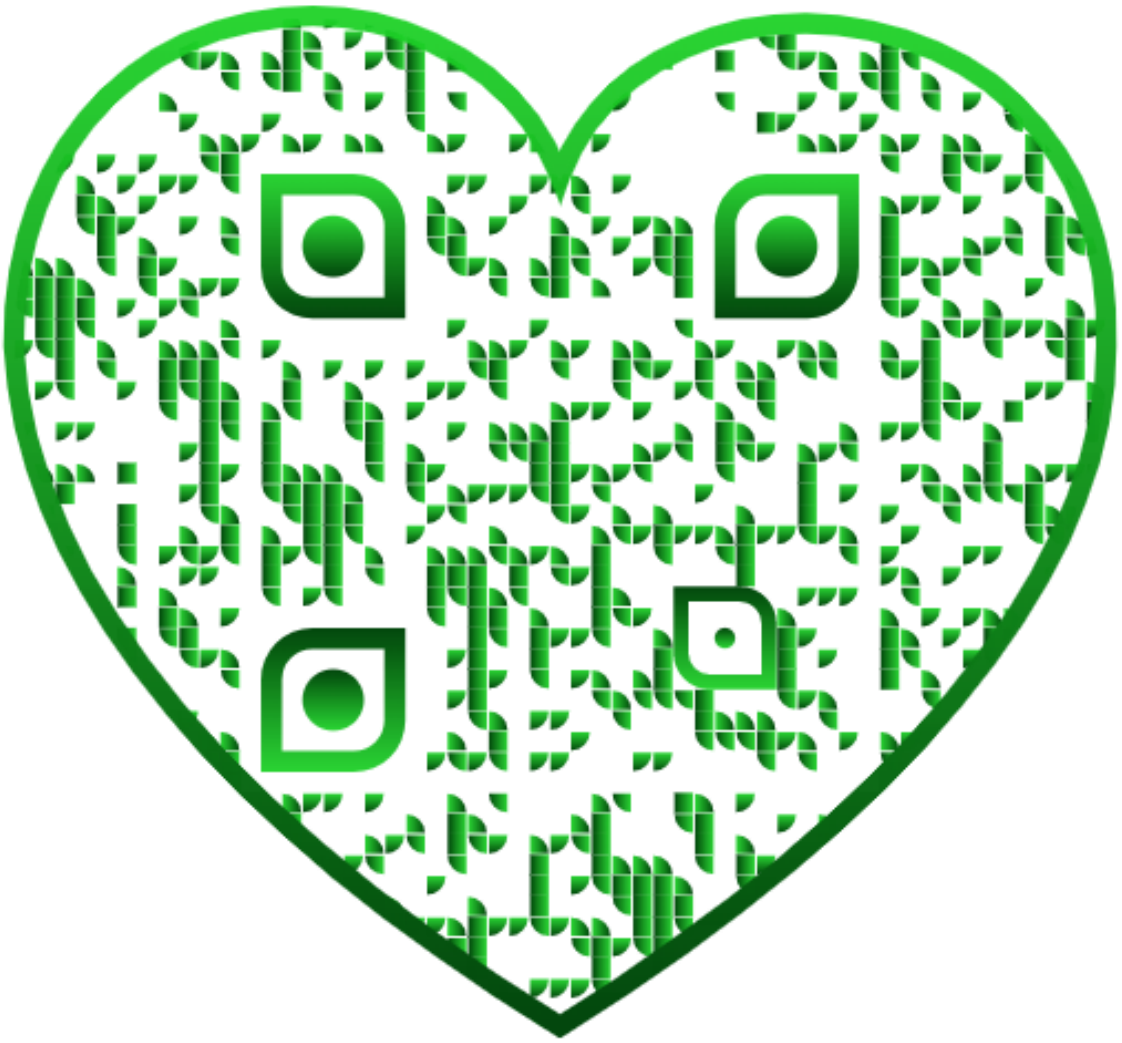

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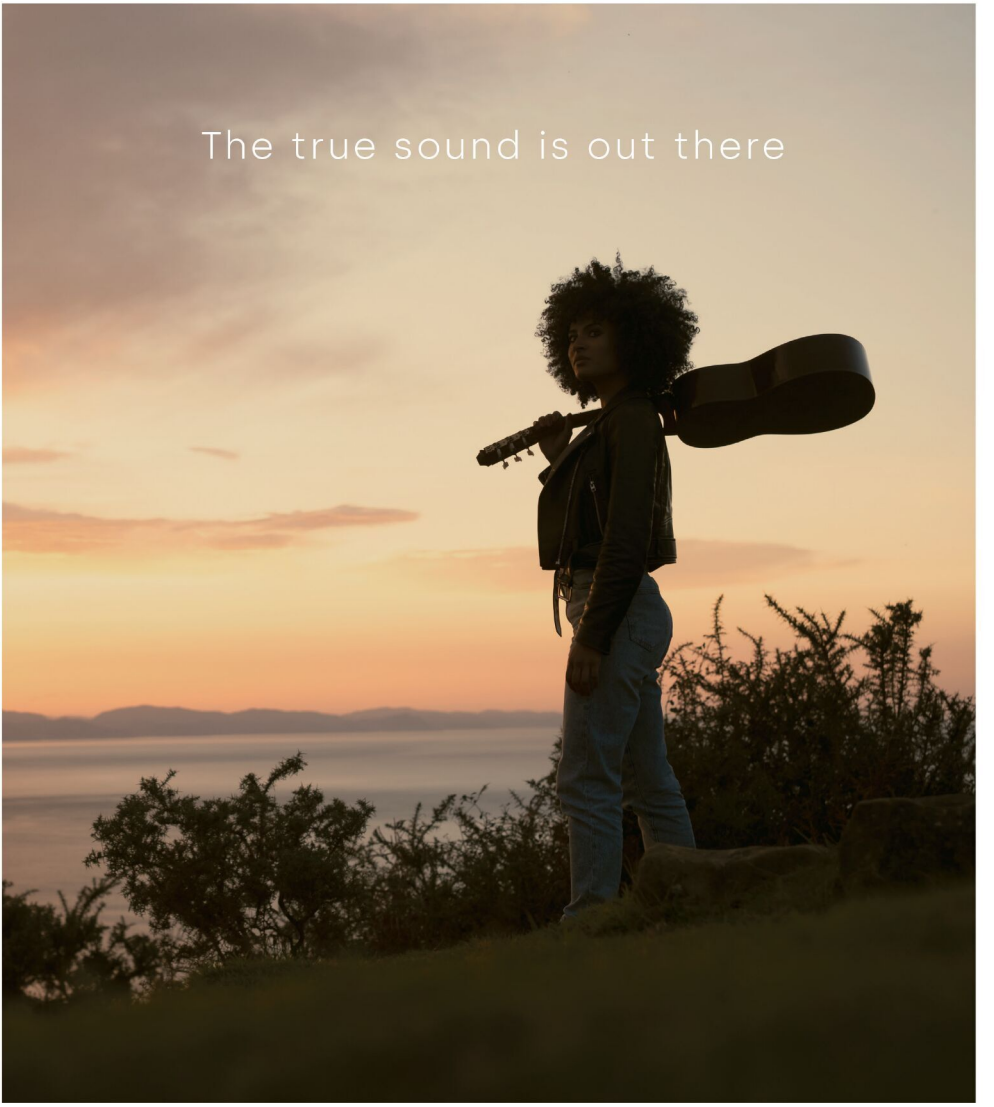

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SHINDIG!

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"The concept of 'garage' was hardly formalised but there seemed to be an adventurous and anything-goes attitude among these bands"

welcome

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Jon 'Mojo' Mills listens to records on the Pro-Ject X2 turntable through the Phono Box DS2. See bit.ly/3FzsvhV and bit.ly/3BFL6rn for information

Hi Shindiggers,

I think we've been on a roll across 2023, I really do. This issue is neatly packaged around the 50th (actually 51st) anniversary of Lenny Kaye's game-changing *Nuggets*, the new edition of which many of you will have forked out for on Record Store Day. It's also something of a definitive "back where we started from" issue, featuring the toughest sounding garage band of all time, The Sonics.

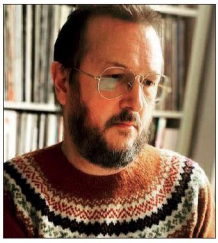
The original *Nuggets* release was revelatory for all of us, and for many of the bands we have covered across the past 30 years. Our talking heads piece goes some way to show this. On the back of that interesting double album set came universal acclaim for The Seeds, The Standells, The Music Machine, The 13th Floor Elevators, The Electric Prunes, The Chocolate Watchband and the whole gang. The Sonics weren't included on the original *Nuggets*, but they were down for the planned follow-up, which never saw the light of day. 'The Witch', 'Psycho', 'Strychnine', 'He's Waiting', 'Shot Down' and numerous other tough-ass, no-messin' cuts by this young conservative looking band go far beyond thee realm of garage music, unknowingly laying down the benchmarks for the whole punk aesthetic that would follow.

This issue is dedicated to our much-missed pal in fuzz Pat Long, who originally wrote this still-definitive early days history of The Sonics for the now hard to find, extremely limited-edition *Shindig!* bookazine *Psychotic Reaction*, published all the way back in 2009.

Our next issue will stick with a variation on the theme.

Thanks as always for your patronage.

Jon 'Mojo' Mills,
Editor-In-Chief



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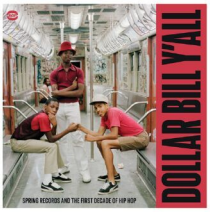
New releases for May 2023



Dollar Bill Y'All
Spring Records and The First Decade Of Hip Hop
CDBGPD 317/ BGP2 317 (2LP)/ Digital
Spring Records released the first commercially available Rap record and for the music's first decade were always there to chart its development. Dollar Bill Y'All focuses on all the key moments from personality jocks, to street tough rapping, from live funk bands to the birth of sampling.

She's Got The Power! Female Power Pop, Punk & Garage
CDTOP 352
A grand tour of punchy she-pop from the USA, the UK, Spain, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Japan and Brazil – filled to the brim with catchy melodies that are heavy on hooks and big on beat.

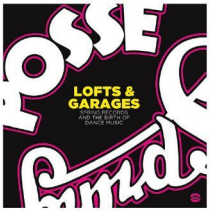
Millie Jackson
Millie Jackson
SEW 009 (LP)/ CDSEWM 209/ Digital
Millie's 1972 debut album reissued on LP.

It Hurts So Good
Millie Jackson
SEW 019 (LP)/ CDSEWM 219/ Digital
Millie Jackson's 1973 classic, recorded in Muscle Shoals and New York, reissued on LP.

Also Available

Shrine Northern
The 60s Rarest Dance Label
KENT 526 (LP)
An album of the very best dance recordings on the Shrine label made in 1965 and 1966, primarily in Washington DC.

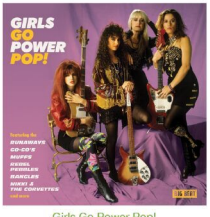
Funkadelic
Greatest Hits
SEW 167 (LP)/ CDSEWM 167
The original 1975 "Greatest Hits", reissued on LP for the first time. With its distinctive Neil Terk cover, it is a monument to the first flowerings of P-Funk.



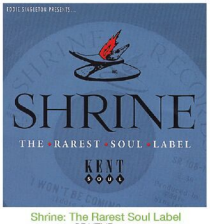
Lofts & Garages
Spring Records And The Birth Of Dance Music
CDBGPD 312/ BGP2 312 (2LP)/ Digital
As disco died, New York's clubland locked to the future and created the blueprint for the dance music that took over the world. Spring Records and its Posse subsidiary were well placed to discover the latest trends and those behind them. This album shows them working with many future greats from Arthur Baker to Timmy Regisford and Micheal Jonzun.

Rockets Of Love! Power Pop Gems From The 70s, 80s & 90s
CDTOP 349
Another collection of top-notch songs delivered with all the jangling guitars, catchy hooks, banging beats and snappy tunes that make power pop such a blast.
Come On Let's Go! Power Pop Gems From The 70s & 80s

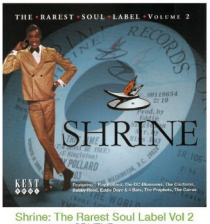
Come On Let's Go! Power Pop Gems From The 70s & 80s
CDWIKD 344
Nothing shakes some action like a snappy guitar-based pop song delivered with a powerful beat, boundless energy and joyous enthusiasm.



Girls Go Power Pop!
CDTOP 345
An entire collection of feminine decks from the 80s and 90s, all delivered with the kind of sassy pizazz you would expect from acts such as the Go-Go's and the Bangles.



Shrine: The Rarest Soul Label
CDKEND 160
If ever there was an appropriate name for a record label then this is it: the holy grail of rare soul & Northern that collectors have worshipped and paid heavily for.



Shrine: The Rarest Soul Label Vol 2
CDKEND 190
This volume looks at those who contributed to the creation of the Shrine sound and songs that have captured the attention of 60s soul fans all over the world.

thoughts&words

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The Heavy Metal Kids get wood

ROCK 'N' ROLLERS

Hi Jon,

Isn't it time to publish a piece on Finnish '70s band Hurriganes? They were quite big in both Sweden and Finland, toured in the UK, and got labelled as a pub-rock band.

Regards,

Göran Gruber

If a band like this is to be covered in our pages, you can count it on that it'll be by Michael Björn. So, let's see...

HARD AT THE TOP

Hi Jon,

Wonderful to see The Heavy Metal Kids feature in #138. Some very interesting facts in there. I was fascinated to see that they had links to jazz-rock band Heaven, who I saw at the Roundhouse, in late 1971. I saw HMK twice. The first time was at The Sundown, Edmonton, supporting Humble Pie, in October '73, and what a perfect pairing. Two "gor-bleedin'-blimey" frontmen, with great bands behind them. The second time was at the Roundhouse, in early '74... and Gary Holton was wearing wellies onstage. Now no one except him could get away with that could they? He's very missed.

See ya next time,

Bob Sawyer

It's always great to read your memories Bob. I knew you'd have seen these guys. Keep 'em coming.

HELPING HAND

Hi Jon,

Enjoying the magazine, as always. You frequently cover less known or forgotten bands of the '70s. Have you ever featured bands like Home or The 0 Band (A Band Called 0)? Loved the fact that Rare Bird, Unicorn and Byzantium have been remembered in *Shindig!*.

Cheers,

Paul Harding

Thanks Paul. I adore all of these bands too. We did an article about "British Americana" in issue #77 and have since featured bigger pieces on the mentioned and Gypsy, but are yet to do anything in depth on Home or A Band Called O. I am also on the trail of a decent Hookfoot story. Stay tuned.

SAUCERFUL

Hi Jon,

Mark Blake's interesting article (*Shindig!* #137) on the early days of Hipgnosis was headed by a photograph of the Floyd

STAR LETTER

FULLY QUALIFIED SURVIVORS

Hi Jon,

I look forward to the editorial "unearthings" of acts we either were ignorant of, or championed greatly that the world at large deemed otherwise as we move into the '80s. While pondering on that I dredged up a few other '70s acts that may be worth an "Rtickle" from your good-selves. In fact, my first suggestion would fall into the '60s – Kim Simmonds / Savoy Brown. From there I went to Jim Pembroke / Wigwam – I believed JP even entered a number for the Finnish contribution to a Eurovision although I can't recall the specifics. My final hand being Paul Roberts / Sniff 'n' The Tears – what a joy they were over those first two releases, *Fickle Heart* and *The Game's Up*. The former may well have had the turntable hit of 'Driver's Seat' but 'Rock 'n' Roll Music', 'Thrill Of It All' and 'Looking For Someone' were stand out tracks for me. I recall a superb Radio 1 In Concert after *Fickle Heart*'s release. *The Game's Up* had some killer tracks too. The twin guitars of Loz Netto and Mick Dyche were classy to these ears. As for the lyrics – they were one step in the right direction away from clichés. Two more albums followed. Paul Roberts reactivated the band in 1992 and released *No Damage Done* – further releases *Underground*, *Downstream* followed and a pretty impressive mature *Random Elements* appeared in 2017. He and Les Davidson have been playing a few acoustic gigs since then and an acoustic release *Jump* has served to remind what quality they have given.

English man in Finland, and Wigwam leader, Jim Pembroke's 1973 Charisma solo album.

Too late to maybe cover Michael Chapman and his resurgence late in life from the Harvest and Decca era? Such a fine body of work to have left and hopefully become discovered by future listeners.

As for the '80s, and in contrast to the "cool" of Mac from the Bunnymen – what about Adrian Borland and The Sound?

If you cover the post '70s as well as you have to date with the '60s and '70s we're in for a "reet ol' treet".

Cheers,

Richard Gould

Some great ideas there Richard. I did do an epic 20 Questions with Michael Chapman all the way back in issue #64, which is available as a bespoke edition from our online shop. Michael was fascinating. To thank you for your suggestions a copy of the Peter Daltrey & The Know Escape's debut album will be sent.

The Byrds go North. Stopping off at Rotherham before their Sheffield City Hall show, May 1971.

on Hampstead Heath in spring 1968. Unfortunately, whoever wrote the caption labelled both the women in the photo simply as "unknown"!

Whatever the reason for this lapse, I can confirm that the girl on Roger's arm was his then wife – Judith (usually known as Judy) Trim – who went on to become a wonderful potter. Many years later she taught both my sons how to express themselves in ceramics, before dying tragically young at the age of only 58.

He may not want it known but, although they were divorced in '75, Roger provided much financial support in the search for medical treatments during Judy's final year; so whatever his reputation in some circles (particularly recently) he was not lacking in the old-fashioned mores of empathy and responsibility even after a quarter of a century.

I'm less certain of Rick's companion, but fairly sure that she also is *his* then wife – Juliette Gale – who I believe is happily still with us.

As an aging groover from the '60s, I can assure you that sexism was nothing like as rife then as it is often now portrayed to have been (particularly in movies of the time) – even if the terminology was sometimes a little wince inducing – so I was disappointed to see your apparent disregard being shown in the year 2023.

Must try harder as my ever-optimistic old teachers used to inform me with great regularity!

Peace, Love and Understanding.

Hugo Fair

Yes, drat. The publisher did provide the credit, which we mislaid at captioning. It should have read "Po at the A Saucerful Of Secrets *cover shoot, with (from left) David Gilmour, Matthew Scurfield, Judy Trim, Roger Waters, Rick Wright, Juliette Gale and future Pink Floyd touring guitarist Tim Renwick, Hampstead Heath, 1968". Our mistake, not theirs.*

TRUCK STOP GUYS

Hi Jon,

I hope you are well. I liked the article on The Byrds. But did you know they came to my hometown in Rotherham? This picture of "The Hairy Byrds" visit to South Yorkshire is not mine, but I can dig it!

Every month I rip open the mailer on my favourite magazine, and mum said, "Oh it's that magazine you leave in the toilet." I had to laugh, because when I have done with the current issue, I take it to work, and leave it in the toilet there. And you know the weird thing, it often "disappears" as someone takes it home to read on their toilet. You can't do that with a digital edition! You have to laugh.

Regards,

Andrew Redding

Great pic, Andrew. And do share the mag readily. The more converts the better.

PODCAST

Hi Jon,

Is it possible to do a *Shindig!* Podcast

Yours,

Simon Roberts

We do two Qobuz playlists per month alongside our two-hour Soho Radio show, but we are discussing an occasional podcast. Is it something that many of you would enjoy? I'm thinking hour long interviews with musicians, filmmakers, scenesters, record label people etc.

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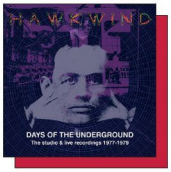
shindiggin'

What's HOT on the Shindig! turntable

The brand new releases, compilation standouts, old album tracks and dusty 45s rockin' our world this month



HAWKWIND

Spirit Of The Age

The opener from 1977's *Quark, Strangeness & Charm* ushers in a new era for Hawkwind. Based on two of Robert Calvert's poems this is sci-fi space-rock with a foot in what would soon become deemed the new-wave. Calvert's spoken singing predates Gary Numan whilst the band's token repetition, favoured by Dave Brock, is taken into the cosmos by the shimmering synths of Simon House. Ahead of its time, it's testament to Hawkwind's unique qualities.

Available on: Days Of The Underground: The Studio & Live Recordings 1977-1979 (ATOMHENGE BOX SET)

GIOVANNI TOMMASO

Indefinitive Atmosphere

The title track from this 1970 library music LP by Italian bassist and composer Giovanni Tommaso is short but sweet, a lilting and lyrical duet for two double basses, both – one assumes – played by the talented Sig. Tommaso, who switches effortlessly to electric for a string of upbeat numbers on the same disc. Too much bass? Not even close. With original copies – if you can find one – now changing hands for several hundred Euros, Sonor's new reissue of *Indefinitive Atmosphere* is much-anticipated and very welcome.

Available on: Indefinitive Atmosphere (SONOR MUSIC EDITIONS LP)

MEIKO KAJI

Meikono Futebushi

Japanese TV and (s)exploitation film star Kaji enjoyed a parallel career in the '70s as a *kayookyoku* (pop singer) long before J-pop was a thing. Her roles in a series of outlaw biker, female prisoner and gangster films (for which she often sang the theme song) earned her a cult following. Dozens of singles and albums followed throughout the '70s, her material ranging from garage-funk and cinematic fluff to jazzy pop and MOR pap. The fuzz-drenched, self-referential 'Meikono Futebushi' combines the best of all worlds, with lush orchestrations and bombastic Spanish brass creating a heady Morricone-esque stew.

Available on: Hajiki Uta (WEWANTSOUNDS LP)

lyme and cybelle

Follow Me

Whether brilliantly or inadvertently, 'Follow Me' manages to conflate the styles that defined American pop music in 1966. It has the jingle-jangle of The Byrds and the blended vocals of 'California Dreamin'', but the overall sound roars out of the same garage that produced '96 Tears'. So, a record by The Mamas & The Mysterians then, with a tape-melting psychedelic middle-eight thrown in for good measure. This debut single reached a respectable #65 on the *Billboard* chart and constituted cybelle's 15 minutes – but lyme grew up to be Warren Zevon.

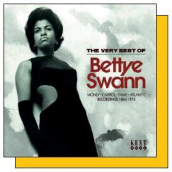
Available on: Warren Zevon: The First Sessions (VARESE SARABANDE CD)

ALAIN GORAGUER

Méditation Des Enfants

Among the many – objectively *too* many – goodbyes we recently had to say was a fond *au revoir* to French composer (and arranger for the likes of Gainsbourg and Vian) Alain Goraguer. His soundtrack work is what really stole our hearts, especially the obscure-score-turned-cult-classic he composed for 1973 experimental animated flick *La Planète Sauvage* (known in this neck of the woods as *Fantastic Planet*), an under-rated jewel that was not just visually arresting but decidedly ahead of its time. Like the film, short sonic vignettes such as the hypnotic 'Méditation Des Enfants' (later sampled by DJ Shadow on 'War Is Hell') sit perfectly between enchanting reverie and sinister premonition.

Available on: La Planète Sauvage (Original Soundtrack Recording) (SUPERIOR VIADUCT LP)



BETTYE SWANN

Then You Can Tell Me Goodbye

Recent exposure on TV shows *The End Of The F***ing World* and *Funny Woman* reminded us what a masterclass in bruised, lovelorn southern soul this cut is. Tucked away on her 1969 Capitol album *The Soul View Now!*, it finds the honey-voiced Swann at the peak of her powers, breathing new life into John D Loudermilk's '62 country standard. The song itself had already lent itself to a variety of stylistic interpretations, from doo-wop (The Casinos) to easy-listening (Andy Williams) to tortured soul (James Brown), but it's Swann's reading that has the power to stop you in your tracks.

Available on: The Very Best Of Bettye Swann (KENT CD)

NIX & THE NOTHINGS

Movin' On

One of the strongest cuts (of many) from this Norwegian group's debut LP, the impressive *Here Goes Nothing*, 'Movin' On' is a truly wild, cacophonous blast of psycho-garage, containing all the best elements: crunching fuzz guitar, tumbling drums and bass, cool high pitched organ plus Nicolai Olsen's fearsome vocals. Yet despite an obvious veneer of suppressed aggression, this dynamic winner also delights with a simplistic and melodic chorus, surprising on-the-brink effects and a cool breakdown that allows some breathing space.

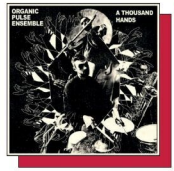
Available on: Here Goes Nothing (APOLLON LP)

THE KINKS

Harry Rag

Great songwriters occasionally come up with songs that sound like an ancient and deeply cherished part of a country's culture. McCartney did it with 'Mull Of Kintyre' – love it or loath it, there's no denying the song sounds like a centuries-old traditional Scottish folk song. There's a similar thing going on with Ray Davies' jaunty, oddly nautical ode to the joys of the cigarette. A sing-along ditty recorded in late 1966 and released a year later, it could have been belted out in an 18th century music hall, or have kept spirits up in the first world war trenches. London was not only swinging, it was smoking too.

Available on: Something Else By The Kinks (SANCTUARY LP)

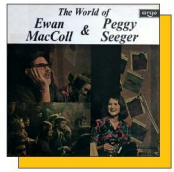


ORGANIC PULSE ENSEMBLE

For All The Other Places

Multi-instrumentalist Gustav Hornet's latest album under his Organic Pulse Ensemble moniker is another wonderful journey into a spiritual-jazz wonderland that is both warming and exotic, made all the more remarkable when you consider that everything you hear is played by one musician. Opener 'For All The Other Places' is a fine case in point, with upright bass, a myriad of percussion, dulcimer and flutes creating an organic and hypnotising sound with the ability to transport the listener to some other place entirely.

Available on: A Thousand Hands (2 HEADED DEAR LP)



EWAN MACCOLL & PEGGY SEEGER

Space Girl

MacColl and Seeger are often cast as the humourless, hard-line left-wing traditionalists of the folk revival, standing in staunch opposition to innovation, electric instruments and experimentation. Evidence to the contrary includes this wonderful, whimsical reworking of WWI ballad 'The Ghost Soldier Song', incorporating motifs from the golden age of sci-fi in a satire on xenophobia that also celebrates the new freedom and independence of young women in the early '50s. Sold by Seeger's playful, seductive vocal and the light jazz-folk arrangement (and later covered by Shirley Collins and Eliza Carthy), 'Space Girl' shows another side to these two great singer-songwriters.

Available on: The World Of Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger Vol 1 (ARGO LP)

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L-R: Callum Shortall, Matt Blach, Tim Karamouche, Cook Craig, Ambrose Kenny-Smith: The Murlocs, approaching country
PHOTO: IZZIE AUSTIN

A Trip To The Country

Emerging from the pandemic with an itch to veer off the beaten path, **THE MURLOCS** decided to try something new. Ambrose Kenny-Smith tells **TESS CARGES** all about his trip to the country

Since their debut in 2010, The Murlocs have insisted on the fusion of disparate genres—often melding garage-rock with psychedelia, glam, and punk. Their last project, *Rapscallion*, was the band's first concept album. It received critical acclaim for its sharp investment in and reproduction of the sounds of the '60s. Now, The Murlocs are back with another swinging album, titled *Calm Ya Farm*, which gleefully ventures into country-rock protest and Laurel Canyon indulgence while never losing the psychedelic underpinnings that make The Murlocs so unique. "We have always wanted to do a country record," leader of the pack Ambrose Kenny-Smith remarks. "In typical Murlocs fashion things started to turn back to sounding more like us as we went along."

Growing up in the Geelong suburbs of Australia, Kenny-Smith resonated with the sounds of American country, rock, and blues. As his musical inclinations ramped up, he formed The Murlocs with a group of friends who shared a similar desire to transform the sounds they knew and loved. Featuring Ambrose Kenny-Smith on vocals, guitar, and harmonica, Callum Shortal on guitar, Matt Blach on drums, Tim Karmouche on keys, and Cook Craig on bass, the Melbourne outfit that once played blues covers in small clubs quickly became a psychedelic supergroup. And as if one successful band wasn't enough, Kenny-Smith and Craig are also well-known for their work in the legendary and prolific King Gizzard & The Lizard Wizard. While Kenny-Smith plays a leading role in the songwriting and craft of that band, it's with The Murlocs where he truly sparkles.

Once Kenny-Smith decided to make a country-rock album, he first made sure that

his fellow Murlocs were on board. Equipped with an assortment of persuasive albums, like The Byrds' *Sweetheart Of The Rodeo* and Jim Ford's *Harlan County*, Kenny-Smith encouraged the band to take a step in a new sonic direction. Commenting on his biggest influence, The Rolling Stones, Kenny-Smith raves: "*Exile On Main Street* is probably my favourite album of all time, so I had that on my mind when I was able to convince the guys in trying to go down this path of country infused blues-rock." For some, this might have been a big ask, especially considering that Kenny-Smith has diverted most of his time and attention to writing the lyrics and melodies while the rest of the band compose the grounding instrumentals. "We always work fairly collaboratively, but this album came together in that way a lot more so than ever before," says Kenny-Smith. "Cook was the first one to step up to the plate with a bunch of tunes. From there Cal, Matt and Tim all contributed songs as well whilst I kept writing the lyrics and working on my vocals as they were sending them in." With all bandmates leaping at the chance to try something new, The Murlocs created their most cohesive and collaborative album to date.

Like many of the previous Murlocs albums, *Calm Ya Farm* keeps a sharp eye on societal pressures. Commenting on the rise of conspiracy theories and his headspace during the album's conception, Kenny-Smith says: "I was hearing a lot of wild conspiracies from different friends and family about the world at the time which freaked me out. There are a lot of references to that way of thinking amongst the songs. I guess I was just questioning everyone's reality as well as my own. It was a very confusing and exhausting time and this album was my escape. It kept my head up and maintained my sanity." The album's paranoia grows, as Kenny-Smith rants—sometimes mimicking conspiracy theorists, sometimes genuinely questioning societal norms. Although

"My partner always says 'Calm Ya Farm' to me when my head is spinning out of control. I got it tattooed on my leg so I don't forget to stop and smell the roses"

The Byrd's were a great influence for *Calm Ya Farm*, Bob Dylan's early reticent mischief is heard more readily in Kenny-Smiths polemics.

The more skeptical songs on the album are punctuated by an occasional tonal shift. On soul tracks like 'Queen Pinky', Kenny-Smith switches gears. With the added use of a mellotron and farfisa, it's easy to hear King Gizzard's influence on the band's increasing experimentation. The song shimmers and grooves under Kenny-Smiths passionate professions. "The tune came from our lead guitarist Cal Shortal. It was one of the last ideas to be brought to the table. It immediately resonated with me at the time and still does. I had just proposed to my partner of 10 years and it felt right to dedicate the song to her," reminisces Kenny-Smith.

The title of the album acts as a dialogue for the narrator's paranoid wanderings. For self-proclaimed "softie" Kenny-Smith, "calm ya farm" is a mantra to drown out the overwhelming noise. "I feel like we're all surrounded by feelings of self-doubt and anxiety. Especially in the last few years. My partner always says this phrase to me when my head is spinning out of control. I got it tattooed on my leg so I don't forget to stop and smell the roses." The album moves between debilitating worry and insistent self-assurance as seamlessly as it shifts between psychedelic rock and country.

Now that they've delved beautifully into a new genre, where will The Murlocs go next? Kenny-Smith ponders what's to come. "I'm glad that we are finally trying to change up the sound of each record in the last few years. I hope to do a really live sounding record soon. We still haven't found the time to all get back in a room together and bash it out again like we used to. I would like to do something with more synths one day but more than anything the next thing I want to do will be something heavier than anything we've ever done before."

Calm Ya Farm is out on 19th May on ATO

Carnivals And Cotton Candy

Dave Berkham has steered Portland, Oregon's **THE REVERBERATIONS** through a handful of singles and two albums that soak up all manner of '60s garage and psych moods and textures along the way. As the band unleashes its third and most ambitious album to date, he talks us through the songs that fed into its creation

THE DOVERS
What Am I Going To Do
(B-side of 'She's Gone', Mirimar, 1965)

I don't have a lot to say about this song that hasn't already been said. It's haunting in a way. The fact that these teenagers wrote this timeless ballad that never gets old, obliterates my mind upon every listen.

LOVE
Orange Skies
(B-side of 'She Comes In Colors', Elektra, 1966)

I'm a total sucker for flute. There are loads of Mellotron flutes on the new Reverberations album. This song has a lot of special meaning to me as well – it was the song my wife and I danced to at our wedding. Just a beautiful example of how much of a genius Arthur Lee's vision was.

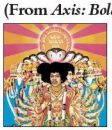
TOMORROW
My White Bicycle
(A-side, Parlophone, 1967)

When someone asks, "What is the most psychedelic sounding song?" your mind can fill in the gaps with a variety of choices, but I always thought this is one of the craziest recordings I've ever heard. The arrangement's backwards effect offers a musical interpretation of tripping on acid. A lot of the same studio effects were applied to our new record.

CLEAR LIGHT
She's Ready To Be Free
(B-side of 'Black Roses', Elektra, 1967)

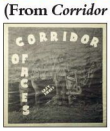
I LOVE this record! I hear so many variations of garage/psychedelia throughout. This cut has it all in less than two minutes! Fuzz bass, tape delay, tempo changes, twangy guitars, haunting vocals, and a sense of urgency to it! Like the band is racing to get the take so they can move onto the next track, without sounding too "produced".

THE JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE
Ain't No Telling
(From *Axis: Bold As Love*, Track, 1967)



I admit I was late in the game in exploring more than the hits with Jimi Hendrix. That sure was a bad move on my part! I used to think some Hendrix recordings were a bit blown out sounding due to the sheer power of the group, but this record changed that. I love its tone. There's a little more clarity, and the production just puts all the best parts right where you want them to be.

LAZY SMOKE
Sarah Saturday
(From *Corridor Of Faces*, Onyx, 1969)



Local Portland label Jackpot Records reissued this rarity and recommended it to me while I was perusing. The shopkeeper put it on and shared this track first. I was hooked as soon I heard the first few lines. There is something strangely charming about a rock 'n' roller singing about waiting in an ice cream parlour for his girlfriend. I could picture a modern indie group having a song like this.

LITTLE FREE ROCK
Castles In The Sky
(From *Little Free Rock*, Transatlantic, 1969)

Little Free Rock was a new discovery for me, right before the world shut down. While our songs were being prepared for recording, I became obsessed with the idea of heavier psych freakbeat bands using Mellotron strings/flutes like an orchestra, but not getting too progressive rock with it. I think this recording does a great job of capturing what I'd like to hear. It's almost as if Blue Cheer and The Moody Blues joined together.

"While our songs were being prepared for recording, I became obsessed with the idea of heavier psych freakbeat bands using Mellotron strings/flutes like an orchestra, but not getting too progressive rock with it"

Forever the fool: Dave Berkham

BADFINGER

Meanwhile Back At The Ranch / Should I Smoke

(From *Wish You Were Here*, Warner Bros, 1974)

I've loved Badfinger since my first listen. The tragedy of the band's demise makes the music more powerful to me. Everything about this song demonstrates what Badfinger is about; driving drums, killer atmospheric guitar tones, jangly hooks, calls and responses, beautiful harmonies, epic ending. I almost think of this song as their "Beatles - The End". What more can you ask for?

TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS

Walls (No 3)

(From *Songs And Music From "She's The One"*, Warner Bros, 1996)

Tom Petty meant a lot to me and Cam (bass in Reverberations). We've been playing music on and off together since we were 17 years old. Tom Petty was a driving musical force in our formative years, and this song just makes me think of all the ups and downs of our friendship and the simpler times at the beginning of our musical collaboration.

THE EXPLODING HEARTS

Jailbird

(From *Guitar Romantic*, Screaming Apple, 2002)

Some songs sonically take you to another time. This record always makes me reminisce about being 17 and wanting so bad to be able to write songs this good, and to be in a band that could not have a bad song on an album. This has been a desert island disc since then.

Half Remembered Dreams is out now on Beluga

Coming Up For Air

As **GIOVANNI TOMMASO**'s 1970 library classic is reissued, **PAUL OSBORNE** joins the Italian for a stroll down memory lane

One of Italy's finest bass players, Giovanni Tommaso's place in the pantheon of greats is assured. As a founding member of jazz-rock ensemble Perigeo, he forged a path through the '70s on a succession of progressive and mind-expanding LPs that won the quintet plaudits. Equally influential, but not quite as celebrated, are Tommaso's contributions to the world of Italian library and production music, a situation that will hopefully be reversed with the reissue of his first solo outing, 1970's *Indefinitive Atmosphere*.

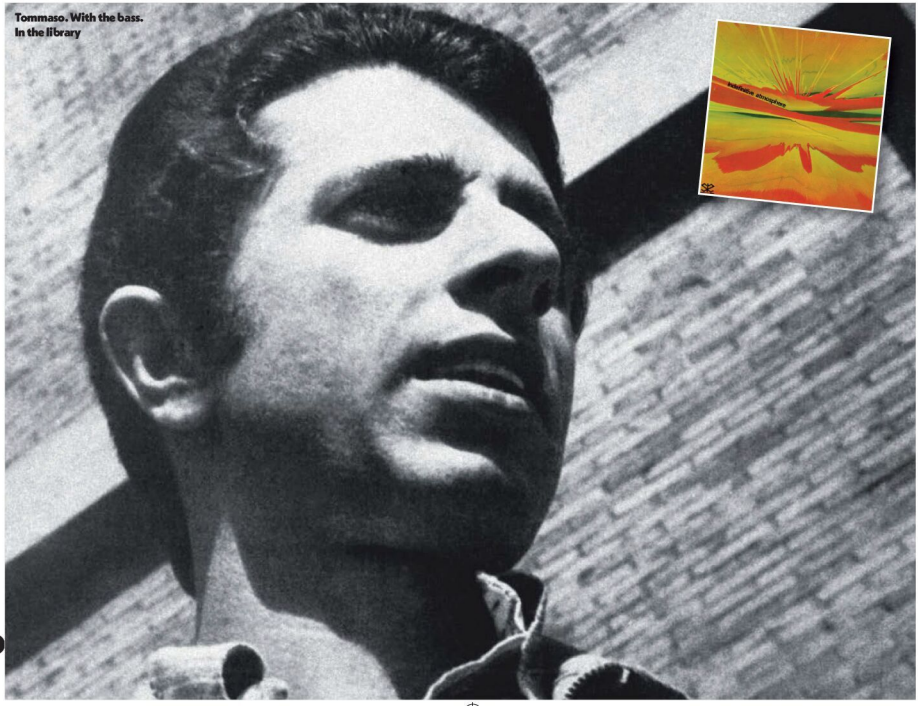
Although Tommaso had been a regular on Italy's jazz circuit since the late '50s as a member of Quintetto di Lucca, his move to Rome in the late '60s planted the seeds for the creation of Indefinitive Atmosphere. "At that time, '67, I was a full-time jazz musician. I moved to Rome and needed to make more money to support my family, so I joined a union to work as a studio bass player," he explains. "I recorded with the best composers in the world: Ennio Morricone, Luis Bacalov, Henri Mancini, Jerry Goldsmith, Elmer Bernstein. That kind of experience was very important and helped me to grow as a composer. I was asked by a producer to record a couple of tunes, probably to test my writing. He liked it and asked me to record other material to make an album. I was very excited because he left me free to write whatever I wanted."

This freedom of expression and the calibre of the musicians involved (including legendary US saxophonist Steve Lacy) ensures that Indefinitive Atmosphere sits with the very best Italian library records of the period, running the gauntlet of styles from heavy, funky soul-jazz (opener 'Strong Beat'), cinematic excursions ('Circle', 'Out'), *avant-garde* weirdness and atmospheric grooves (the incredible 'Walk Slow' and moody swing of the title track). The atmosphere and chemistry embedded in its sonic blueprint are due in no small part to the legendary RCA Studios in Rome where the album was recorded. "RCA was built very similar to the RCA Studios in New York. Studio A was identical to the one in New York. Studio B was just a little smaller. Studio C and D even smaller – great for a small group."

With the re-release of his solo debut imminent following the release last year of Perigeo's back catalogue, Tommaso is finally getting some of the global recognition he so richly deserves. "This thing about the worldwide audience is so exiting and surprising! I didn't listen to *Indefinitive Atmosphere* for many years, it was touching for me to hear it again. Thank God I still have a good memory. Whenever I think of an album I recorded, I can just see and feel that experience with many small details… and, believe it or not, the smells too!"

"Thank God I still have a good memory. Whenever I think of an album I recorded, I can just see and feel that experience with many small details"

Indefinitive Atmosphere is out now on Sonor Music Editions



Tommaso. With the bass. In the library

Holly Henderson: home is where the heart is

Welcome Home

CAMILLA AISA enjoys staring at four walls with **HOLLY HENDERSON**

A lot has changed since Holly Henderson recorded her debut in Los Angeles in 2019, collecting songs she'd been working on for years. Her second offering follows a relocation to a farmhouse in rural England.

"Location is one of many things that influences my writing", the singer-songwriter concedes. "But I think the biggest factor is that I'm a different person, a more mature writer, and I can finally articulate bigger ideas better than I ever could. Now I produce and compose daily." Musically, *The Walls* is a multicoloured, voracious step forward. Rooted in psychedelic indie-folk, it eagerly embraces different styles and moods through its captivating 12 tracks.

The very instrumental palette is wider. "Guitar will always be the instrument I can communicate with most efficiently, it's my right hand for writing, thinking and experimenting," she reflects. "But I've always looked at the process of writing, at the outcome, to be so much bigger than just the instrument I use to make it happen. Me being able to grow adept at finding new ways to create sounds and ideas – especially with production – has opened the world up in a huge way. I don't have to be limited to guitar, and I find that incredibly exciting. Not to say that it won't in some way, most of the time, feature in most things, because of my comfort around that instrument."

Looking at Joey Bullet's artwork on the sleeve, it's as if we're being invited into a home. These are welcoming walls indeed, guarding a wealth of details and revelations to be explored inside. "After finishing the album, I concluded that *home* is definitely a state of mind," Holly considers. "The 'house' of the album – everything from the artwork to the songs – has its own peeling wallpaper, creaky floorboards, dust. It's not perfect or polished. You can hear people talk or cough sometimes, we only allowed three takes per song, and very little in terms of overdubs and preening. The real soul, the real message is within the people, the sounds we make, our stories, our creations, the smiles we made at each other when we had beautiful, spontaneous moments while tracking – that made it 'home'. Without it, it's a shell, and not even a particularly expensive or decadent one. I wanted to share the walls I was so proud of with everyone else. Which is why we make albums or invite people over for dinner. Same thing, I think".

"You can hear people talk or cough sometimes, we only allowed three takes per song, and very little in terms of overdubs and preening"

The Walls is out on 26th May on Ivy RecRods

Reconceptualising:. The Golden Grass
PHOTO: DANTE TORRIERI

Good Seeds

THE GOLDEN GRASS's heady brew of melodic rock and retro classicism has gained them a dedicated following, as **LOUIS WIGGETT** attests

"It was dark. I just tried to keep the vibe of the band alive by posting a lot of old memories and photos online, and I used the unexpected sabbatical to grow and redefine all my drum techniques." Adam Kriney, drummer/vocalist with The Golden Grass, recalls the pandemic's toll on the New York power trio, a period that almost spelled their end, had it not been for rekindled interest and subsequent deal with Heavy Psych Sounds.

With album #4 finally seeing the light of day, guitarist/vocalist Michael Rafalowich expands on the creative process that brought forth *Life Is Much Stranger*. "Throughout the entirety of September 2022, we were working literally every day to complete things prior to mixing the first weekend in October. Much of what you hear on those songs literally did not exist when we laid down the basic tracks – guitar harmonies and other overdubs, arrangements, even full lyrics and vocals were overhauled in their entirety, burning midnight oil and starting from scratch."

"I like to see our songs as vignettes of sorts, each an opportunity to select what we want from the eras of music that we're particularly interested and excited about"

"The writing began in 2019," Kriney continues, "and was only completed at the actual recording and mixing sessions in September and October 2022. Because of the length of time that it took to compose and create the album, in addition to all of the starts and stops, and time that we had to rethink/rewrite/reconceptualise each song, there is probably an unknown amount of influence on the album."

And with influences massively diverse in nature on both a personal level and as a unit, it's easy to hear echoes of Todd Rundgren's Nazz-era output, assorted British freakbeat, southern rock and European prog, as well as the oft-bandied "proto-metal" in every corner of the new record. Kriney chips in. "I like to see our songs as vignettes of sorts, each an opportunity to select what we want from the eras of music that we study and are particularly interested and excited about. And somehow we find a way to convey this vignette as a seamless narrative."

The Golden Grass, having been accepted by the stoner/metal scene, particularly in Europe where they just played a string of dates, have always made music free from the shackles of their adopted genres. Rafalowich explains. "I'm influenced by – and steal ideas from – so many styles of music, several of which are actually very distant from rock, but we manage to blend them all together and stitch them up into a sonic tapestry that is uniquely our own. Aggression and melody, with some jazzy and experimental/improvisational touches."

Life Is Much Stranger is out now on Heavy Psych Sounds

happening right now

Happily Ever After

Electric Looking Glass singer/songwriter Brent Randall and drummer Johnny Toomey offer a delightful side-project in the shape of **VANITY MIRROR**

Due to an unforeseen family issue, Brent Randall had to return to his native Toronto from Los Angeles. "It won't necessarily be forever," he optimistically explains, "but it has made sense this past year."

With Electric Looking Glass on temporary hiatus, Brent started demoing a backlog of material in a simple bedroom set-up with a few Shure 58 mics, an old piano and a laptop. "The idea was that these were demos," he says, "so I was just working fast without being overly precious. About half of the songs were earmarked as contenders for Electric Looking Glass, and because of this I sent them to Johnny, who did drums and percussion using a handheld field recorder. It was an experiment at first but worked rather well. Many previous albums I've worked on had taken longer and so I found working in this quick way really fun and inspiring."

Over this time Brent had been listening to a lot more lo-fi/bedroom stuff as well – things like Television Personalities, R Stevie Moore and contemporary bands like White Fence. "It seemed to suit the moment," he adds. "This also allowed us to include a few extra songs that maybe wouldn't have been used with ELG that gave this a slightly different flavour. Some of the ballads, for instance, were intended for a second Gentle Brent [Randall's alter ego] record. I suppose overall it has a bit more of an early '70s pop feel," although this wasn't necessarily the plan.

"Perhaps that makes sense as a natural progression from the ELG stuff, as many of those late '60s pop groups followed a similar trajectory. I'd like to think the songs bridge the gap between outsider music and retro revivalist music with nods to certain twee and DIY indie-pop as well."

As told to Jon 'Mojo' Mills

PUFF is out now on We Are Busy Bodies

CARGO COLLECTIVE

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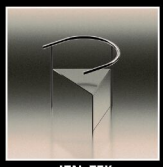

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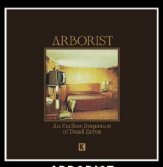
A DFFRNT WRLD
MOLECULAR SCREAM 2CD
TV Smith, frontman of The Adverts and Richard Strange, frontman of Doctors of Madness release "A DFFRNT WRLD", a DOUBLE CD set of songs for the Digital Age.



ARBORIST
AN ENDLESS SEQUENCE OF DEAD ZEROS
KIRKINRIOLA RECORDS LP / CD
"A staggering debut of depth and substance" - 8/10 UNCUT
"An instant classic" - 4-stars The Guardian
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NEEV
KATHERINE
TRAPPED ANIMAL LP
'I Just adore her voice' Sian Eleri - BBCR1. Scottish artist Neev presents a debut album full of beautiful indie-folk songs. FFO Laura Marling, Celtic vibes and disarmingly deep pop songs.

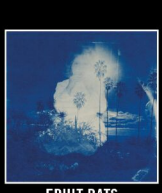
RUDY DE ANDA
CLOSET BOTANIST
KARMA CHIEF LP / CD
Recorded in Austin, Texas at the Electric Deluxe recording studio & produced by Adrian Quesada (Black Pumas), Rudy De Anda's sophomore album invites you to wander through an analog garden of a flourishing latin psych diaspora.

CALEB ELLIOTT
WEED, WINE & TIME
SINGLE LOCK RECORDS LP / CD
Between its joy, heartache, expertise & timeless feel, WW&T is a veritable gumbo of great music. It is a sonic dish carefully prepared with affection & served with the intent to move & to please, begging you to taste & see.

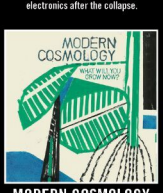
ALL HANDS_MAKE LIGHT
"DARLING THE DAWN"
CONSTELLATION 180G LP / CD
Ariel Engle (Broken Social Scene) and Efrim Manuel Menuck (Godspeed You! Black Emperor) combine voices on a resplendent debut LP of modular-synthed electro-shoegaze orchestral-punk. Traditionals played on scavenged electronics after the collapse.

EL MICHELS AFFAIR & BLACK THOUGHT
GLORIOUS GAME
BIG CROWN RECORDS LP / CD
EMA team up with Hip Hop legend Black Thought of The Roots. Thought's pure lyrical skill are on full display over Michels' trademark production. "These songs are like scenes from a film that is my life.

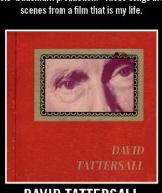
CIAN NUGENT
SHE BRINGS ME BACK TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING
NO QUARTER LP / CD
Seven years since Nugent's previous album, "She Brings Me Back…" merges the previously explored styles of his prior records. Mixed by Cooper Crain (Bitchin Bajas) in Stereolab's Press Play Studios in London.



FRUIT BATS
A RIVER RUNNING TO YOUR HEART
MERGE RECORDS LP / CD
"Twenty years into Eric D. Johnson's journey with the Fruit Bats project, his smooth, dreamy melodies still feel so singular and all-encompassing." —No Depression



MODERN COSMOLOGY
WHAT WILL YOU GROW NOW?
DUOPHONIC SUPER 45S LP / CD
Modern Cosmology is a musical ensemble composed of Brazilian and French musicians. Frontperson duties are handled by Laetitia Sadier - a solo artist and Stereolab's vocalist/ lyricist, plus Felipe S.



DAVID TATTERSALL
ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE OCEAN
WHERE ITS AT IS WHERE YOU ARE LP
David Tattersall, the Wave Pictures guitarist and frontman, releases a solo album of interpretations of John Fahey tunes, recorded live in the studio.

SHADOWGRAPHS
SHADOWGRAPHS
ROYAL OAKIE CD
Highly anticipated 3rd album from Shadowgraphs. Equally inspired by classic psychedelic pop & modern indie rock, the album finds the band branching out & incorporating shoegaze, post-punk, & dream pop influences into their sound.

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The Heavy Side

Vince Melouney's next move after leaving The Bee Gees in 1968 was the louder, tougher **FANNY ADAMS**. **CAMILLA AISA** picks up their story

It was late 1968 when Vince Melouney decided it was time to say goodbye to The Bee Gees. "It had started off as a bunch of kids messing around in the studio," he explains. "But at that point everything had become too crazy. Working in the studio was also getting difficult. [Manager] Robert Stigwood wanted more strings in the arrangements, and that was turning into somewhat of a middle-of-the-road situation."

After all, Vince had left Australia for England to play the guitar. He was going back to exactly that. Fate had it he would bump into Teddy Toi, a bass player from New Zealand who had played in Australia with Billy Thorpe & The Aztecs. They soon contacted Doug Parkinson ("a great singer, his group recorded a version of 'Dear Prudence' which was a #1 in Australia"), who brought drummer Johnny Dick with him to England. Their new group took its name from the eight-year-old victim of a notorious Victorian murder. Although he initially ignored the story behind the Fanny Adams moniker, Melouney eventually found it fitting: "It felt heavy, and we weren't going to play any lullabies. Had the group continued and toured in other parts of the world, I have a feeling it would have become even heavier and more complex."

It was indeed far from the lush, romantic and multicoloured sonic tapestries of his previous band. "Doug was like a bear from the forest," Melouney remembers. "A big fella with a huge voice. He was the melody and lyrics guy, I was the riff guy. We'd sit around with John and Teddy and work on songs together. I rented a rehearsal studio near London: we'd go in there and just play, play and play…" He calls their next move, going back to Australia, a big mistake. "I got us a six-week residency at a club called Caesar's. The first day we played an outdoor concert in the early evening, then came in to do the late shift at Caesar's. The whole place had burned down. Drums gone, amplifiers gone. That put a downer on the group, we were all pretty depressed. We did a few shows afterwards, but nothing to keep us alive."

The muscular, riff-heavy music they had recorded together in London appeared on a self-titled LP released "posthumously" in '71. Also coming out that year was a single Melouney produced, with Fanny Adams offering their instrumental chops. It was a rework of 'Sally Go Round The Roses' by Donna Gaines, a talented singer Melouney's girlfriend had noticed in a German production of *Hair*. She would later change her name to Donna Summer. But that's another story…

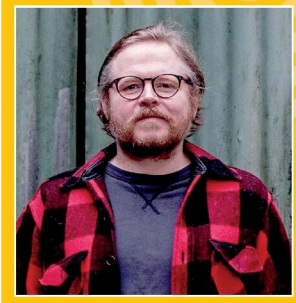
"The first day we played an outdoor concert in the early evening, then came in to do the late shift at Caesar's. The whole place had burned down"

Fanny Adams is out now on Aztec

Fanny Adams, killing it in 1971. Vince Melouney, second right

FANNY ADAMS

hear & now



DANNY GEORGE WILSON (Grand Drive, Danny & The Champions Of The World, Bennett Wilson Poole) shares his current fave raves

LISTENING (NEW)

I co-run Union Record shop with my great friend Del Day, we sell new and secondhand records… I love it! We try and only really sell stuff that we love and Brent Rademaker's Curation Records have released two favourites of the year so far in Those Pretty Wrong's *Holiday Camp* and Hollow Hand's *Your Own Adventure*. Those Pretty Wrongs are Big Star's evergreen Jody Stephens and Luther Russell. It's got a lovely way about it, a real friendliness. Check out 'Paper Cup'. Hollow Hand's latest is a warm and fuzzy melting pot, like Jeff Lynne meets George Harrison, Pearlfishers meets Lightships.

LISTENING (OLD)

I come across loads of wonderful lesser spotted albums at the shop… It's amazing just how many fantastic albums are still being discovered. I was just talking about this with my old friend and *Shindig!* contributor Andy Ure after I sent him a link to this album. *Juarez* by Juarez came out in the US in 1970. It's a magical psych, folk-rock, sunshine-pop concept album that brings to mind John Stewart & Buffy Ford's *Signals Through The Glass* and features session legends Hal Blaine, James Burton and Joe Osborn. Juarez were a trio including Michael Smith, who wrote the folk classic 'The Dutchman', featured here. It's got some real 'Frank Mills' moments and some incredible vocal arrangements.

READING

Me and my mate Alan were talking about the writer Larry Brown recently. Larry Brown's writing about the backwoods and backroads of Mississippi is just incredible. Alan recommended another writer who captures his Southern locality in an equally evocative way. This time the landscape being Louisiana and the author is Tim Gautreaux. I've read two of his off the bat, *The Next Step In the Dance* and *The Clearing*… both full of amazing characters and wonderful storytelling. I've been so engrossed in them that I've been listening to loads of Cajun and swamp-pop records too. Tommy McLain is a new favourite.

As told to Jon 'Mojo' Mills

Bennett Wilson Poole's I Saw A Star Behind Your Eyes, Don't Let It Die Away is out now on BWP / SRD

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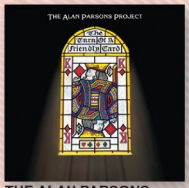

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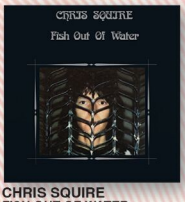

CHRIS SQUIRE
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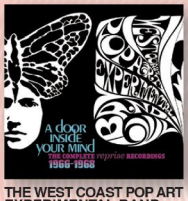

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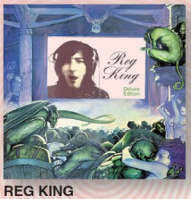

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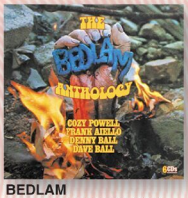

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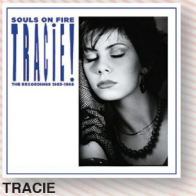

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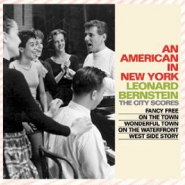

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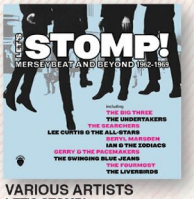

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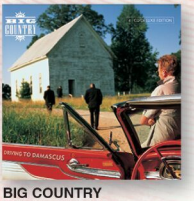

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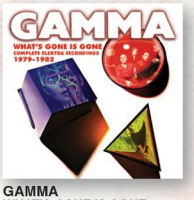

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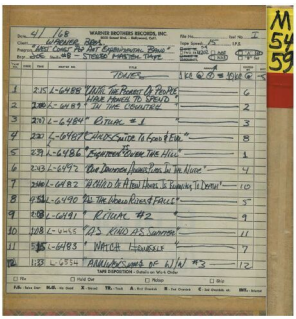
Underneath Butterfly Skies

A cache of unheard recordings by **THE WEST COAST POP ART EXPERIMENTAL BAND** is set to add to the myth. **ANDY MORTEN** follows the smell of incense



Justifiably dubbed "The greatest cult band of all time" 15 years ago in these very pages, The West Coast Pop Art Experimental Band's legend continues to build. While the three albums cut by the shape-shifting LA aggregation for Frank Sinatra's Reprise label have been treated to bespoke master tape reissues, fans haven't had a sniff of any extraneous studio material. Even the black market has failed to offer a glimpse. Given that those three albums – 1967's *Part One* and *Vol 2*, and '68's *Vol 3: A Child's Guide To Good And Evil* – were recorded in the feted Western Recorders with Wrecking Crew drummers Hal Blaine and Jim Gordon and storied producer Jimmy Bowen, it was always likely that multiple takes were captured and may have survived. Sometime in the late 2000s those reels were found.

Next month, Grapefruit Records' USA imprint releases *A Door Inside Your Mind: The Complete Reprise Recordings 1966-1968*, a 4-CD set that contains 14 unreleased tracks including alternate takes or mixes of the entire *A Child's Guide* album (except the 97 seconds of silence that is 'Anniversary Of World War III', natch) and two versions of surprise *Vol 2* out-take 'I Feel Sorry For You'. "The unedited takes strip away the overdubs and sound effects of the final product," explains tape supervisor Alec Palao, "to ably demonstrate that the ideas and songwriting were some of the WCPAEB's best."

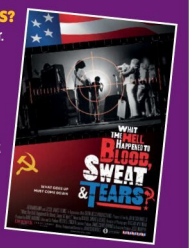
For those fans who've hunted down the many WCPAEB-adjacent recordings, this is a thrilling discovery – the first "new" material in the group's complex and often baffling history since the key personnel's final recordings as *Markley, A Group* in '69.

Stereo and mono mixes of the three albums, alongside dedicated single mixes and edits, complete the set. "The rarely heard mono mixes provide an intriguing contrast," suggests Palao, "particularly, in the case of *Part One*, lending a heft to the punchier tracks and smoothing out the occasionally idiosyncratic hard pans of the stereo format."

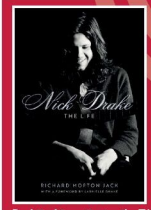
An in-depth essay, lavishly illustrated booklet and facsimile sleeves seal the deal.

A Door Inside Your Mind is out on Grapefruit USA on 30th June

WHAT THE HELL HAPPENEED TO BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS? is undoubtedly one of the most fascinating rock documentaries you'll see this year. Focusing on the then colossally successful horn-rock band's government-funded 1970 tour behind The Iron Curtain, which was part of Nixon's State Department's Cultural Presentation Program, it follows them through Romania, Poland and Yugoslavia, and the impact (arguably negative) that this had. The unearthed footage is unbelievable. Why they were chosen for this is surmised and the effect it had on their career is dissected and considered. Guards beat up kids on the back of their joyous cheers of "USA! USA! USA!" – pro-American propaganda was like salt in a festering wound. The narrative makes it clear how Nixon spreading the supposed cultural freedom carried by the "liberal" American rock 'n' roll of the counterculture was a soft-war on Communism that further fuelled The Cold War. *bstdoc.com*



good news



As our thoughts turn towards golden beaches and summer getaways, we require holiday reading matter. *Lead Sister: The Story Of Karen Carpenter* (Lucy O'Brien, Nine Eight) ventures behind the myth and focuses on Carpenter the singer/musician/arranger; *The Monkees: Made In Hollywood* (Tom Kemper, Reaktion) investigates the TV and music industry behind The Prefab Four; *Season Of The Witch: The Book Of Goth* (Cathi Unsworth, Nine Eight) promises a deep dive into the music, style and iconography of the darkside; *Neil Ardley: Kaleidoscopes And Rainbows* (Vivien Ardley, Jazz In Britain) is the first ever "biography-cum-scrapbook" about the feted Brit jazzman; Richard Morton Jack's long-awaited, officially sanctioned *Nick Drake: The Life* (Hodder & Stoughton) finally lands on 8th June.

Fruits de Mer Records and Sendelica return to join forces for **THE 19TH DREAM OF DR SARDONICUS**, the seventh (think about it) in their series of live music events showcasing the best artists on FdM's roster and beyond. This year's event takes place over three days (four if you count the warm-up night) between 4th and 6th August in The Cellar Bar, Cardigan, Wales, with headline attractions The Bevis Frond, Sendelica, Nick Harper, Soft Hearted Scientists, Cary Grace, London Underground, Spygenius and many more. There are gifts, goodies and event-specific memorabilia aplenty, and even a specially brewed local beer. Early bird tickets are on sale now. *sendelica.bandcamp.com*

Über cool Parisian label WeWantSounds follows up this month's first ever reissue of **MEIKO KAJI**'s *Hajiki Uta* with four further early '70s albums by the Japanese pop star/actress. Kaji rose to fame in Japanese exploitation flicks including the *Stray Cat Rock*, *Sasori* and *Gincho* series, before sealing her notoriety with '73's *Lady Snowblood*, as homaged by Quentin Tarantino in his *Kill Bill* volumes. He also employed some of the film's soundtrack selections, which, as with many of her films, were sung by Kaji herself. The albums have been out-of-print since their release, and the new editions boast recreations of the original gatefold artwork, OBI strips and new interviews with Kaji. *wewantsounds.com*

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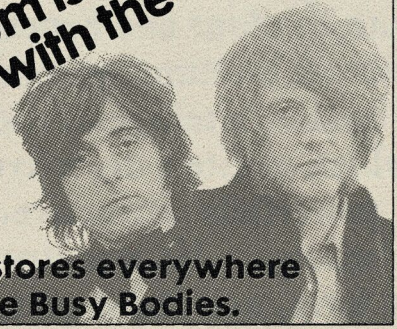
"But, in doing that, there's some recording flare, and just a bit of outsider mentality that makes it feel earnest and present, more than a throwback."
- Nathan Lankford, Austin Town Hall

their 1st album is called "PUFF." it's the one with the cat on it.



Available through fine record stores everywhere May 12th courtesy of We Are Busy Bodies.

www.wearebusybodies.com vanitymirrorband.bandcamp.com

Canada FACTOR

Abracadabra

JIM emerges from the dance scene to demonstrate his penchant for bucolic, rural, retro-rock. **CLIVE WEBB** pulls up a hay bale

One could be forgiven on first exposure to *Love Makes Magic* for thinking they'd stumbled across a rediscovered classic by a Crosby, Stills & Nash-loving early '70s rural-rock oufit. "CSN were a definite influence to start with," affirms multi-instrumentalist singer-songwriter JIM. "I love the acoustic/electric guitar palate, the emotive writing and expansive harmonies of which there are a lot on the album."

Listen on and other influences can be heard from the blue-eyed soul of Ned Doheny to the introspective folk of Nick Drake and the eclectic psychedelic rock of Super Furry Animals. But the album offers far more than pastiche. By turns introspective, comforting and uplifting, the 10 tracks are a winning combination of rootsy songwriting and contemporary production values.

JIM is the alias of Jim Baron, founder member of electronic dance act Crazy P. There are traces of their sound on this new album but taken as whole it marks a radical departure. "As I get older," Baron remarks, "I really enjoy working in different styles and pushing myself to try new things and develop my writing and production techniques. This particular project started as an experiment after a period of daily practise trying to improve my rudimentary guitar playing."

The first results of that experiment appeared in 2021 with the release of the *Falling That You Know* EP. Love Makes Magic builds on the promise of that recording. From the acoustic melancholy of 'A Life In Between' to the expansive and euphoric instrumental 'The Ballad Of San Marino', the album is a rich fusion of sounds, JIM's singing voice tender and soulful. "Each song is a little snapshot of my life experiences," he affirms. That includes sadness and heartbreak alongside infectious first single 'Still River Flow', on which JIM heeds "nature's call to my heart". Best of all may be the hypnotic groove of the near-gospel 'Phoenix'.

Look out for forthcoming live performances to support the album. "We've just started rehearsing," Baron enthuses, "and it's incredibly exciting and challenging! I'm used to hiding at the back behind a wall of keyboards with Crazy P so this will be a totally new experience, but one I'm relishing." On the strength of *Love Makes Magic*, JIM's moment in the spotlight will be much deserved.

"This particular project started as an experiment after a period of daily practise trying to improve my rudimentary guitar playing"

Love Makes Magic is out on 26th May on Vicious Charm

"Working in different styles." JIM takes in CSNY, Ned Doheny and Nick Drake
PHOTO: MAGDA KUCZMIK

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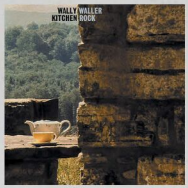

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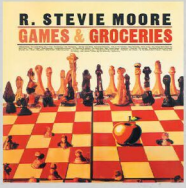

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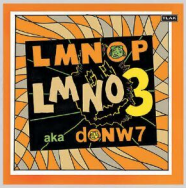

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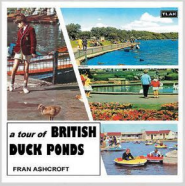

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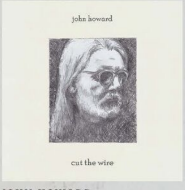

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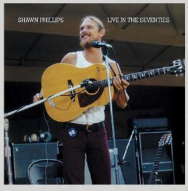

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"I was afraid they would discover that I didn't know what I was doing." Linda Lewis sees in a new decade and a new recording experience

A Simple Melody

Signed to Warner Bros at 19, **LINDA LEWIS** embarked on an album of fancy, informed by her communal hippy lifestyle in London's bohemian Hampstead. Naïve, innocent and full of hope, ***'SAY NO MORE...'*** paved the way for all that was to come, with an abundance of eccentric charm.

JON 'MOJO' MILLS hears how this once neglected album now fills the artist with joy

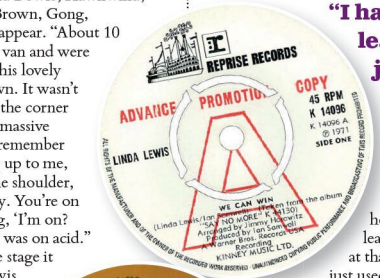
"At the time, *'Say No More...'* sounded too regimented to my ears, because I'd written all those songs in my head," explains Linda Lewis of the debut album she'd soon forget about. "Having an arranger put it down into bars and stops made me think that it didn't show my soul. But when I listen to it now, I think it was a lovely little album. It was very innocent. It was the first rung on my ladder, and helped me go on to make *Lark*, which had so many highlights on it, and is one of my best albums. I remember those years between 1969 and '72 – before I wrote 'Rock-A-Doodle-Do' – very fondly. It was a fabulous time."

With a stage school background resulting in a brief appearance in *A Hard Day's Night*, and a blossoming voice that became honed early, singing on stage with John Lee Hooker, performances with ska band The Q Set, before being picked up by Polydor in '67 and releasing a decent version of the Pipkin & Gordon song, made famous two years earlier by Mary Wells, 'You Turned My Bitter Into Sweet'. The flip, 'Do You Believe In Love?', was penned by her mentor, and later paramour, Ian Samwell. From this moment on, he would be pivotal and influential in the teenager's career development. A few years after, she took over from Marsha Hunt in the multi-racial UK band The Ferris Wheel. By the time Lewis had entered

the scene for their self-titled '70 Polydor album, produced by Samwell, they were now exploring folkier and progressive material. Keyboard player Mike Snow was really soaking up the new sounds emerging from America, and turned Lewis on to Laura Nyro and Joni Mitchell, resulting in her two writing debuts 'Song For Alice' and 'Little Indians'.

Having released the album and toured across Europe, Samwell and Lewis had decided to set up home together after the band split. The 33-year-old Samwell found a beautiful property in Hampstead Way. The new couple and Jeff Dexter (he of Middle Earth fame) moved in with an array, and an ever-changing cast, of turned-on hippy friends. "It had an enormous effect on me," she says of the experience. "When I was 19, I lived in this house that was full of artists. There were lots of people taking psychedelic drugs."

In June '71 Jeff Dexter was set to deejay the influential Glastonbury Fair that he had helped organise, where Mighty Baby, Terry Reid, David Bowie, Hawkwind, Family, Arthur Brown, Gong, Melanie were to appear. "About 10 of us piled into a van and were driven down to this lovely little country town. It wasn't until you turned the corner that you saw the massive pyramid stage. I remember someone coming up to me, tapping me on the shoulder, and saying, 'Okay. You're on now.' I was going, 'I'm on? What am I on?' I was on acid." Ushered onto the stage it was here that Lewis performed her first solo show… high. After her performance she began writing even more songs and a passion was ignited.



Composing and singing her quirky, folky songs at Hampstead Way, led to her gaining a growing appreciation from her bohemian followers, which just so happened to coincide with Samwell getting a job as staff producer at Warner UK. (Jeff Dexter was managing America, who in turn were signed to Warner Bros.) Ian Ralfini, the Managing Director for Warner's Reprise subsidiary was a regular visitor to Hampstead Way. He was also dating one of the hippy girls who lived there. "One day, they encouraged me to sing him one of my songs," chuckles Lewis in memory of the moment that changed her life, "so I did. I had all my songs in my head – I hadn't learnt the guitar at that point, so I just used to sing them a cappella. It was very much a case of things colliding in the right way – we didn't plan any of it. The next thing I knew, he was making an offer for me to record for Reprise."

Linda and Ian Samwell interviewed for TV in their Hampstead flat

"I had all my songs in my head – I hadn't learnt the guitar at that point, so I just used to sing them a cappella. It was very much a case of things colliding in the right way – we didn't plan any of it. The next thing I knew, he was making an offer for me to record for Reprise."

Ushered into Trident studios under the tutelage of producer Samwell, Lewis was surrounded by an array of top-notch musicians. Chris Spedding played guitar, bass and electric piano, also offering ideas for arrangements, Ray Cooper contributed vibraphone, marimba and other Latin percussion, Louis Cenamo lay down further bass parts, Terry Cox drummed, and there were further appearances from Shawn Phillips (guitar), King Crimson's Ian McDonald's flute skills, and numerous others. Jimmy Horowitz (Lesley Duncan's husband), who'd arranged The Ferris Wheel album, did the same here, taking Linda's ideas and translating them into musical notation and time signatures. "I was intimidated by the fact that they were reading music," she says of the experience, "and I was afraid they would discover that I didn't know what I was doing – imposter syndrome. Once I got used to them, realised how friendly they were, and realised how everyone was on my side, it was lovely."

Dismissing the lengthy progressive rock song suites of the time, the album clocks in under 35 minutes, covering a variety of styles. 'Peter's Garden' has a laidback west coast vibe with harpsichord, 'Hymn' follows a medieval format so favoured by the proggy folk acts. 'We Can Win' is an incredibly epic production. "We recorded that in the studio when the orchestra were in – every single musician was in that studio." The toytown pop of 'Follow The Piper' was informed by Donovan, ("He was one of the people who came through the house.") 'Come Along People' and 'I Dunno' ride a Latin soul groove.

The album was nothing less than imaginative, and undeniably reflects Linda Lewis' stoned hippy phase, paving the way for bigger, more honed statements. Nothing else sums up the hazy days of Hampstead in those heady early days of the '70s as well as this honest, gentle, and unassuming debut."

The Paracosmos with Linda Lewis' Earthling is out now on Tangential Music

Jean Wallace, Hollywood siren turned Laurie pop signing, circa 1970

Whole Laurie Love

Founded in the late '50s by brothers Robert and Gene Schwartz, **LAURIE RECORDS** weathered the changing times of the late '60s, valiantly emulating the trends. Witness golden boy Dion DiMucci's self-titled 1968 long-player featuring covers of 'Purple Haze' and 'The Dolphins'. While albums were few and far between due to its independent roots, Laurie unveiled a plethora of imaginative 45s produced by the likes of John Abbot, Ernie Maresca and Lou Stallman that encompassed psychedelia, garage, folk and mutant lounge.

PAUL HILLERY, **SIMON NORFOLK** and **RHYS JONES** guide us through 10 of them

CANDY JO TYLER
Mr Tambourine Man
(A-side, 1966)

When The Byrds took on Bob Dylan's early '60s signature tune, their innovation created folk-rock. In another (less heralded) strand of music history, Laurie Records created its own revolutionary sound, that of bumpkin bubblegum with this one off by from future Sound Solution producer Candy Jo Tyler. With a plinky-plonk xylophone motif and Tyler's country drawl it's a unique take to say the least, with a gruff delivery at odds with the toytown backing. The end product, however, is a hoot, and a unique take on a signature '60s song.

CLICK
Rainmaker
(B-side, 1968)

Raised in New Hampshire, Click Horning first picked up the guitar while at boarding school, influenced by Dylan, the changing times and the other students, including Ingram Cecil Connor II, later known as Gram Parsons. In 1965, at the tender age of 17, he left school and took a ride to New York City. His two older sisters lived in Greenwich Village and had connections. Within a couple of weeks, Horning landed a job as a staff writer for a music publisher. Not long after, Laurie offered a recording contract. In the later part of 1967 he recorded two self-penned 45s: 'Fat Lady In The Wicker Chair' followed by 'Girl With A Mind' with 'Rainmaker' on the flip. All four sugar cube-dipped folk tracks made no commercial impact but hold up well. A year later, he signed with ABC, releasing *Click*, his only long-player.

THE CARBOARD ZEPPELIN
Ten Story Building
(A-side, 1968)

Laurie songwriters Ernie Maresca, Warren Gradus and Dave Mullaney used studio downtime to experiment with some throwaway releases that used aliases for their established acts. Among the numerous novelty songs was

"Heavy Breathing were full of ideas but had no clear direction as a band. 'A Sleep Within A Dream' seems to have been snake charmed by The Left Banke's early outings"

MUSIC LOBBYIST — Petitioning for discovery in the lobby of the Brill Building in New York has finally paid off for the husband-wife team of Rosalie and Lowell Mark. Touting her talent, Rosalie a month gained an ear from producer Bob Feldman, and consequently won it over as well as those of the execs at Commonwealth United Records who have just signed the act to their label. At the contract meeting are: the Marks (seated), with, from left, Commonwealth United Music president Charlie Koppelman, Feldman, CUM vp Don Rubin and the label's general manager Len Sachs.

this gem that has the same falsetto as Jackie Wilson 'I Get The Sweetest Feeling' and strings straight out of 'Eleanor Rigby'. Never has plagiarism been such fun, which could be why this combo was named after the soon-to-be-massive British rock plunderers. Mullaney continued his audio assaults working with Jean Jacques Perrey on Christopher Scott's *Switched On Bacharach* before scoring a huge hit as a member of Moog band Hot Butter.

ROSALIE
Doors
(B-side, 1969)

From a *Cashbox* article in 1969, Husband and wife team Rosalie and Lowell Mark lobbied the Brill Building execs until they caught the ear of Bob Feldman, who was signing acts for the newly formed Commonwealth label. Unfortunately, the label only put out a handful of records and the album's worth of material completed with Feldman remains unreleased. Industry exposure and Feldman's track record, from doo-wop to rock crossovers (see The McCoy's 'Hey Sloopy'), was enough for Laurie to take a punt on the couple, and this sole release was the outcome. Both sides are idiosyncratic and abstract, and staff producer John Abbott provides grand orchestral backings that make for an appealingly offbeat pop curio.

HEAVY BREATHING
A Sleep Within A Dream
(A-side, 1971)

A baroque psych band that had more than a passing resemblance to their labelmates Montage. Releasing two singles on Laurie, Heavy Breathing were full of ideas but had no clear direction as a band. Drastically different to its predecessor (the up-tempo rocker 'I Been There') 'A Sleep Within A Dream' seems to have been snake charmed by The Left Banke's early outings. With no hit forthcoming the band splintered, keyboardist Rich Look and percussionist Ralph Donofrio ending up contributing to bluegrass fusion group Mt Airy and Father Bill Ayres' 1974 "non-music" album *Be Yourself: A Rock Radio Show On Prayer For School And Home*.

JEAN WALLACE
All Sane Men
(B-side, 1971)

Hollywood siren Jean Wallace was mired by industry bad luck throughout her career and by the dawn of the '70s was reduced to appearing in exploitation flicks like *No Blade Of Grass*. The apocalyptic tone of that film seems to mirror the self-penned B-side for her lone release on Laurie. Where the A-side is a forgettable sub-Mae West *Way Out West* outing, 'All Sane Men' is a paen to the recklessness of male politicians that has a Valerie Solanas meets Las Vegas vibe. Her world-weary delivery is enhanced by deep arrangement from seasoned string arrangers Irvin Spice and Pete Dino. Dino's touch is evident in the head-nodding backing that harks back to his previous arrangement work on Estelle Levitt's '68 gem 'All I Dream'.

ORISHA
Yemonja / Tone Poem Number 6
(1971)

Studio project Orisha is a unique example of gospel music and pan-African sensibilities that was at odds with anything else released by Laurie (or any other label for that matter). Conceived by Bobby Banks and Herby Harris, both sides seem to have more in common with Teddy Vann's out there "soulsperiments" of the period. Banks got his start in the Philadelphia gospel scene before edging into the doo-wop world. These influences culminated in this one-off, recorded in the recently opened studio New York Sound Ideas, housed in Capitol Records' New York studios and was used by the likes of fellow Black Arts Movement musician Weldon Irvine, who produced the classic *Liberated Brother* and *Time Capsule* there.

MONTEGO JOE AND THE SEEDS OF LIFE
Stand And Be Counted
(A-side, 1971)

Born Roger Sanders, Jamaican percussionist Montego Joe had an illustrious career as a session sideman to many jazz artists (Art Blakey, Nina Simone, Roland Kirk) and

was the mastermind behind ESP's fabled Har-You Percussion Group, a youth music collective established after the Harlem riots of 1964. The A-side had already been covered by no-hit wonders Troy and Laurel Canyon, but Montego Joe gives his take a Jon Lucien-style free-soul bite. Instrumental B-side 'Glooey' is awash with treated guitars, unidentifiable hand percussion and pounding conga lines.

THE MUZZY BAND
Fox
(B-side, 1977)

This New Jersey band's privately pressed album was championed by curator of the bizarre, Paul Major. Being a popular draw at lounges and nightclubs the Muzzies branched out with three singles for Laurie in 1977 and '78. Ditching the comedy schtick of the preceding album, saxophonist and leader John 'Muzzy' Napodamo hones a cool upbeat jazz groove that bears a passing resemblance to Elephant's Memory, with vocalist Rosemarie providing a hypnotic delivery. The whole output was arranged by Harry Manfredini, who would become better known as the composer of the *Friday The 13th* theme.

MIKE NOCK
Magic Mansions
(1977)

In a rare jazz outing Laurie released New Zealand pianist and Berkley College Of Music graduate Mike Nock's debut as bandleader. Having firmly established himself as a loyal sideman to Impulse!-era Yusuf Lateef and having played on both Steve Marcus Vortex sessions, Nock also founded jazz-fusion pioneers The Fourth Way. This 1977 session (produced by Teo Macero) reunited Nock with Fourth Way bassist Ron McClure. The rock energy of the former band is lacking but the Latin flourishes and interplay between Lyn Williamson's vocal and Charlie Mariano's sax give the whole album a loft scene sound that elevates Nock's electric piano onslaught.

The Groovies kick out the jams at The Roundhouse, London, 4th July 1976. L-R: Cyril Jordan, David Wright, George Alexander, Chris Wilson, James Ferrell

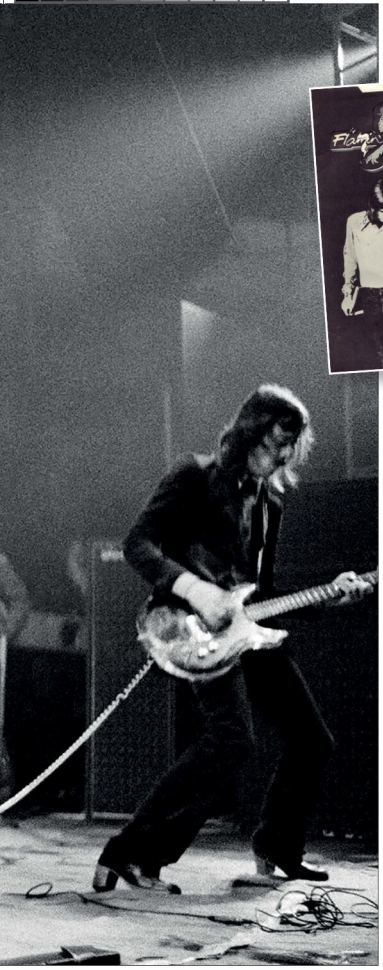
Fire In The Hills

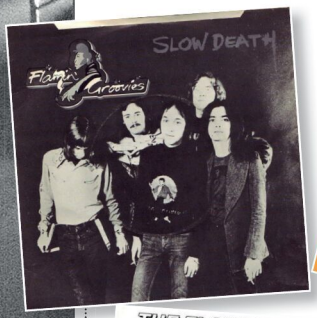
ANDREW LAUDER helmed United Artists during its early '70s heyday, catapulting grass roots acts such as Hawkwind, Can, Dr Feelgood and Motörhead into the public eye.

In this exclusive extract from his memoir, Lauder tells **MICK HOUGHTON** about one of the misfires: out of time San Francisco rockers **THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES**

Not everything went to plan. Bringing The Flamin' Groovies over from America was certainly a bit of a misfire. I was a fan of all three of their Epic and Kama Sutra albums. *Teenage Head* was their best. I thought they'd be able to build on that album, but they were dropped by Kama Sutra the same year it was released. I was convinced that if The Flamin' Groovies came to Britain they'd really shake things up. I spoke to my boss Martin Davis and sold him on the idea that they'd come over and blow everyone away with their high-energy rock 'n' roll.

They were a band with a history unlike any other band that had come out of San Francisco. They'd always played short and snappy three-minute songs; even live they didn't stretch out. They were able to get a deal with Epic even though their style of rock 'n' roll conflicted with the prevailing psychedelic scene of the day. They sent me tapes and demos which I liked. I was in touch with Mike Wilhelm, former guitarist with the pioneering San Francisco group The Charlatans; he'd since formed a group called Loose Gravel which included a young singer called Chris Wilson who was now in The Flamin' Groovies. Only guitarist Cyril Jordan and bass player George Alexander had been there from the start. Cyril was the leader, so I brought him over first. He stayed at my flat with Maureen – we'd moved to Queensgate at that point, next to Baden Powell House, owned by The Boy Scouts. Cyril was so excited about coming to London and he loved the idea of working with Dave Edmunds and recording in





"They loved Rockfield and the nearby pubs and even wanted to call their album *Bucket Of Brains*, named after Welsh local brew, Brains beer"

Rockfield. It was difficult putting Cyril up because he'd be out all night or arrive back at two in the morning and then start playing very loud music, usually The Rolling Stones' recently released 'Tumbling Dice' on repeat. We felt like parents with a troublesome teenager in the house.

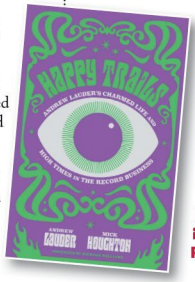
That should have been a warning sign, but I decided to bring the rest of the band over in April anyway. I asked Roy Fisher to take them on; it was soon after he'd been unceremoniously dumped as manager of The Groundhogs. He found them a farmhouse in Chingford, Essex; they were fish out of water in the country and it drove Roy nuts. He put a crew together and began getting them decent dates, including a tour in France. They probably did around 60 or so dates in the seven months they were here, including one date on the Spiders From Mars tour at Friar's Aylesbury, The Bickershaw Festival and dates with Man. They did The Roundhouse a few times as well. Cyril later claimed they'd been worked to death and played some 250 gigs – which mathematically was a complete impossibility. They weren't even over here for that many days.

The recordings with Dave went well but in two stints at Rockfield and further London studio time, they managed only seven tracks. They loved Rockfield and the nearby pubs and even wanted to call their album Bucket Of Brains, named after Welsh local brew, Brains beer. I was chuffed with the recordings though and decided to release 'Slow Death' from the first batch at Rockfield. It was a song about mainlining that Cyril had written with former singer Roy Loney. I thought, "Fuck it"; it was such a great record, driven by a riff even the Stones would have killed for. I knew it was never going to get airplay, but I really thought it would blow all the right people away.

The Flamin' Groovies were hard work, taking up a lot of my time. They could be an absolute nightmare. There'd always be problems they really could have taken care of themselves. We put a second single out in December, a great version of Frankie Lee Sims' 'Married Woman', but I couldn't justify keeping them here for another year. They were too high maintenance. Cyril wanted 'Shake Some Action' out but I wanted to hold that back. In the end it served the band well and became the title track of their Sire debut in 1976 – again produced by Dave Edmunds. I don't regret bringing them over even though overall costs probably came in around the £40,000 mark. We didn't have enough for an album, and I felt we'd be pouring good money after bad to take it any further. They hadn't made the impact I'd expected, and I couldn't see a bigger picture where that was likely. We paid for them to return home at Christmas and called it quits after that. The tracks were never released in my time at UA, aside from the two singles. They were always a step out of time and whenever it didn't happen for them, they'd put the blame on somebody else; the record company was usually first in the firing line.

I gave them a master copy of the tracks they'd done for us to shop around back home but there were no takers. Writer Greg Shaw came to the rescue. He was now putting out singles on his Bomp! label and asked if he could release one of the United Artists tracks. I let him have 'You Tore Me Down', which sounded like an unreleased Lennon & McCartney song. Through Greg they signed with Seymour Stein's Sire Records at the end of '75. I was really pleased for them. *Shake Some Action* looked like it might be the charm that did the trick until The Ramones and Talking Heads came along.

Almost overnight, The Flamin' Groovies found themselves pushed to the back burner and unable to compete against the onslaught of punk. S!



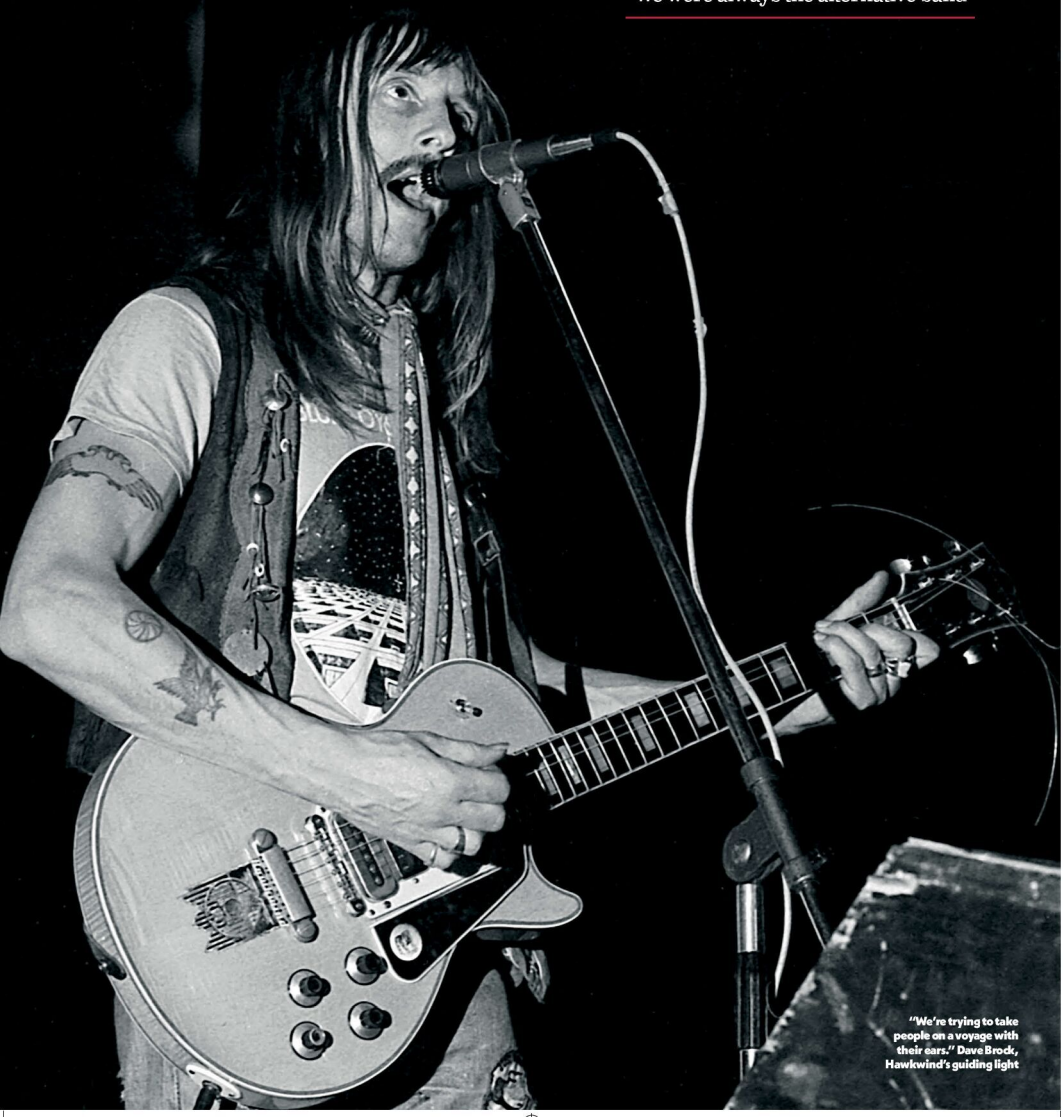
Happy Trails: Andrew Lauder's Charmed Life And High Times In The Record Business is published by White Rabbit

20 questions

Tribal Gathering

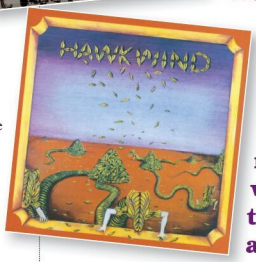
Octogenarian **DAVE BROCK** has been the one constant force in Hawkwind, leading them through thick and thin for over 50 years. On the back of new studio album *The Future Never Waits* and an anthology of their late '70s work, he tells **JON 'MOJO' MILLS** about avoiding Teddy Boys in the late '50s, busking, Timothy Leary, light shows and synths, nearly being ousted from his own band, and an enduring, influential legacy.

"We were always the alternative band"



"We're trying to take people on a voyage with their ears." Dave Brock, Hawkwind's guiding light

Hawkwind, early '70s, Dave Brock seated; Dave appears on 1969's *The Buskers*; Hawkwind's self-titled '70 debut



"We all used to meet up in The Mountain Grill restaurant, where we always used to have our dinners. We also ate at The Flamingo Cafe, which was in Powis Square, right opposite the reggae club The Mangrove. There was an amazing multicultural thing going on in Notting Hill Gate at the time"

Shindig!: Can you offer a few highlights of your early adventures that later saw you as part of The Buskers tour of May 1969, on which you, Don Partridge and others travelled the UK in a double decker bus? You all appeared at The Royal Albert Hall, right?
Dave Brock: In the early '60s we used to play the interval as a blues trio at Eel Pie Island in Twickenham. Sometimes we'd play with one of the famous old blue stars, like Champion Jack Dupree or Memphis Slim. Luke Francis, who was a harmonica player and vocalist, and I then travelled all over Europe busking in 1964; Holland, down the south of France, doing cafes, all the way down to Spain.

In '58, when I was 14/15, we were called bohemians, and would always get bother from the Teddy Boys. By '64 we were beatniks. In the west country, where all the buskers ended up, they used to have signs up in the cafe saying, "No long hair, beards, or sandals". And if you went in, they refused to serve you.

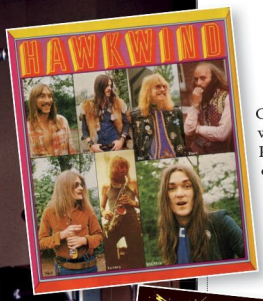
Moving forward to '68, Don Partridge had his hit record 'Rosie'. I used to busk the cinema queues in Leicester Square. Everyone used to know each other. There were a few weird old characters, I tell you. Jumping Jack used to have bottle tops on his feet, so it sounded like he could tap dance, there were two ancient old guys called Banjo & Spoons, and there was Meg Aiken, who sung with Rod Stewart once as well. She had a lovely voice. There were so many characters. On the back of Don's hit his manager Don Paul pulled us all together and we did this tour on a double decker bus, kipping in our sleeping bags on the top deck. Me a hippy alongside old boys who had all been in The Second World War. (The Happy Wanderers Jazz Band also used to play in Leicester Square. These were men who came back and there was no work, so they played to make a living, and sold matches.) It was good fun. They were really nice old characters. We played across the country in some big venues, including The Albert Hall. Only about 500 people came to that one, as after all it was a bizarre event. When the tour was over everyone went back to the cinema queues.

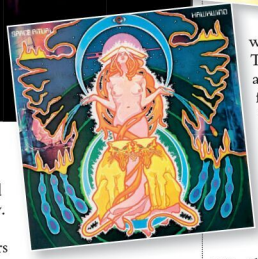
S!: There was the sad news recently of Mick Slattery's death – how important was Mick to the early Hawkwind sound when you were getting the band together in 1969 after your time with him in The Famous Cure and your growth into Group X and Hawkwind Zoo? What are you favourite memories of him?
DB: Mick was a good lead guitarist. We were good friends and had known each other for a long period of time and hung out in Richmond together. We used to sit around playing guitar and then formed The Famous Cure and went to Holland, where we toured in a circus tent. We came back to England and played Middle Earth and a few psychedelic clubs, then it all fizzled away. I went back to busking. We decided, somewhere along the lines in '69, to get another band together. We began rehearsing in Putney, where I had a flat and Bob Kerr, from The Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band, had a music shop at the end of the street. John Harrison from my busking days became the bass player. Basically, the early members of Hawkwind were Mick Slattery, me, and John Harrison, and after I put an advert in the paper Terry Ollis joined on drums. That's how we started Hawkwind up. We loved psychedelic stuff like The Steve Miller Band and The Moody Blues, crazy stuff like The Mothers Of Invention, and west coast US electronic music by Fifty Foot Hose and Silver Apples. Don Paul, from EMI, who discovered Don Partridge and got me to go on the buskers' tour, was really behind us. And then we got DikMik in, who used to hang out in Richmond as well. Nik Turner had a Ford Thames van, which was quite handy for us, and he drove us around as a roadie first off. When we found out he could play a bit of saxophone, we got him in the band too, which was when we went off with Don Paul, who recorded the first three tracks as Hawkwind Zoo, which were 'Hurry On Sundown', 'Kiss Of The Velvet Whip' and 'Cymbaline'.

S!: Take us back to Ladbroke Grove in the late '60s… Michael Moorcock, Mighty Baby, Quintessence, Mick Farren, Twink, Junior's Eyes, Peter Bardens and his trio Village, Quiver and numerous others. How was it? And how was it working with the Pretties' Dick Taylor on the debut?
DB: The people you mention above – well, a number of the acts – were signed to the Clearwater Productions agency. We were too. We all hung around.

Dick Taylor was a great guitarist. I'd loved The Pretty Things for years. When he produced our debut album, and played some guitar, it was brilliant. We'd never been in a big studio before and were clueless. He basically steered the ship. "Boys don't you know how to do this?" and "Don't go off doing that." That kind of essential advice. He really helped us.

Michael Moorcock was writing and editing the science fiction magazine *New Worlds*, in the area. We were huge fans. We used to play under the flyover on Saturday afternoon with The Pink Fairies. We would have two drummers with Terry and Twink playing together and there'd be two bass players and two guitarists, and all. That's when Michael Moorcock ended up reciting poetry with Bob Calvert. He came down and said, "Is there any chance I can recite some poetry?" And we said, "Yeah, great." He then





Nik Turner, Dave and Lemmy recording at the BBC, 1972; mis-captioned German pop paper; *Space Ritual* tour poster and album cover

came and did it pretty regularly with us.

Friends newspaper was just down the road from the flyover too. We used to hang out around their offices a lot. And of course, you also had a lot of reggae music as you went up the far end, playing from big speakers outside shops. We all used to meet up in The Mountain Grill restaurant, where we always used to have our dinners. We also ate at The Flamingo Cafe, which was in Powis Square, right opposite the reggae club The Mangrove. There was an amazing multicultural thing going on in Notting Hill Gate at the time. You'd walk down the streets and smell curries being cooked, and there was the most incredible hash.

S!: Graphics guru Barney Bubbles did a spectacular job on the sleeve for 1971's *In Search of Space*. How much input did the band have on the design and what was Barney like to work with?

DB: We all knew each other beforehand. I used to sleep on the floor at Barney's place after I had moved to Devon and came up to London. Regarding his amazing album design, we let Barney come up with his ideas and he'd show us a rough drawing and we'd say, "Great stuff Barn, go ahead and do it. Brilliant." He painted all our amps in psychedelic colours as well. I've still got my two Hiwatt cabinets. He was a great artist, and with good artists their work lives on.

S!: The *Space Ritual* tour at the end of 1972 is now widely acknowledged as one of the most ground-breaking live events of its time, what are your memories of it? What was it like taking the show to America for the first time in '73?

DB: We had Liquid Len, and a big light show. Tony Crerar, Stacia and others were doing dance. Tony was a mine artist. Along with the light show there was all sorts of other stuff; dry ice, pretty much everything. There's going to be a four-album box set. I've listened to some of it and it's all been remixed. It sounds really good. It's basically got more of Lemmy, Simon King and me; a pounding rhythm section. And the vocals sound alright. The saxophone's a bit more in the background now. It used to honk all over everything. Both Lemmy and I used to get pissed off with Nik doing that.

There was a lot of strange goings on when we went to America. We were met by Tim Leary's wife when we flew into San Francisco airport and were driven in one of those old '40s Buicks to the hotel where we were staying. We then obviously got very stoned. We played at Berkeley University and did a telephone hook up with Tim Leary, who was in prison. He spoke to everybody at the concert through the PA. The police went bananas, threatening to kick us out of the country and impound all our equipment.

S!: Why is *Astounding Sounds, Amazing Music* not included on the new *Days Of The Underground* boxset? Is there any truth in the rumour of an attempt to oust you at this time?

DB: I have no idea why *Astounding Sounds* didn't get put on there. I did ask. I also gave Cherry Red an unreleased 1977 album we recorded at the Mill House in Rockfield. I thought this was coming out on that box set too. It's unusual as there're lots of jams and lots of Simon House doing his violin freaks-outs.

And yes, I was asked to leave the band due to me not playing very well. That took hold in '75, and then they really wanted to get rid of me in '76 once we were managed by Tony Howard. The band had a meeting up in London at his office and decided that I'd reached the end of my usage. You've got to remember that bands are like outlaw gangs sometimes. Then I got a phone call from Bob Calvert explaining what had transpired. He suggested I come up to London immediately. I had a meeting with Bob, Simon House and Simon King. They said, "Look, we don't want to do this." Basically, it was Nik Turner, Paul Rudolph and Alan Powell, as they wanted the band to go in a more funky direction. Everybody later said, "Okay, look, we'll go and speak to Tony Howard." The other three of them got a payoff and were sacked.

S!: Why didn't you appear with the band when they performed 'Quark Strangeness And Charm' on the *Marc* TV show?

DB: I had been driving up from Devon and my car broke down. I got to a telephone box and phoned up Tony Howard's office, who suggested I get a train, which was impossible. I just couldn't get there, as it was all the way up in Manchester.

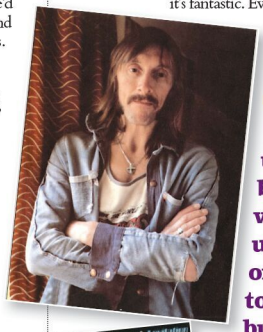
S!: The *Days Of The Underground* box also features two films from the Hawklords gig at Brunel University, which fans have been desperate to see for years. Was the whole gig filmed and if so, is that film now lost? And do you regret that there's not more film of Hawkwind performing during the '70s?

DB: The whole show was filmed, so I've got no idea where it is. I did try and get hold of it years ago from Charisma Records. It was probably lost. Where it went I've got no idea. There not being much old Hawkwind on film is just one of those things. When the BBC recorded 'Silver Machine' live at Dunstable, they did record more of the show. Where all of that stuff went too is beyond me as well. It has to be somewhere.

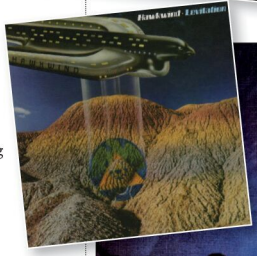
S!: Could you share any recollections or anecdotes about the circumstances which led to the larger-than-life Ginger Baker joining the band for the *Levitation* album sessions? Looking back what would you say Ginger brought to the band, how was he to work with and why did his time as a fully-fledged member of Hawkwind prove to be so brief?

DB: It was Huey's wife Marion who, I believe, was working with the guy who was the manager of Ginger at the time. When Simon King was ill and couldn't play drums when we were doing the *Levitation* album, she said, "I can get hold of Ginger Baker." And we thought, "Crikey! He's one of the world's top drummers." We were in awe of Ginger coming down, and it was quite nerve-wracking at first. But we got on with him. He was a fantastic drummer to work with. Some of the stuff he did with one hand was mind-blowing. He used to show us all these different techniques that were way beyond us.

A little later we did a German TV show with Ginger on drums, where he met up again with Jack Bruce. They hadn't seen each other for years, as they had fallen out. The guy who oversaw the German show was worried, certain they'd have a big fight. "They hate each other," he told me, but they got on like a house on fire and ended up getting very drunk together. A little later, we were at Rockfield Studios and Ginger had been in touch with Bruce. We had a meeting and he said, "Let's get rid of Harvey Bainbridge," who was our bass player at the time, "and get Jack Bruce in. I've spoken to Jack, and he'd love to come and play with you too." And I thought, "I've known Harvey for years. We can't do it. That'd be awful." I said, "No." Huey sat on the fence, and Keith Hale, who was the keyboard player then said, "Yeah, it's a good idea." "Well, no," I replied. "It isn't. I really don't want to do that." He then stomped off. Next, Kingsley Ward, who's the owner of Rockfield Studios, came down with his horse box with Ginger in the cab. And they packed Ginger's drums up into the back. That was that. We either remained friends or could have become famous rock stars with two Cream members.



S!: Nineteen Eighty Two's *Choose Your Masques* was your last album on a major label – all your RCA period albums had gone Top 30, yet is it true that you couldn't find another major to take you on? Or did you prefer to go independent after everything you'd already gone through with the majors?
DB: It didn't matter, because at the time Flick Knife, the label we then went with, was one of those up-and-coming labels. All their ideas were really good. We were there for a few years. We then went onto our old manager Doug Smith's label GWR. The '80s was a bit hazy.



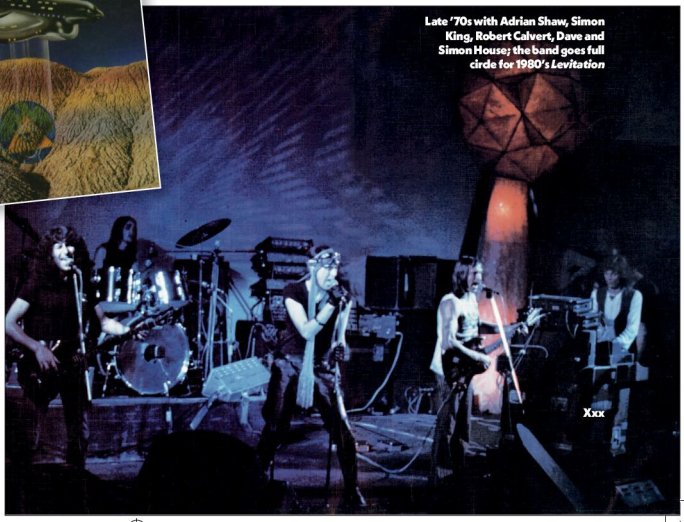
S!: How influential do you think Hawkwind were on punk – not just the music, but the attitude as well?
DB: That was down to our good rhythm section. We'd go on for long periods of time. We always used to comment on society and what was going on too. And, of course, we used to play a lot of benefit concerts, all over the place. We were in touch with the underground scene all the time, basically. We were always involved with it. That's probably why we used to get slagged off a lot in a lot of the papers due to our attitude towards the other side of the music business. That's probably why we were always the alternative band.

S!: You certainly became strongly identified with The Peace Convoy and New Age Travellers during the '80s, and remained a rallying point at free festivals, such as Stonehenge. This was a period when older hippies and anarcho-punks shared common ground. How do you remember those days? Was there a point where it became too dangerous to be involved?
DB: Quite, quite dangerous sometimes. There were lots of loony nutcases running around the place out of their minds. I always regard a lot of the things that went on across the late '60s and into the '80s like a flowering of a rose, where the rose opens and it's fantastic. Everybody's working together and happy, then it wilts and dies off. Unfortunately, that scene later became embroiled with a lot of bad drugs, which were being readily sold at the free festivals. We tried to stop it at the time, and we got in big trouble, but I won't go into all that.

You have to remember, lots of kids were coming down to see free music, and the good thing with all these festivals were that it gave lots of young bands the opportunity to play when they couldn't play anywhere else. But then the periphery around it was Special Brew and bad drugs. It all went down the drain then. Most discouraging.

S!: During the early '90s, Hawkwind took on more rave/techno influences. Steve Hillage recently told us that the early days of this era reminded him of Middle Earth and the London psych movement of the '60s
DB: I used to go down the Middle Earth. These places, the '60s and '90s equivalents, were focussed around light shows and a trance music atmosphere. There was a definite similarity. We used to do the same sort of stuff that grew into rave early on. We were using Jupiter-8 keyboards and basslines, we were using sequencers. We were able to do it, and I used to like all of that. It was great fun when you could just get the old machine running and happily play along with it. Can

"We were in touch with the underground scene all the time, basically. We were always involved with it. That's probably why we used to get slagged off a lot in a lot of the papers due to our attitude towards the other side of the music business"



Late '70s with Adrian Shaw, Simon King, Robert Calvert, Dave and Simon House; the band goes full circle for 1980's *Levitation*

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were doing all of this early on, and we loved it then, and in the '90s. The early '90s was a positive time.

S!: What are your memories of the Hawkestra event in 2000? Will the video/audio of the event ever be officially released? And what are your favourite memories of Hawkfest?
DB: I hope the Hawkestra event is never released on video. It's awful. It was so difficult to make it work. And it was a shambles. None of us could hear each other on stage properly. We had a bad mix on stage. I have a few fond memories of it though. I think it perked up when Sam Fox came on stage and jumped around a bit. There were little moments, but the whole thing from the start was very stressful.

My partner Kris was behind Hawkfest. It was very much like an old three-day festival where everybody knows each other. And it was way better than Hawkestra. We got some good bands and she organised them in various places. We went back to The Isle Of Wight and played on the exact spot that we played back in 1970. No one's ever done that again, as they have now refused to allow any bands to play there again. The last one we did, which was at The Winter Gardens in Morecambe last year, was fantastic. I hope we can do more.

S!: You've always tended to focus on the music with Hawkwind despite having an obvious passion for literature and poetry. You've even written some poetry yourself. Any chance of the poems being published in a book at some point?
DB: I was going to get a book of poems published. Our friend Francis writes wonderful poetry. Her husband runs all the rock 'n' rock tour buses. I said to him, "Why don't you get a book out? Get Francis published and I will stick some of my poems in there." And he said, "What a great idea." But he hasn't done anything about it yet.

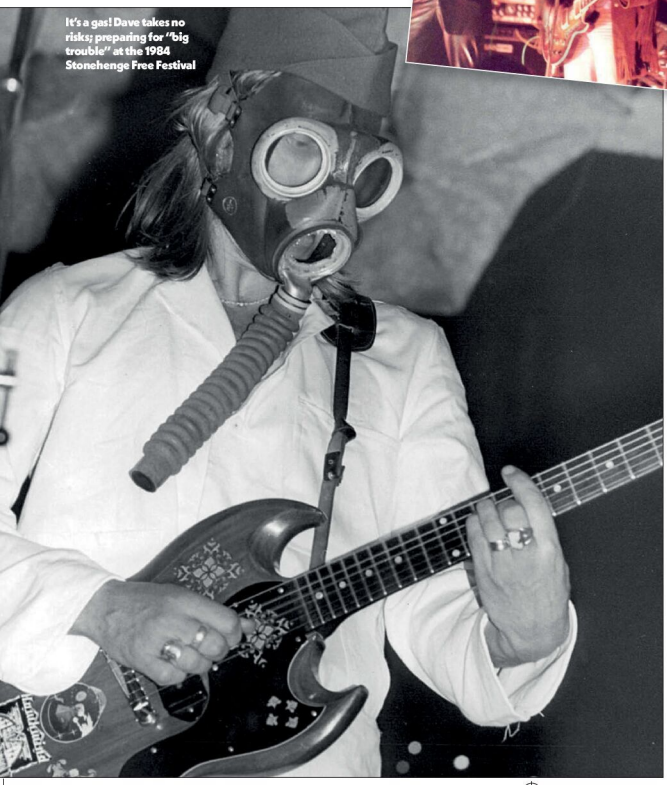
S!: Has Hawkwind's shifting line-ups helped to keep the band interesting for you, bringing in new influences etc, or would you have preferred a more stable line-up over the years? Apart from yourself, who are the musicians you think have had the biggest impact on the group? Is there anyone, in particular, you regret leaving the band when they did? And have you ever considered quitting?
DB: Well, half and half. Sometimes it's good because you get people coming in with lots of good ideas. The band now is really good. Everybody gets on well with each other. Looking back after doing it for so long, you think that a certain line-up or particular era wasn't all that good. You know? Some records weren't that good. And then others, like *The Chronicles Of The Black Sword*, were really good. There were certain periods, like *Space Ritual*, which were amazing. And then much later, when we had Ron Tree playing bass, he always had lots of good ideas too. There are certain tight eras. The way we are now, it's a really interesting line-up. We're writing stuff together. Magnus has been in the band now for six years. Gosh. He's a good writer and he's a good musician as well. They all are.

Going back to the old days, John Harrison was an amazingly solid bass player that helped pioneer our heavy rhythmical sound. Obviously, Lemmy was brilliant, Simon House's violin was something else, as was his keyboard playing, and of course Bob Calvert. He was unforgettable. And then there's Richard, who's been drumming in the band 33 years. He's the longest serving member other than me. Jason Stewart was an incredible keyboard player, who contributed a lot to the band. It was terrible when he died.

Have I ever felt like quitting? Yes. Numerous times, especially when we finished the tour in '78 in America, when Calvert was on one of his downers. We were all at our wit's end. It was very hard to deal with someone like him, who would go between being a genius and being really miserable.

S!: Can you tell me about your friendship with Eric Clapton, and how he came to be involved on your *Road To Utopia album* and the subsequent live shows? Mike Batt too. He's not someone you would not immediately associate with Hawkwind.

"Our sound has evolved but essentially remained the same. Basically, it all comes down to a good rhythm section with electronics coming through all the time"



It's a gas! Dave takes no risks; preparing for "big trouble" at the 1984 Stonehenge Free Festival

DB: I used to know Eric from back in the Eel Pie Island days. I showed him quite a few chords, as I was playing guitar before him. He mentioned it in his book. I've known him all that time. And the funny thing was, an old mate of mine, Bob Neal, used to run The Richmond Hotel, where he used to put on Blues Nights on Saturday nights. He would put The Yardbirds on, and I'd see Eric developing. A few years later, when I used to go busking, Eric had a flat in Ladbroke Grove. I used to pop round on a Saturday afternoon after I finished for a cup of tea. It's just one of those strange old things. And then of course there was the Ginger thing. I got back in touch with Eric then. He said, "How did you find Ginger?" "He is a difficult character," I laughed, "but we got on with him alright in the end." We had a laugh about that. We would get in touch with each other on emails across the ensuing years, so I asked him if he'd play. I explained that a track we were recording called 'The Watcher' was quite bluesy, and he did the honours. When we played at Guildford he joined us initially for a couple of songs and ended up playing the whole gig. It was a lot of fun.

Mike Batt was a funny guy. Quite difficult too. We met him when we were queuing up at The American Embassy for a visa to play in America. He was in front of us with Katie Melua. And that's how he got involved with us with the orchestra. When chatting we found out that we went back years, as he was working as an executive at Liberty, who issued our debut album.

S!: What do you think Hawkwind's legacy is now when you look back over your history? You're probably *the* key band of the British underground scene from the early '70s. How do you feel about all the contemporary bands that use Hawkwind's classic '70s sound as their sonic template?

DB: I don't keep tabs on what's going on now and had no idea we have influenced a new era of young bands. Wow. I live the life of a recluse in rural Devon.

A friend of ours, a guy called Rob Godwin, who used to own a record label in America, also writes a lot about science. He's done books on the Mars Expedition and Moon Expedition, and he's a very good friend of Buzz Aldrin. He's also written a book about space-rock music. It goes back through the history of the evolution of the music and synths, and we play a significant part. It's fantastically interesting. We thought it'd be a really good idea if we could do a record to go with this book. We are working on this at the moment. He's also written all the notes for the forthcoming *Space Ritual* box, the four-album set.

I guess our legacy goes from the heady spacy days of the '70s freak scene through to *Kids In Space* (a CD that accompanied talks done by astronauts for kids in schools). Space is the place. From our music and Michael Moorcock to this. It's a legacy.

"Hawkwind can continue, come what may." Still flying in 2025
PHOTO: RICHARD NASH

S!: New album *The Future Never Waits* has quite a strong jazz influence on the excellent 'They Are Ever So Distracted'. Is this a direction you've wanted to go in for a while?

DB: We occasionally do go off on these tangents. Some of our other albums that have come out over the past couple of years have even gone into Latin American rhythms. With this one it was Magnus who came up with that idea. We thought we can play a little bit of muted trumpet here on the keyboards, like Miles Davis. "Yeah," I said, "I can have a guy doing a bit of saxophone too," then it really took off.

Our sound has evolved but essentially remained the same. Basically, it all comes down to a good rhythm section with electronics coming through all the time. When we're doing an album we're trying to paint a picture with sounds. We're trying to take people on a voyage with their ears. I guess we are continuing our legacy.

S!: You've managed to stay afloat in the music industry for over five decades now. What was the best business decision you ever made? And what was the worst? Can you see Hawkwind continuing indefinitely with new musicians after you're gone, much as Gong seem to have done following the passing of Daevid Allen?

DB: The best decision? I don't know, hard to say. It's a funny business to be in the music business. We were initially told we'd be famous but knew it would change our whole concept and lifestyle. It's a bad thing in that way. Money corrupts in a lot of ways. If we'd have become really famous we would've probably ended up, like I say, the flowering of the rose, which soon withers away and dies. We're still going. We struggle on, relatively unscathed.

I've said that to everybody else in the band. Play and carry on without me. Even now. We were offered some gigs in Finland. The promoter is a nice guy, but it means I'm going to need to get flights. Some of the places are difficult to get to, it's a lot of traveling. I'm 81. I said to them, "Why don't you go and do it without me?" They said, "Oh no, no, we can't possibly do it." I said, "You're a good band. All four of you sing." There's no excuse. Richard's got a really good voice. Hawkwind can continue, come what may." S!

Contributors: Richard Allen, Joe Banks, Chris Groom, Duncan Fletcher, Peter Gallagher, Ben Graham, Jon 'Mojo' Mills, Andy Morten
Notable thanks to Joe Banks

The Future Never Waits and Days Of The Underground are out now on Atomhenge. More expanded reissues will follow

CROSSING THE THIRD RAIL

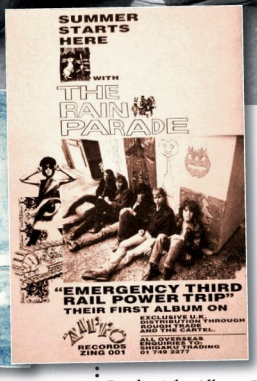
THE RAIN PARADE emerged in the early '80s when the LA music scene was little more than hardcore punk, hairspray rock and bloated megastars who'd seen better days. As an unwitting component of the celebrated Paisley Underground scene, the band looked to the glory days of the '60s for inspiration and released some of the finest music of the era – barely two decades after the first wave of psychedelia had receded. Their moment in the sun was all too fleeting, scuppered by major label interference and asynchronous bad luck. As the reconstituted group releases its first album in almost 40 years, **SARAH GREGORY** waits for the sun with guitarist and vocalist Matt Piucci

When it comes to psychedelic music, we all know the story. Began in the late '50s with the Beats, kicked off in earnest in the mid to late '60s and then went into hibernation for a decade or so until post-punk gave way to the fractured neo-psychedelic movements that are still going strong today. But there's a period in the story that often gets overlooked; a sweet spot in the early '80s during which the groundwork for a new era of psychedelic guitar music was laid, and without which "Madchester", Spacemen 3, Flaming Lips and Mercury Rev would all have sounded quite different. It was during this hazy period (1983 to be exact) that The Rain Parade released their debut album *Emergency Third Rail Power Trip* – a kaleidoscope of harmonious guitar music that was totally incongruous with the times – neither rock nor pop, but so refreshing and enchanting that those who heard it had to sit up and listen. As an integral part of The Paisley Underground movement, the band didn't last long the first time round, with only two studio long-players and an EP to show for their efforts. But they slowly returned from a 30-year slumber in 2012 and are now touring and talking in promotion of "comeback" album, *Last Rays Of A Dying Sun*.

The Rain Parade was born out of a chance meeting between Matt Piucci and his college pal David Roback. "That was kismet," says Matt of the meeting. "David and I both showed up at Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota in the fall of 1975. Both of our original roommates were very nice fellows, but let's just say they had different views as to what one should be doing in college. So, the school put David and I together. I recall going to his original dorm room, seeing a huge American flag and a Hendrix poster, and I knew we would get along. We were thick as thieves after that." David briefly disappeared off to The Big Apple and returned waxing lyrical about what he'd witnessed on The Lower East Side. "We decided we were going to have a band together," says Matt. "We had what we thought was a punk cover band, doing Iggy, Velvets, Modern Lovers, Clash, Ramones and Sex Pistols." They even tried their hand at writing themselves, penning the tellingly titled 'Got To Get Out Of Berlin', but this endeavour was soon abandoned.

Don't burst my bubble. The Rain Parade, NYC, 1983. Clockwise from top left: Matt Piucci, Eddie Kalwa, Will Glenn, David Roback, Steven Roback

The four-man Rain Parade reconvenes for 1984's *Explosions In The Glass Palace*; early LA live show; press ad for the first album

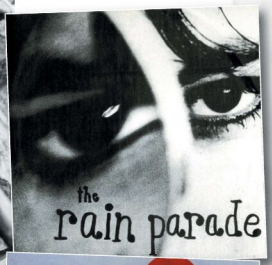


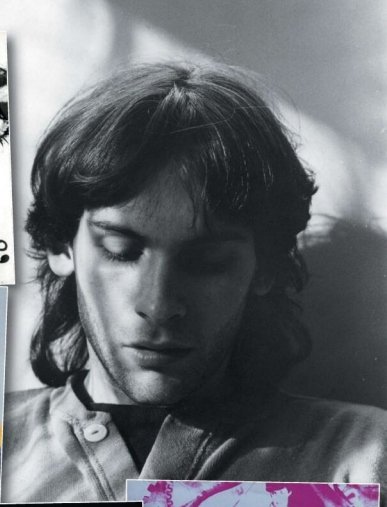
That is until Matt turned up in LA in '81 ready to reignite the band. And not a minute too soon. The LA music scene at this point left quite a lot to be desired. Punk was going strong in the form of Black Flag and The Dead Kennedys, but so were the long-haired glam-rocking Nikki Sixx acolytes who were flaunting their decadent drug and sex-crazed antics up and down Sunset Strip. Not to mention the first vanguard of megastars that was beginning to swap its cocaine for wheatgerm and an energetic jog round the park. "To me at the time there were some cool bands – Circle Jerks, X, The Last – but a lot of crap that was screaming and yelling over badly played rock music," says Matt of the LA scene when he arrived. "I think people were ready for something new."

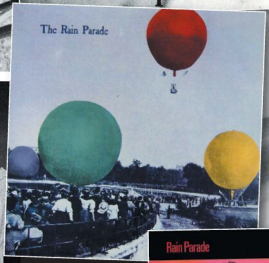
And so it was that in a tiny enclave of West Hollywood that The Rain Parade and an assortment of like-minded freaks came together to challenge the status quo. The Paisley Underground – named after a flippant, throwaway remark by The Three O'Clock's Mike Quercio – was a core of bands that included The Dream Syndicate, Three O'Clock, Green On Red, Long Ryders, Bangles (or The Bangs as they were at the time – Paisley Underground's greatest success) and The Rain Parade – drawn together by a love of melody, harmony, guitars and cool '60s sounds. Their sound was inimitable, and each band was unique. They played together, hung out together and bonded over great music. And it was here that The Rain Parade found its home.

David had already made his way back home five years before and had been amusing himself playing in Paisley Underground forerunner Unconscious with brother Steve and future Bangle Susanna Hoffs. When Matt arrived, him and David shared guitar and vocal duties, while Steve joined on bass. "We liked all the '60s classics, I was weaned on double LPs by Creedence, Dylan, the Stones, The Beatles, The Allman Brothers, the Dead, The Band," says Matt. "And then all the NYC bands of '75 – misnamed 'punk' in my view – and the punk bands from the UK that followed." When Will Glenn was recruited on keys and violin alongside Eddie Kalwa on drums, the line-up was cemented.

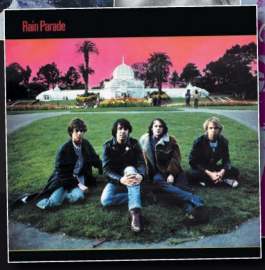
The Rain Parade's debut came in '82 on the single 'What She's Done To Your Mind' with 'Kaleidoscope' on the flipside, issued on the band's own Llama Records. The label wasn't active beyond this, with the exception of '84's Paisley Underground collaboration *Rainy Day*. The record itself, however, signalled exactly what the band was all about and







Framed in 1984; '82 debut 'What She's Done To Your Mind'; *Emergency Third Rail Power Trip*; David Roback makes his exit in '84; *Explosions In The Glass Palace*; 'You Are My Friend' 45



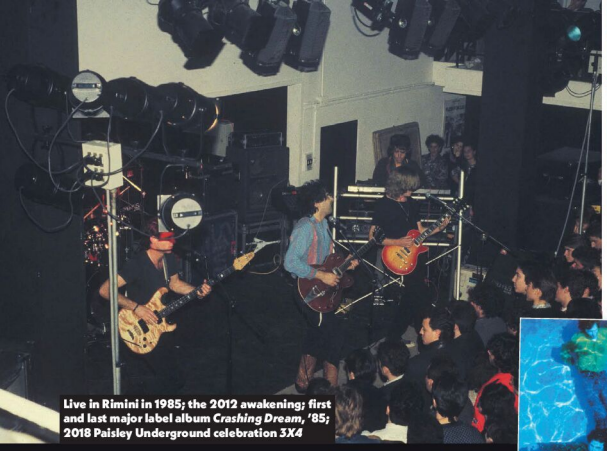
"David was a brilliant artist, and he wanted to run his own show. Nothing wrong with that. IT'S VERY DIFFICULT TO HAVE THREE SONGWRITERS IN THE SAME BAND, and we were lucky to get one album out"

made no bones about its influences. "The Byrds, Love, Pink Floyd, The Beatles. But also more obscure things like Beat and punk poetry, which shows up more in the lyrics." And it was a real breath of fresh air. The Rain Parade (and indeed The Paisley Underground as a whole) never tried to recreate the wheel. They took old music and blasted it into the now. The soft psychedelia, the harmonies, the melody, the druggy ambience, the '66 Rickenbacker 12-string: it's all there – all the fragments that we love turned on their head and presented back to us in one beautiful slab of vinyl. 'What She's Done To Your Mind' is a paean to The Byrds and The Beatles, while 'Kaleidoscope''s slow psychedelic slush brims with woozy guitar and tuneful bass – a true precursor to The Stone Roses, The Charlatans and a sound that would begin to ferment on the other side of the Atlantic later in the decade.

Both tracks feature on *Emergency Third Rail Power Trip*, which followed on Enigma offshoot Restless in mid-83 and which picks up right where the singles left off. Opening with the uplifting and ultra-melodic 'Talking in My Sleep', the album flows straight into the *Revolver*/'Strawberry Fields'-inspired 'This Can't Be Today', with the ghost of Syd Barrett watching over. 'Carolyn's Song' introduces the smacked-out torpor that David eventually took and ran with when he created Mazzy Star. While it's almost impossible to pick a stand-out here, the epic 'Look At Merri' has it all: defiant drone loop bass, a languid vocal and lysergic guitar effects. Special mention is reserved for 'Look Both Ways', which closes the album and is pure British Invasion, *Aftermath*-era Stones. Different in tone to the rest of the album, it's a beast. Keith Richards would be proud.

When it came to writing songs three members of the band – David, Steve and Matt – had a seat at the table, working together and solo in various permutations. "All combinations were tried," says Matt. "When I wrote with David, and it was just a few songs, he would add a section to something I started, like 'What She's Done To Your Mind' and 'Talking in My Sleep'. I think the same for Steven and David. Steven and I have probably written a hundred songs together and every possible combination of starting, finishing and working together has happened." And when they arrived in the studio, they knew what they needed to do. "We rehearsed a lot and figured out pretty early on that we were good in the studio. We were very proud of it and made adjustments right up until the very end," says Matt of their preparations. "So, yes, it turned out how we wanted. We were impressionists, not expressionists. It was mostly planned, although there was some improvisation with studio techniques, but almost never the actual music."

Perhaps unsurprisingly, some people just didn't seem to get it. "The wimpy singing, wispy tunes, unsure drumming, repetitive guitar effects, and naïve world view," wrote Robert Christgau in *The Village Voice*. Matt isn't that bothered. "Christgau embodies everything I loathe about music criticism, it's almost always about him… I don't remember what Christgau wrote, so I can't say what he was thinking, other than it was snarky." But he does appreciate that the apparent novelty and ultra-originality of the record wasn't for everyone. "I think we were just out of time, we could have come earlier, or perhaps later." A fact that is palpable when you listen to The Rain Parade – a first-timer would find it near impossible to place the timing of this music, the template having become so entrenched in our psyche. Happily, the brilliance of the record finally started to trickle down.



Live in Rimini in 1985; the 2012 awakening; first and last major label album *Crashing Dream*, '85; 2018 Paisley Underground celebration *3X4*

"We were luckier than some – of the six bands Island signed, ONLY THE LONG RYDERS AND THE RAIN PARADE ACTUALLY HAD LPS COME OUT on Island"

"*Emergency Third Rail Power Trip* is not only the best album from any of The Paisley Underground bands," wrote Jim DeRogatis in *Turn On Your Mind: Four Decades Of Great Psychedelic Rock*. "It ranks with the best psychedelic rock efforts from any era."

At this point The Paisley Underground was still going strong and relationships between the different bands was solidifying. "Our friendships with members of other bands were still developing, as we played with all of those groups – Green On Red and The Long Ryders mostly (US and Europe), but also the Three O'Clock and The Dream Syndicate. Less so with The Bangles because they got ginormous quickly. There was great music everywhere. In the Sacramento area, there was True West, Thin White Rope and 28th Day. In the south, there was REM, Love Tractor, The Windbreakers and Let's Active; in NY there was The Feelies, Winter Hours, Certain General."

It felt that The Rain Parade had found their groove, but all too quickly they were faced with a stark predicament when David announced his departure from the band. There were to be no hard feelings. "David was a brilliant artist, and he wanted to run his own show," says Matt. "Nothing wrong with that. It's very difficult to have three songwriters in the same band, and we were lucky to get one album out." Hey, even The Beatles struggled. David went on to join Paisley Underground collective Rainy Day for its sole album before hooking up with Dream Syndicate vocalist Kendra Smith to form Opal, who managed one album before Smith departed to be replaced by Hope Sandoval and the band morphed into Mazzy Star. David passed away in 2020.

With their largely carefree approach to making music, The Rain Parade were not thrown off course in the slightest and immediately recorded the EP *Explosions In The Glass Palace* – considered something of a psychedelic masterpiece in the same league as – if not better than – their debut. "We are very proud of that one. Steven and I hit it off very early on as far as songwriting goes, so by the time we got to '84, we had a bunch of material. It was easier with David gone, and I'm sure David felt the same way. There were only four of us and we argued a lot less." Across the five tracks on *Explosions*, the band preserved the beautiful, dreamy psych-pop that had infused *Emergency*. 'You Are My Friend' plays it comparatively straight; 'Prisoners' is a slow, languid, drone that eventually became the go-to for the likes of Spaceman 3, Ride and proponents of the shoegaze genre; 'Broken Horse' is an epic builder and the Parade's first real focus on acoustic guitars. Closer 'No Way Easy Down' is probably the highlight – wall-to-wall malevolent, gothic psych. Organ and guitar trail throughout as the band channel Floyd and The Doors at their most menacing; the introduction of the violin in the closing stages is a flash of genius.

Then it was all change again. Kalwa departed to be replaced by Mark Marcum, and John Thoman joined on guitar – The Rain Parade were back to a five-piece as they ploughed on with their second album *Crashing Dream*, for which they finally succumbed to big label pressure, signing to Island and leaving the indie world behind. The psychedelic influences are certainly less obvious on their sophomore record, and while the shadow of the '60s is never far away, *Crashing* feels much more contemporary. The music is still at the highest level, but there's a palpable shift towards the musical trends of the day. 'Mystic Green' is The Smiths meets Love with a hint of The Records' 'Sad Eyes Kill' has the subtlety of non-Cale Velvets; 'Fertile Country' is a lovely simple melodic guitar ditty, as is album closer 'Only Business'. 'Don't Feel Bad' is a jaunt into earlier Rain Parade territory, with its backward-looping and strong bassline. There's no doubt that the production levels have gone up a notch. The Rain Parade's had music always benefitted from its slightly washed-out sound – the upgrade to Island and relative increase in money and technology may have been what stopped this album from being quite as enthralling as the first. That's not to say that the songs aren't great, but a little bit of the magic has gone. Matt agrees. "We like the songs on that record and I think they hold up. We did have one member who was not really prepared and it shows – you figure that out. But mostly we made a mistake signing to Island. We should have stayed with Enigma and our producer Jim Hill. The guy Island foisted upon us was a nice man, but in over his head and absolutely not the right guy for us." The curse of Island was not limited to The Rain Parade either. "We were luckier than some – of the six bands Island signed, only The Long Ryders and The Rain Parade actually had LPs come out on Island. All nice folks, those groups, but not a single

Matt and Steve brave the weather for their unplugged 2023 tour with The Dream Syndicate

one of them had anything to do with this new movement." And sadly, that spelt the end of the band. Just two albums and one EP to their name – their contribution to music far greater.

Despite going their separate ways, The Rain Parade personnel never abandoned music-making. "We never really left music, just slowed down and were quieter about it." Matt released the album *Can't Get Lost When You're Goin' Nowhere* under the name Gone Fishin', then decided to can it for a few years while he went back to school and started a family. He was coaxed out of retirement in the mid-90s by Steve and his band Viva Saturn formed with fellow Rain Paraders John and Will. "Viva Saturn was Steven's songwriting vehicle and there are three or four albums of that, I'm on most of it. Also there are two Hellenes LP, my songwriting vehicle, which Steven and John are on as well." He also joined Crazy Horse for a spell. After joining David Roback in Mazzy Star, Glenn sadly died in 2001.

As with all great things, The Rain Parade refused to die. "We got back together about 10 years ago, because of a terrible car accident involving our pal Bobby Sutcliff from The Windbreakers. His partner Tim Lee, with whom I made an LP in '86, and who is a dear friend, suggested a tribute LP. And then a gig came up in Atlanta and we decided to do it." A year later, they were playing with Paisley Underground alumni The Bangles, The Three O'Clock and The Dream Syndicate, which organically led to compilation album *3x4*, on which the four bands covered each other's songs. "That got our studio juices flowing and Steven and I started to write together again. I'd say the pandemic helped, not hindered our process. What else was there to do?" Indeed. And here we are, on the verge of the first proper The Rain Parade album in nearly 40 years, the wonderful *Last Rays Of A Dying Sun*.

Last Days hopes to journey back to the old days. It's Matt, Steve and John reunited, as it was in '84. They've been joined by Stephan Junca on drums and Derek See, who featured on *3x4* and has played with numerous reformed acts. How did it feel writing together with Steve again? "We've always felt comfortable in the studio, and working with Jim Hill [*Explosions* producer] again has been a pleasure," says Matt. "We have a vast lifetime of shared experience, and we trust him a great deal. He may as well be in the band at this point. Our dear friend Mark Hanley (from Boatclub and The Billy Talbot Band) plays on at least half the songs. Our producer Jim Hill plays on several and added things to most of them." They also invited a few friends along. "Vicki and Debbi Peterson of The Bangles sang on a couple of songs, the Moore brothers (Greg and Thom) also sang on three songs – they may be my favourite group. Also, Darian Sahanaja and Rob Bonfiglio from Brian Wilson's band sang on a few."

And as for the album itself, "We did not want to let our fans down," says Matt. "We are in our 60s now, not our 20s, so that's different. In some ways, I think we are better. I don't think our influences have changed much at all." And that seems a reasonable assessment. They haven't. It feels like they have picked up where they left off and that can only be a good thing. Released on Enigma Records' Bill Hein's new Flatiron Recordings imprint, there's more softness in *Last Rays* – this is a gentler The Rain Parade, but the weight of the past is never far away. 'Share Your Love' is lilting and Dylan-esque, 'Sunday's Almost Gone' ultra-harmonious and heart-breaking, as is 'Other Side Of You'. 'Couldn't Stand To Be Alone' is the Stones' 'Lady Jane' with *Meddle*-era Gilmour on guitar, not to mention the relaxed slow-burn of 'Forgetfulness' and 'Green'. 'Bring It Back' offers pop at its finest and 'Angel Sister' an absolutely cracking opener.

With the album's release bubbling in the background, Steve and Matt have been touring as support for their old pals The Dream Syndicate. "That was a blast, love all of those guys. Vicki Peterson, as well, was subbing for their regular guitar player." Playing live is something that the boys want to continue doing – hopefully once *Last Rays* begins to pick up accolades. And how about a follow-up? "I think we have at least one more album in us," says Matt. Far from being the last rays, this feels more like a rebirth.

Last Rays Of A Dying Sun is out on 26th May on Flatiron Recordings

NEW RELIGION, DEVIL COMIN'

In 1969, a swathe of brassy jazz-rock aggregations was taking North America by storm. Flying the flag on this side of the pond was short-lived progressive ensemble TRIFLE, fronted by one-time Stones pal and failed pop star George Bean. Before recording their sole album, their personnel had been deeply entwined in both the underground rock and mainstream pop scenes; their experiences preserved in tales of Swinging London, near starvation, major label investment and plenty of "jazz joints".
Band members, friends and family guide SEÁN CASEY through the layers of their *First Meeting*

July 1968, Majorca, Spain. The stage was set for a glut of certified musical talent to descend on the island's capital, Palma, for Musica '68, a six-day festival to be held at the city's bullring The Balearic Coliseum. The Jimi Hendrix Experience, Eric Burdon & The Animals, The Byrds, Donovan and Françoise Hardy were among the international acts set to perform. After migrating south, new British pop group Selofane – formed from the ashes of Liverpool's Washington Soul Band – were given the duty of writing a theme to promote the festival. The plan was for their CBS single 'Girl Called Fantasy', to be performed at the opening of each night. Just four weeks before the festival's start, it was cancelled. "Musica '68's offices were on Tilney Street off Park Lane," Selofane's Dick Cuthell tells *Shindig!* during an anecdote-filled 90-minute call. "They had all these people working there and it was very impressive to lads from Liverpool who everyone was scared to death of."

MUSICA '68 CANCELLED

THE Musica '68 pop music festival, due to be held at Majorca this July has now been cancelled because of final financial difficulties.
People who have booked and paid for tickets in advance will have their money refunded.

PHOTO COURTESY PAUL GRIFFITHS

"The single was released and we did the Tony Blackburn show to promote it. It was coming up to the summer and we were excited to go abroad and play. All our heroes were going to be there: Ray Charles, Count Basie, every bugger was on the bill. One day we went to the office to try to get some money. We got there and the door was locked so we looked through the window and there were rolled-up posters and telephone wires all over the floor and all the furniture had gone. It turns out the organisers had done a bunk with the investors' money!"

Even so, Hendrix did perform in Majorca that summer at Chas Chandler's new club Sergeant Pepper's. Selofane didn't set foot on the island. "We recorded another single, but we were never really comfortable with the pop stuff," explains Cuthell. "That was our manager's idea – we kicked all of that out and were doing more progressive stuff. We carried on for a while and were doing well around London at The Bag O'Nails and other venues. We were then approached by the club's owners, the Gunnell brothers, who wanted to take over as our managers. They said, 'Sign with us and you'll be working as much as you want and you'll be making good money.' 'We didn't have much choice as they knew everyone in the business and told us we'd never work again if we didn't!"

Alongside the Gunnells, two of the era's most prominent impresarios would have a hand in the formation of Trifle. While Selofane were getting to grips with their new management, another group was making moves, hot off the heels of frontman George Bean's role in *Privilege,* Peter Watkins' Orwellian take on the music business.

The son of a school teacher who encouraged his musical interest, Bean's recording career began in the early '60s when he was taken under the wing of Stones manager Andrew Loog Oldham. How and why he ended up in Oldham's circle remains a mystery. According to *The Barnet Press Series* in 1963, after forming George Bean & The Runners with a ready-made band from his father's school, the group performed on the same bill as the Stones, which led to the approach by Oldham. But, as with much surrounding the early beat scene in London, memories don't always match records.

"For the last 60 years I thought George had been a support act at one of the early Stones gigs in Hastings, but after researching the dates further, now I'm not so sure," David Bean, George's brother, says. "One rumour was that he was Andrew's chauffeur and that's how they met, but he didn't have a driving licence at that time so this isn't true. Never let the truth get in the way of a good story!" When asked how they met, Oldham simply tells us, "Via (Mick Jagger's former girlfriend) Chrissie Shrimpton."

Competing with Kathy Kirby's version of the same song released on the same label just weeks before, his debut, 'Secret Love' failed to chart. As part of Oldham's Decca stable, Bean was the first artist other than the Stones to record Jagger/Richards compositions with '64 single 'Will You Be My Lover Tonight' and its flip 'It Should Be You' (the latter recorded first). He issued a further two singles on Decca including the Oldham/Bean co-penned mod groover 'Er Um Er' as the B-side to 'A Sad Story (All I Can Do Is Cry)', and a version of Dylan's 'She Belongs To Me' in '65. All four failed to find commercial success. With the Stones and Immediate Records pulling focus, Oldham and Bean parted ways.

Remaining in his full-time advertising job he continued to write and perform with the Runners, teaming-up with future Alan Brown Set member Tony Catchpole. The In-Crowd recorded the pair's early beat anthem 'Why Must They Criticise', prior to their transformation into Tomorrow. Its spirited message first appeared as a B-side to Bean's final Decca single. "Cut your hair 'cos people will stare, you just wanna be like Sonny & Cher," he wrote.

In '66, Bean and Catchpole released 'Haywire' and 'A Stitch In Time' on CBS as Bean & Loopy's Lot. "Bean was obviously George, and Loopy's Lot was Tony," David explains. Both were produced by composer Mark London who worked with them on two more singles for CBS; '67's 'The Candy Shop Is Closed' and 'Bring Back Lovin'' a year later, featuring a brilliant – and now sought after – slice of British psychedelia, 'Floatin'', on the flip.

London's contribution to Bean's career wasn't limited to singles. "I don't know for sure how he got the role," David says about his brother's part in *Privilege*. "It could've been through Mark London who was also in it, or possibly via Chrissie Shrimpton, who he was friends with. After the film he quit his job to focus on music."

Trifle feeling fruity in 1969. L-R: John Hitchen, Alan Fealdman, Patrick 'Speedy' King, Brian 'Chico' Greenwood, Dick Cuthell, George Bean, Barrie Martin; '71's sole album *First Meeting*

As the Runners – comprising Catchpole, Alan Morris, Tony Woods and Collin Tillotson – they performed 'Onward Christian Soldiers' and 'Jerusalem' in the film. "A trifle noisy but I think it will serve our purposes excellently," one of the film's Bishops fittingly commented after the former. Both appeared on the soundtrack alongside Mike Leander's original score.

Based on a story by Johnny Speight and starring Manfred Mann's Paul Jones and Shrimpton's elder sister Jean, Watkins' dystopian commentary on engineered stardom was an underground favourite with the capital's hip youth, alongside its predecessor *The War Game*. Watkins himself sparked John Lennon's anti-war stance in a letter reminding the Beatle of his responsibility to use his platform for peace.

Through his friendship with London, who gave Lulu her first US #1 hit 'To Sir With Love', Bean *et al* provided live backing for the Glaswegian under various monikers. "There's a bit of controversy going on between the group and myself about their name," Lulu told Brian Matthew during a '67 session for the BBC. "One minute it's George Bean & The Runners, The Runner Beans and now I think they call themselves Bean & Loopy's Lot." They also backed her as The Bean Bag and a selection of these performances are found on London Calling's *Lulu And The Luvvers: Best Of 1964-1967 Live*.

By '68, the Runners had both a new line-up and name. Catchpole, Woods and Tillotson – seemingly temporary members for *Privilege* and Lulu live – exited. Brian Auger guitarist John Hitchen and bass player Pat 'Speedy' King – both members of a different manifestation of the Luvvers – joined Bean and Morris alongside future Strawbs drummer Rod Coombs, and John Pritchard on trumpet.

Quotations saxophonist, Barrie Martin also entered the newly christened Trifle. On top of work with The Walker Brothers, Martin played sax for Little Richard during a live performance in Paris. "Nothing was worked out but I knew the records, so when he wanted me to solo, he'd just shout, 'Blow, blow!'"

Keen to maintain momentum, manager Don Hughes sought to secure influential backing for the group. He approached The Robert Stigwood Organisation (RSO), which managed The Bee Gees and Eric Clapton and had recently joined forces with the Gunnell brothers. With shrewd operator Stigwood focused on the big fish, fresh-faced office junior Paul Griffiths had ambitions of his own. "The roster increased considerably after the merger between RSO and Rik Gunnell's agency," explains Griffiths, who joined Stigwood in '68 and today runs a website dedicated to Trifle. "Don Hughes came into the office hoping we would take them on. I wanted an act of my own to represent so I went to see them a couple of times and got them signed."

Now billed as a group, rather than George & his Runners, Lot, Beans and Bag, Trifle recorded Lennon & McCartney's throwaway command song 'All Together Now', which was issued alongside their first self-penned recording 'Got My Thing'. The A-side was an unusual choice inspired by a chance encounter with a Beatle. "George met Lennon at a party," remembers David Bean, "who suggested the song could work for them. It's an odd choice really, but they performed it on German TV's *Beat Club*." Martin concurs. "I personally wouldn't have chosen it but it was a democratic band so it was put to a vote and because it was considered a commercial song, we decided to do it. Quite honestly, I hated it!"

Meanwhile, under the grip of their new management, Selofane plugged away on the live circuit. They too were surrounding themselves with familiar movers and shakers. "We were staying at the flat of one of The Beatles' entourage on Sloane Street," recalls Cuthell. "We used to hang out with one of Cream's roadies and one day he came from Apple studios at Saville Row with a white label demo of 'Hey Jude' and a rough mix of 'Across The Universe'. We listened to them on tiny aluminium speakers encased in Styrofoam that Apple boffin Magic Alex made. I should've nicked that demo!"

By now a seven-piece with a Hammond organ and two roadies, after marching on temporarily, due to the stresses of life on the road and management unprepared to invest, Selofane came unstuck. "We were regularly doing three half-hour sets at The Bag O'Nails, playing at The Whisky A Go Go, did some shows with The Small Faces too. We'd be doing our new stuff and some soul covers, but we were living in Wandsworth and weren't earning enough money. We were starving, like feral dogs really."

While singer Jon Gobin later appeared on the now collectable *Panhandle* album in '72, Cuthell had a more immediate offer from singer Lewis Rich who was putting together a band for RSO. With Carol Grimes and Dave Quincy, they formed Babylon and set off on a tour of Scandinavia with Blind Faith. "We got to the first gig, went backstage and Ginger Baker said, 'I'm not sharing my dressing room with a fucking bird!' Steve Winwood was great, but Baker was a nightmare", Cuthell says.

Recording a solitary single for Polydor in '69 on which Cuthell performed only tambourine due to illness, the band wound down soon after. He began auditioning for other acts, including an offer from The New Vaudeville Band, which he wisely declined.

It was at this point the layers of Trifle's final formation would fall into place when temporary trumpeter Hubert Grillberger blew in, and subsequently out owing to visa issues. Coombs and Pritchard left too. "I read an advert – 'Trumpet player wanted' – so I called Paul Griffiths and said I'd go down to see them," says Cuthell. "I cabbed it down there with a bottle of Johnnie Walker Black Label and a jazz joint. I arrived for their second set of the evening. They were playing sort of commercial cabaret stuff, but they were really good, especially the sax player (Barrie Martin). After the set, I went backstage and introduced myself. George was towelling himself off and I said, 'Is there any chance after your last set we could have a little jam to some blues?' He looked at me pointedly and said, 'We don't play blues!' So that was it and off I go! The next day, Barrie called and convinced me to come back for a rehearsal and then asked me to join. It was instant dislike between George and I at first. I think he thought, 'Who's this hippie git?,' but gradually we got to really like each other and then we became best of friends. We started playing Chicago and Blood, Sweat & Tears stuff. I thought, 'More of this!,' but with the material changing, some of the band weren't interested so we eventually brought in Chico Greenwood on drums and Alan Fealdman on keys."

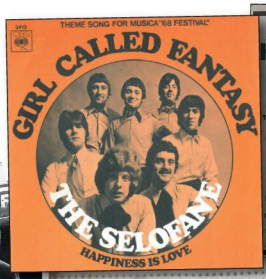
Greenwood and Fealdman were far from newcomers to the scene. As founding members of psych-blues outfit Jasper they released the group's sole LP *Liberation* in '69. With string arrangements courtesy of future Talk Talk collaborator Henry Lowther, the album was recently reissued, saving collectors a pretty penny.

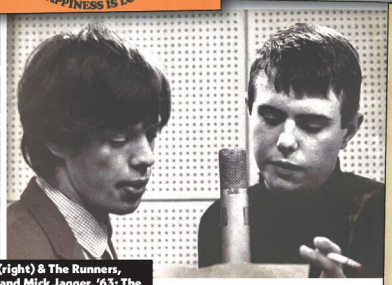
Though moving in the right direction, not everyone was convinced by the band name, Cuthell admits. "It sounded too poppy compared with Chicago Transit Authority, which sounded serious. I said to the lads, 'I don't think Trifle's good. Should we change it?' and Alan Morris immediately said, 'No. We can't do that. I'm in discussions with Birds!" Whether owing to disagreements over custard sponsorship or otherwise, Morris was next to depart.

Sometime in '70 Trifle stepped into BBC Radio Studios and recorded a set of material that included covers of The Electric Flag, the Stones, Rotary Connection and Temptations. "We did them all in one take," remembers Martin. "When you listen back, they weren't half bad. We were a tight band with great musicians."

Now with a final complement of Bean, Cuthell, Martin, Fealdman, Hitchen, King and Greenwood, they were signed to Pye Records' progressive subsidiary Dawn by producer John Schroeder and began recording their first and last album on 1st September '70.

"Before we got into the studio, we went off to the country to get it together. That's what you did back then," reveals Cuthell. "We got an advance from Pye so we got a transit bus and went to an old schoolhouse near Newbury to write and rehearse. George did the lyrics with the band writing the music. Apart from a couple, most of the songs were written in the country. Barrie





George Bean (right) & The Runners, 1967; George and Mick Jagger, '63; The Selofane's '68 debut 45; Bean gets star billing in Hastings, '69; Trifle's unlikely Beatles cover; agency promo photo; 'Devil Comin'' 45 (below)

PHOTOS COURTESY DAVID BEAN/PAUL GRIFFITHS

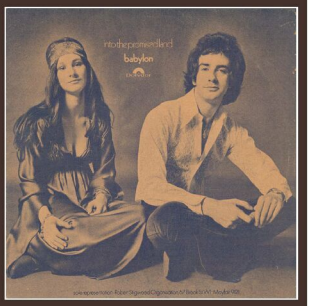
"We were regularly doing three half-hour sets at The Bag O'Nails, playing at The Whisky A Go Go, did some shows with The Small Faces too. We were living in Wandsworth and weren't earning enough money. We were starving, like feral dogs really"

A TRIFLING MATTER

SELECTED RELATED RECORDINGS

A HANDFUL
Dying Daffodil Incident
(B-side, LHI, 1967)
How Bean's demo of 'Daffodil' found its way to Lee Hazlewood's LA-based LHI label is unknown. Produced by Hazlewood's then-partner Suzi Jane Hokom – before the band being rebranded as The Kitchen Cinq – and clad with *en vogue* sitars, the writers are erroneously credited as "M London/G Beam".

GEORGE BEAN
Bring Back Lovin' / Floatin'
(CBS, 1968)
Though the A-side was arranged by KPM favourite John Cameron, it's the fine example of post-*Pepper* pop-sike on the flip that causes this rare seven-inch to change hands for hundreds.



BABYLON
Into The Promised Land
(A-side Polydor, 1969)
Written by saxophonist Dave Quincy, who re-recorded Babylon's only single with jazz-rock outfit If on their self-titled debut a year later. "It was like singing on a big brass bed," Carol Grimes wrote of her time with Cuthell and Quincy in her autobiography *The Singer's Tale*.

JASPER
Liberation
(LP, Spark, 1969)

Noteworthy for its acid-drenched version of delta blues classic 'Please Don't Go', the 2023 reissue on *Trading Places* saves all but hardened purists from splashing out a minimum of £1,500 for an original of Alan Fealdman and Brian 'Chico' Greenwood's first album.

PANHANDLE
Panhandle
(LP, Decca, 1972)

In the mould of studio acts like Ugly Custard, Hungry Wolf and Rumpelstiltskin, this covers-only LP features the voice of ex-Selofane vocalist Jon Gobin with session favourites Chris Spedding and Herbie Flowers alongside Dudley Moore (yes, that one), PP Arnold and Kay Garner. Its peak is a wah-wah heavy take on 'Susie Q', but a rare cover of the Stones' 'Bitch' is also notable.

and I did most of the arrangements before we got to Pye Studios."

It wasn't all music in the country, says Martin. "Someone said we should do a ouija board. I managed to find an old table tennis bat with the handle missing. It looked like a tear drop. I found some drawing pins and put them on it so it'd spin round the table and we put our hands on it and it started to move! The sceptics like Speedy (bassist Pat King) thought it was a load of old rubbish but it definitely moved!"

Though the album's peak 'New Religion' seemingly nods to this sense of spirituality, it was grounded in something more earthly, as Cuthell explains. "It was an anti-football song, can you believe? Sometimes you'd go to do a gig on a Saturday and there'd be nobody there because they'd be at the match, or they'd all come in pissed up. With the crowds chanting, we thought it was becoming like a religion. We wrote it at George's house at Strand-on-the-Green. I imagined it being played in a big cathedral or a monastery with monks doing it. Barrie did the kind of haunting backing vocals, which I'd heard in my head as chanting. I used to be a church bloke so I asked Alan Fealdman to play something that sounded like a spooky church organ on it and it was his interpretation of what I was talking about."

Despite Schroeder's signature on the contract, he was absent from the sessions, but it didn't matter. By now a tight unit, the band had written and arranged the album's material already, relying on the engineering talents of Geoff Calver and the help of Griffiths as session coordinator. "We did the mixing with Geoff ourselves," says Cuthell. "When I first heard it, I thought, 'Wow!' There's so much space between the instruments."

Notwithstanding a brief encounter with the law when members were arrested returning from a late-night session with jazz joint filler, the album was completed in October. Together with covers of Cat Stevens' 'But I Might Die Tonight' and Manfred Mann Chapter Three's 'One Way Glass', a version of Archie Whitewater's 'Home Again' found its way onto the album via Lewis Rich. By then working in A&R for RSO, which represented Archie Whitewater in the US, Rich handed over a promo version to Cuthell, which led to its inclusion.

Originals such as 'Alibi Annie', lead single 'Devil Comin'' – recorded prior to a night in Brixton nick – and Fealdman's 'Is It Loud?' typify Trifle's ubiquitous blend of jazz and rock, with Greenwood, King and Hitchen's rhythmic base the perfect foil for Cuthell and Martin's locked-in brass arrangements. Little remained on the cutting room floor but the Bean-Cuthell-Martin number 'Dirty Old Town' (not that one) appeared only on the single of 'Old Fashioned Prayer Meeting' released in early '71. Two other recordings – 'Born On A Bad Day' and 'Witchi Tai To' – were recorded but shelved, though Schroeder borrowed heavily from Cuthell and Martin's arrangement of the latter soon after.

The band insisted on being involved in every aspect of the album, remembers Cuthell. "We had a lot to do with the mixing, the running order and how the album looked, including the textured sleeve. Chocolate brown was very groovy in '70. I had a room decorated in it. It was like walking into a bar of chocolate."

Remarkably, upon its release in December, it fell on deaf ears. A lack of support from Dawn, competing priorities and health issues would each play a part in ensuring Trifle's debut, was its last.

While working as a record plugger for Island Records alongside Muff Winwood in June '72 George Bean passed away. He was 29. "It was encephalitis," David explains. "He fell into a coma in December '71 and then improved, but the following June he fell into another and passed away. It would've been his 80th birthday this year." "I couldn't believe it," says Cuthell. "I went to see him at Paddington hospital and it was surreal. We packed up the band because it was George's group and it would've been disrespectful. I was absolutely distraught."

Trifle's strength lay in the musicianship of its ingredients, its power in the experience gathered in the music business during their individual journeys. But its soul was the coming together of these parts at that exact time in '70.

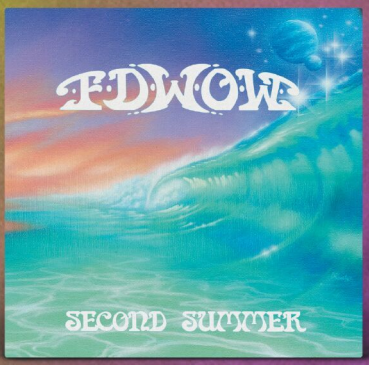
Bar the inclusion of 'One Way Glass' on the Dawn/Pye compilation *Cave Of Clear Light* in 2010 and a mention of 'New Religion' by Noel Gallagher in a Radio One interview, interest in Trifle has largely been maintained by collectors flying the flag for the album over the years.

Cuthell went on to a successful career as a session musician and engineer, working with everyone from Sandy Denny to The Specials and Rico Rodriguez, and played a key role in bringing reggae and dub to a wider audience. After touring with Nicky James, including supporting The Moody Blues, Barrie Martin became a London cabbie. Pat 'Speedy' King stayed in the business, joining Manfred Mann's Earth Band as well as sessioning with Billy Ocean and others. Greenwood and Fealdman remained active for a period too, as did Paul Griffiths.

Though American artists paved the way, for a moment, Trifle were at the vanguard of a new era of British music that combined psychedelic rock with brass arrangements. Though that moment was fleeting, thankfully, their last meeting doesn't need to be ours.

With special thanks to Dick Cuthell, Paul Griffiths, David Bean, Barrie Martin, Matt Ford and Toby Davies for input and comment

Trifle's BBC Radio can be found at Triflemusic.com
Jasper's Liberation is out now on Trading Places



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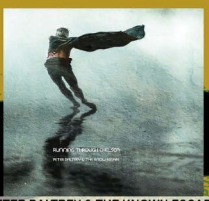

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RUNNING THROUGH CHELSEA
THINK LIKE A KEY
Singer-songwriter Peter Daltrey (Kaleidoscope/ Fairfield Parlour) returns with a brand-new album Running Through Chelsea together with The Know Escape. This is a 50-50 collaboration with Mark Mortimer, formerly of DC Fontana and The Sorrows

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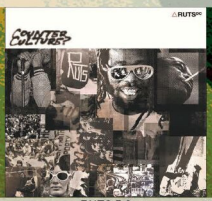

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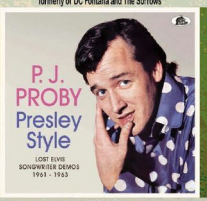

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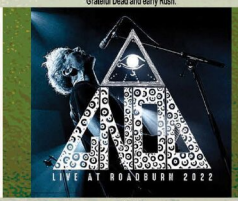

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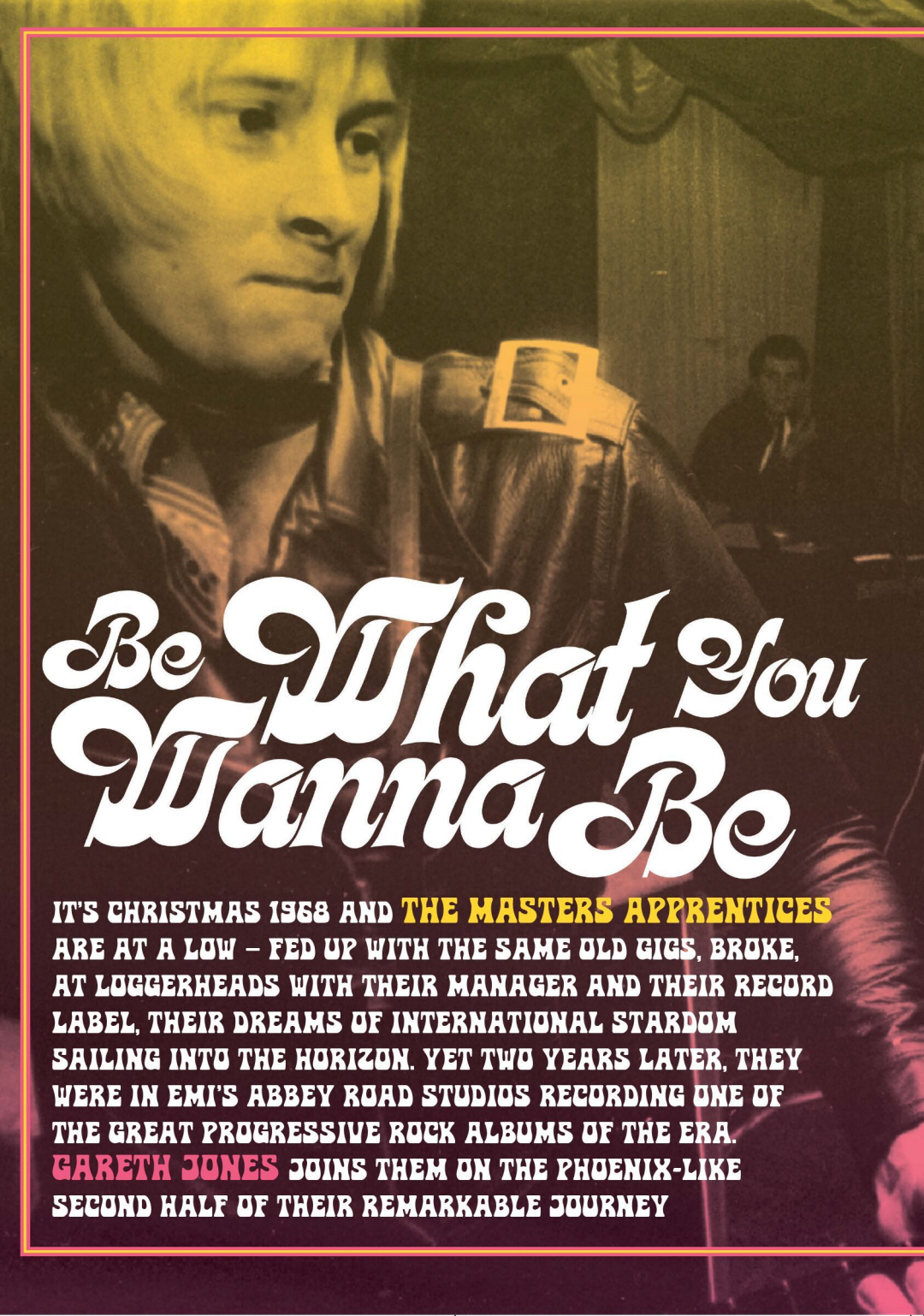
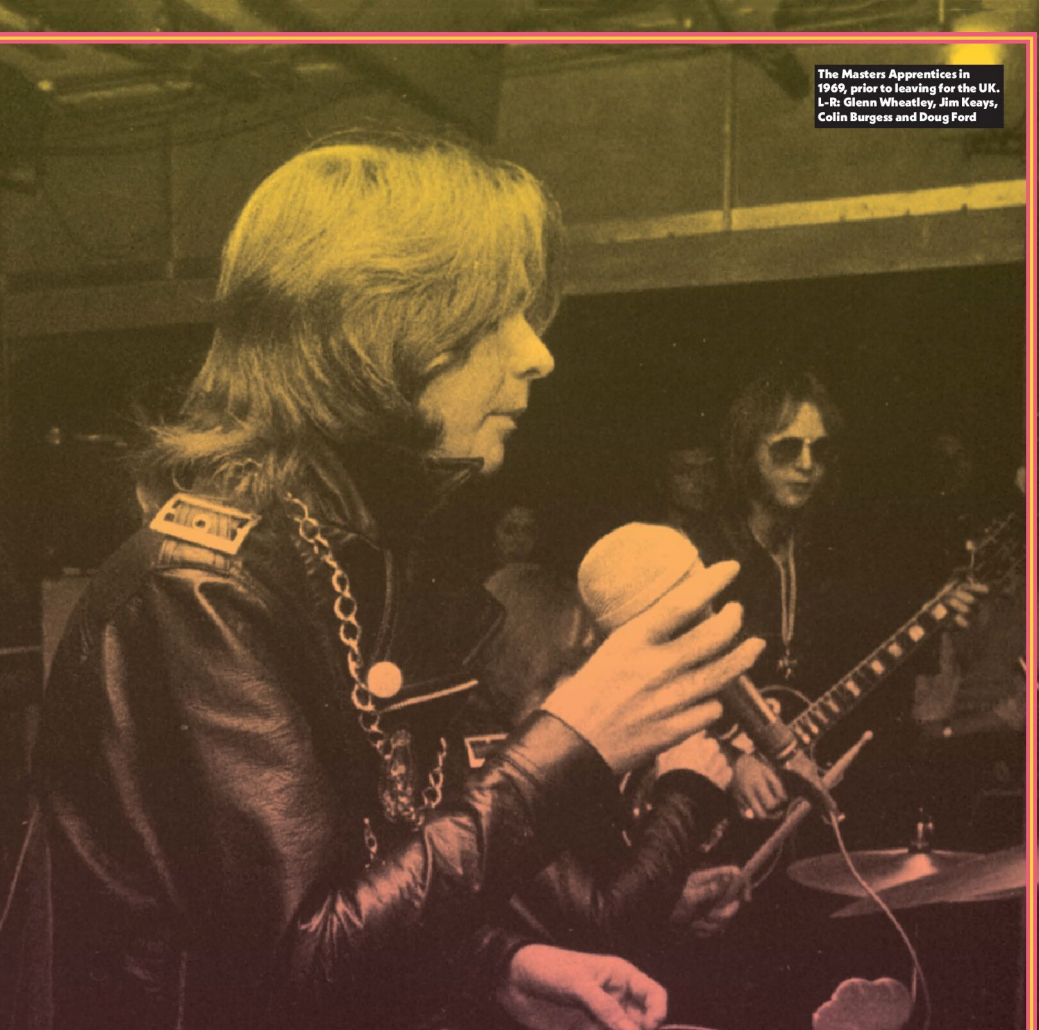


Be What You Wanna Be

IT'S CHRISTMAS 1968 AND **THE MASTERS APPRENTICES** ARE AT A LOW – FED UP WITH THE SAME OLD GIGS, BROKE, AT LOGGERHEADS WITH THEIR MANAGER AND THEIR RECORD LABEL, THEIR DREAMS OF INTERNATIONAL STARDOM SAILING INTO THE HORIZON. YET TWO YEARS LATER, THEY WERE IN EMI'S ABBEY ROAD STUDIOS RECORDING ONE OF THE GREAT PROGRESSIVE ROCK ALBUMS OF THE ERA. **GARETH JONES** JOINS THEM ON THE PHOENIX-LIKE SECOND HALF OF THEIR REMARKABLE JOURNEY



The Masters Apprentices in 1969, prior to leaving for the UK. L-R: Glenn Wheatley, Jim Keays, Colin Burgess and Doug Ford

As 1969 dawned, Doug Ford (guitar), Glenn Wheatley (bass), Colin Burgess (drums) and Jim Keays (vocals) took stock. Although the band was still a popular draw, it had been seven months since their last record. The lackadaisical attitude of manager Darryl Sambell meant they had literally missed the boat to England, leaving them anxiously watching as *Go-Set* magazine devoted space to newer rivals: The Flying Circus, The Valentines, The Zoot. The Masters were very much yesterday's heroes.

With Darryl's encouragement, the band jumped into the pop marketplace with their first single for EMI, finally released in February. Although the fiery 'Merry-Go-Round' picked up airplay in Melbourne, it was 'Linda, Linda' that drove the sales; the banjo, kazoo and Jim's megaphone-style vocals were a perfect fit for a bubblegum world. The record made the Top 20 in Melbourne and Brisbane and Darryl's saturation marketing sent the hysteria into overdrive. The band were on the front covers for *Go-Set* and *TV Week* and were a near-constant presence on TV shows like *Uptight* and *Turning On*. Jim recalled, "We were on *Uptight* so often we actually started ringing them to ask them not to have us on… purely on the grounds of gross overexposure." A concert at The Myer Music Bowl in Melbourne drew nearly 200,000 fans but shows became completely shambolic. Colin remembered, "Glenn would be playing to the drums, and he couldn't hear Doug, and Doug'd be playing to the drums because he couldn't hear Glenn and so I had to basically keep it together." It was all they could do to remain on stage. As Jim described it, "Doug or Glenn would get pulled into the crowd, and he'd come back out and the bass would be totally out of tune (but) you'd keep playing. Doug's guitar was the same."

Between gigs, Jim and Doug put together a number of strong pop offerings, with recording sessions squeezed into gaps in the schedule. "Darryl was a real 'pop' manager and he kept coming to us and saying, 'Oh boys,

"I fell into the outstretched arms of the waiting audience... my clothes were ripped in a tug of war between the police and the kids." Jim faces the fans; the reconstituted Masters in 1969

you've got to write more commercial songs,'" recalled Jim. "And we got sucked in for a while and thought that was the way we should go." Darryl's instincts were correct – Zoot and the Valentines were the year's biggest new stars – but the band were less keen on taking Daryl's advice as there was now a fundamental disconnect between the Masters' music and their public image.

Still hoping to get to England, the band entered the 1969 national Battle Of The Sounds. After coming second the year before, they were devastated to be eliminated in the Victorian state finals. Clearly not cut out to be pop sensations, the band tacked in a rockier direction, their next single pushing Doug's guitar to the fore. The flip, 'How I Love You', was an atmospheric instrumental but Colin recalled, "[It was] '5.10 Man' [that] brought us back into the hit scene again. The band started to progress as a band and was pulling itself together." A broadside against "straight" society (the commuter on the 5.10), '5.10 Man' blended post-psychedelic flash with pop savvy, starting with a snatch of 'The Great Pretender' before erupting into power chords and a dynamic rock sound that resolved two minutes later into a mock doo-wop finale. Issued as a single in July, it topped the charts in Brisbane and was a smash everywhere but Sydney, where radio had pretty much given up on the band.

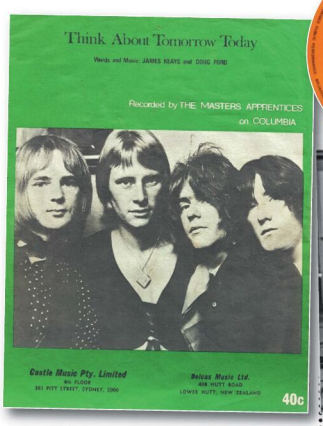
Sartorial changes were afoot too, as the cost of keeping the band in stage outfits was running into the thousands of Australian dollars. Glenn recollects a date in Brisbane when a couple of girls managed to get up on the stage and knock him down. "I fell into the outstretched arms of the waiting audience… my clothes were ripped in a tug of war between the police and the kids." By the time he made it back he had no shoes or socks and practically nothing left of his suit trousers. "I covered myself as best I could with my guitar but with bare legs protruding from beneath, it looked as if I had nothing on at all." In desperation, the band switched to all-leather attire. "This tough new look enhanced and complemented the 'bad boy' image," laughed Jim. More importantly, said Colin, "We sprung the leather gear, and no-one could rip that off, so we saved a lot of money."

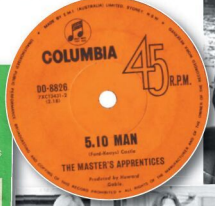
Doug was now the undisputed musical leader. As Colin recounted, "Doug lived and breathed music, always. Everything had to be right." Glenn concurred, calling Doug the musical backbone of the band. "He was a mighty guitarist… very, very good," while crediting Jim as "the flamboyant showman, good looking… he had the personality that really helped sell this band". In Colin's mind, "Glenn was more towards management. He kept everything together and made sure the times were right and what we were doing." As for Colin, Glenn remembered, "he helped with an extraordinary amount of our flamboyancy. Anyone that can get up and wear girls' strapless high-heel shoes and get away with it onstage had to be admired."

In September, the band embarked on *Operation Starlift*, a tour of major cities featuring the upper echelon of the Australian pop scene. Colin described it as humungous. "Going from state to state with all the bands. That was a full-on screaming event as well… just crazy, crazy, crazy days." In Brisbane, the promoter announced that they had outdrawn The Beatles and a light bulb went off in Glenn's head. "That was the night that the penny dropped. What had all those kids paid? Was it five bucks? Five x 6000 made a gross of $30,000. [We] were being paid $200. Someone was making a *lot of money* out of The Masters Apprentices." It was time for Glenn to take control. "I essentially took over a lot of the day-to-day bookings and [worked] for the band effectively in a management role to look after our career."

Musically, they continued moving away from their pop hits as Jim and Doug soaked up what was going on around

"DOUG AND I WERE GOING THROUGH A MASSIVE SIMON & GARFUNKEL AND DONOVAN TRIP, SO WE SAT DOWN AND WROTE SONGS LIKE 'A DOG, A SIREN AND MEMORIES'"
JIM KEAYS





London, 1969; sheet music; recording in EMI's Abbey Road studios; '69's '5.10' man single; '70's *Masterpiece* album

them. "Doug and I were going through a massive Simon & Garfunkel and Donovan trip," says Jim, "so we sat down and wrote songs like 'A Dog, A Siren And Memories'." This moving lament served as the flip of their December single, 'Think About Tomorrow Today', another Top 10 hit. The A-side, a driving rocker powered by incendiary guitar, was a call to arms, written, Jim said, because "we really thought the revolution was happening, and that kids were taking over the world." The Masters effected their own revolution at the start of '70, firing Darryl and setting up the Drum agency to handle their affairs. No longer paying agent's fees, the band started to stockpile money toward that elusive trip to England.

In February '70, EMI released the band's second album, *Masterpiece*, entirely penned by Jim and Doug. "You had to fit it in between touring and so it was written on the road basically," remembers Colin. "It was over a period of time, so you can't really call it an album." Jim concurred, "It was a sort of thrown-together, hodgepodge of things that happened back then." The album opened with the instrumental title track and closed with 'How I Love You' (now with hokum, spoken-word vocal), with the funereal guitar lines from 'A Dog…' inserted between the tracks on Side One to create a suite. The material ranged from the Donovan-esque 'Captivating Voice' and the infectious 'Barefoot When I Saw Her' to a wry putdown of Darryl, 'Who Do You Think You Are', while 'Isabella' and 'Titanic' were Dave Dee-like melodramas saved by Doug's guitarwork. The brassy 'St. John's Wood' and the harmony-laden 'Piece Of Me' were quickly given super-pop covers by The Sect and Clockwork Oringe respectively, and the leftover 'A Simple Song' was gifted to Issi Dye (The Band-like 'Burke And Wills And Me' and ballad 'Tears Of Sorrow' also failed to make the cut).

An effective overview of their pop period, the album left fans of the band's rockier material disappointed. With hindsight, Jim recalled, "One of my regrets with the Masters was that we didn't record an album just before we went to England with that heavier rock stuff on it." There was enough material available; the band donated the pounding 'Quicksand' to The Expression, while The Ash recorded the riff-rocker 'Sable', the savage 'Midnight Witch' and the poppier 'Avignon'.

Glenn, meanwhile, was steering a course for England. "There was a new entertainment manager at Sitmar [cruise ships] so I made an appointment. He had a vacancy for us to leave from Melbourne on Sunday 24th May. I wasn't about to miss out a second time." To say farewell to their fans, the band laid down a rip-snorting tribute to rock 'n' roll. "[Doug] used to walk around with his guitar on, his Gibson Les Paul, and he'd wander 'round and play all the time," recalls Colin. "[He] came out of the bathroom and said, 'What do you think of this?' And I said, 'Doug! Fuck mate! That's a #1 song, mate!" With horns doubling Doug's guitar, the riff turns 'What'd I Say' inside-out, and the pile-driving 'Turn Up Your Radio' was an instant anthem, complete with a snatch of 'Rock Around The Clock' in the middle. Jim recalled getting "terribly drunk" at the session, although there is little evidence of that, apart from the ad libs toward the end. (He does sound wasted on the flipside, the Led Zeppelin rip-off 'Jam It Up'.) The song's progress was hampered by a dispute between radio and record companies but still charted around the country.

And then, with thousands of fans waving them goodbye, they were gone. Jim says of looking back as they steamed off, "There they all were. I remember thinking, 'I wonder if it'll ever be like that again'. And of course, it wasn't." For Colin, it was very, very sad. "It was very important that we had to go. We had to do it to try and become a big band in the world. We'd gone to a peak in Australia, so we wanted to do that. You gotta keep going forward, otherwise you stagnate, don't you?"

The band were booked as onboard entertainment, but as Jim put it, "Although we were a pop band, we were starting to do 10-minute guitar solos…

With media personalities Dick Williams and Lionel Yorke, 1971; the three-man Masters in '72; '71's 'Because I Love You' single; '72 swan song *A Toast To Panama Red*

"WE HAD TO DO IT TO TRY AND BECOME A BIG BAND IN THE WORLD. WE'D GONE TO A PEAK IN AUSTRALIA, SO WE WANTED TO DO THAT. YOU GOTTA KEEP GOING FORWARD, OTHERWISE YOU STAGNATE" COLIN BURGESS

morphing into a prog-rock band. The first night, it was packed – for about half an hour and then they all started to drift out, because we weren't playing what they thought we were gonna play!" Colin, however, recalled playing often. "It was good fun. Without playing on the way over, it would've been the most tortuous trip because it was so slow." What is certain is that the band who docked at Southampton six weeks later were radically different from the pop outfit who had started the journey.

England was a revelation to the Masters. Finally able to go out without being mobbed, they checked out the competition. On their first day, they heard 'All Right Now' on a jukebox. "It blew our minds, man! We looked at each other and that was the turning point of our career, I think," states Colin. "We knew we had to become good musos and have some good songs." Jim adds, "We'd come home and go, 'Right. Let's start writing some songs.' We found we were writing songs with a lot more power and a lot more musicality." Glenn put out feelers to the UK music industry, but an approach to Robert Stigwood went nowhere. "Robert may have been interested in getting to know *me* better, but not The Masters Apprentices." Next stop was EMI, where Glenn convinced producer Jeff Jarrett to take them on for an album.

In September '70, the band convened at Abbey Road and in 40 hours laid down their first UK album. John Lennon and Phil Spector were recording next door, there was a stream of visitors – The Moody Blues, Pink Floyd, even Ringo – and, as Jim remembered, "In that environment, you had to be creative." Doug led the way, Colin reported. "[Doug and I] worked out the whole way it was gonna be on the record… Jim would just come in and write some words and that was it." Jim agreed. "Ninety percent of the songs on that album were riff-based. Doug'd nut out a riff and I would start to work on lyrics." 'Michael' and the Martin Luther King tribute 'Death Of A King' had been written in Australia, but most of the new songs originated from onboard rehearsals, most noticeably the acoustic instrumental 'Song For Joey – Part II' (there was no part I). Riffs were to the fore on 'Easy To Lie', 'Catty' and the Jimi Hendrix tribute 'Song For A Lost Gypsy', while 'Rio De Camero' married driving Spanish guitar to a Black Sabbath-like lyric, and 'Our Friend Owsley Stanley III' had suitably psychedelic overtones. The jewel was 'Because I Love You': ethereal acoustic verses fitting perfectly with the anthemic "Do what you wanna do, be what you wanna be" chorus. The band filmed a video for the song on Hampstead Heath (watch it on YouTube). They played their first London gig at Blaise's and were awaiting the record's release when Glenn announced they had run out of money.

Pulling a rabbit out of a hat, Glenn booked a "homecoming tour" to raise funds to sustain them in England as they promoted the album. They arrived in Australia in December, greeted by a double-sided hit pairing 'Because I Love You' with the bluesy 'I'm Your Satisfier'. In their absence, things had changed dramatically as rock moved out of unlicensed teenage discos and into pubs. "Most of the screamers were gone," says Jim of this time, "but we were still in a very strong position. The respect was there." Before their Perth show, producer Howard Gable announced they would be recording a live album. Needing new material, the band filled out the show with recent song ideas, some unfinished, with the heavy 'Future Of Our Nation' the standout. Later shows saw them revisiting their hits. "The reviews we got were just fantastic," Jim admits. "They said, 'This band is a whole new band.'" Unfortunately, although the tour was successful, their Drum agency was in financial difficulties. "Half the money we made went to paying off the tax department and half the money went to paying off the bands or whatever was going on at the agency," explained Colin. Trapped on an endless tour just to stay solvent, the band called it quits in April, just as the *Choice Cuts* album (*Masters Apprentices* in Europe) was released, complete with enigmatic Hipgnosis sleeve.

Sales in Australia were brisk, but the real surprises came from Europe. The album had received a rave review in *Melody Maker*, French radio had pushed 'I'm Your Satisfier' into the charts and offers were coming in from French television. Galvanised, the band hastily

AFTER GRADUATION

What THE MASTERS APPRENTICES are doing now

After the band's collapse, Jim Keays maintained the highest profile. He was also the one constant in the various reformations of the band that began in the late '80s (Jim, Doug, Colin and Gavin Webb, augmented by Roger Faynes), culminating in the 2012 Go!! Show Gold tour (Jim, Glenn, Colin and Peter Tillbrook). Jim's death from cancer in 2014 could have marked the end.

While the famous foursome journeyed to England, the original members of the band had not been idle. Mick Bower recalls, "We played in other bands, but many of us also got day jobs. In 1969, Brian (Vaughton) and I joined a party band in Adelaide called The Amber Fayes. Rick Morrison joined a band called Machine Gun Kelly's Rejects. Gavin (Webb) lived in Melbourne for some time after the band. In 2014, myself, Brian, Rick, and Gavin were to be inducted into The South Australian Music Hall Of Fame with Jim. It would have been a reunion of sorts. Unfortunately, Jim passed away two weeks before the ceremony. We decided to perform a couple of songs as a tribute to Jim. We thought it would be just a one-off (but) we were then asked to play at Adelaide Fringe and other events. We were surprised to be selling out shows after such a long time."

Joined by Bill Harrod (bass) and Craig Holden (vocals), the reborn band continues. Brian told me, "We never thought we'd be doing this over 50 years later. It's a medical miracle that most of us are still here! Can't kick a footie but I can still play. I've been able to tick off some of my bucket list gigs since we've come back. Adelaide Oval (was) extra special because that's where my father played cricket with Sir Donald Bradman."

For Rick Harrison, "It's brilliant to be back in the band again today. So many years have passed... and now we get to re-live our youth... wow! Like the audiences we play to, we love the songs, love the audience reaction, and hope we can continue this for years to come."

As for the "classic" line-up, Mick says, "Whenever he was available, Glenn would guest with us, until his passing last year. When we play today, we do a couple of the later line-up's numbers out of respect and remembrance to them." And what do the fans make of it all? As Rick puts it, "The feeling we all get was best summed-up by a member of the audience who spoke to me as I left the stage after a recent show: he said, 'Thank you so much... for two hours tonight, I was 16 again,' and I could detect a slight tear in his eye. What more could you ask for than that?"

The last word surely belongs to Mick Bower. "We are always surprised to see so many young people coming to our events. Playing the songs is just like riding a bike – you never really forget. We practise several times a week to keep our chops up (just) like those early days at The King's Head Hotel. I'd forgotten how important music was in my life, it's come back with a vengeance. We're not making a million dollars and we enjoy everything we do. We have a fantastic manager, Victor Marshall who's in tune with our style and needs. We are hoping to record another album of new material one day, before it's too bloody late!"

Gareth Jones

Live In Adelaide 2021 is available from grapeorgstore.com

reformed, but they made the mistake of negotiating a second seabound journey with Sitmar, to save on airfares. Jim ruefully recalled, "Of course, by the time we got to London, all the interest had died off and there wasn't much hope of reviving it. Another hundred albums had been released by then. All we could do was get together with Jeff Jarrett and record another album."

EMI Australia kept the home fires burning with a June single, pairing the live 'Future Of Our Nation' with studio off-cut 'New Day' ("a tribute to Van Morrison's *Astral Weeks* album", said Jim), followed by the *Nickelodeon* live album in November, which Jim felt "wasn't as bad as it could have been". 'When I've Got Your Soul' was a decent, churning blues while the harmonic 'Light A Fire Within Yourself' and 'Because I Love You' showed they could handle complex material onstage. A 19-minute cover of Spooky Tooth's 'Evil Woman' showcased their improvisational approach, but it was the multi-faceted 'Fresh Air By The Ton' that provided the high spot.

Back in England, Doug put the band on an intense rehearsal regime, but Glenn recalled, "I was beginning to ask myself why. We weren't playing anywhere. It seemed that these rehearsals were a waste of time." To generate some money, Glenn took a day job with the Gem Toby Organisation. "Glenn wasn't there to rehearse, so it was just the three of us," states Jim. Worse, Glenn dropped acid the night before sessions began for the next album, *A Toast To Panama Red*. "It was the dumbest thing I could ever have done. I couldn't cope. I was unhappy with the songs. I was unhappy with everything." As a result, Doug played quite a bit of the bass on *Panama Red* because Glenn wasn't up to it.

The band were offered £90,000 to sign with Bronze Records. EMI refused to release them, although the label did allow a decent recording budget. The album was recorded both at Abbey Road and at George Martin's AIR studios. "George actually conducted a children's choir on 'Games We Play' for us," said Glenn. "It was a great thrill to meet him." The previous album was packed with tight, succinct songs, but the new one was more experimental. As Doug told *Go-Set* in '72, "It's a venture into something of a completely different concept... Whereas in previous albums we tended to go along with the accepted musical structure of today's rock, this is different in as much as it is a personal spiritual venture." Jim later reflected, "We should've stuck to something a little bit more accessible commercially. There were a few good songs but we were going outside of our comfort zone."

The songs on *Panama Red* were sequenced in alphabetical order, thereby stranding the more accessible moments – the anthemic 'Love Is', the pastoral 'Thyme To Rhyme', and the hard-rocking 'Melodies Of St Kilda' and 'Southern Cross' – on Side Two. The blissed-out 'Beneath The Sun' was another highlight but titles like 'Answer Lies Beyond' and 'The Lesson So Listen' told their own story and the two-part 'Games We Play' was too self-conscious for its own good. Issued in January '72, the album received positive reviews and interest, especially in France.

Unfortunately, by the time of its release, Glenn had quit for a full-time role at Gem Toby and Jim had returned to Australia, where he dutifully promoted the 'Love Is' single on television. Doug and Colin brought in Colin's brother Denny on bass and began playing London's pubs. "Mainly we did a lot of *Panama Red*," explains Colin. "That was interesting because live it was a different kettle of fish. By the third or fourth week, if you didn't get into the pub before 7:30, you didn't get in because it was absolutely full-on chock-a-block." But the album failed to fly. "We recorded a couple of demos at EMI," claims Denny (the rootsy 'Freedom Seekers' appeared in the '90s, but nothing else has surfaced). "We couldn't figure a way out of this wrangle. We tried to get something going with Warner Bros and then found out that something in the EMI contract meant that we'd have to sit out for a year and not record at all." Doug threw in the towel late in '72 and the band finally imploded.

Back in Australia, Jim embarked on a solo career but never quite hit the same heights. Glenn made, then lost, a fortune managing Little River Band and John Farnham. Colin played in an early line-up of AC/DC before joining Denny in a series of bands, while Doug played around Europe before returning to Australia in the '80s. The quartet played some reunion dates in '87 and '88, after which Doug, Jim, Colin and Roger Faynes recorded '88's half-studio, half-live *Do What You Wanna Do*, marred by pointless remakes of 'Turn Up Your Radio' and 'Because I Love You'. There would be further live reunions but - a team-up with The Hoodoo Gurus for a revival of 'Radio' aside - no more recordings, leaving the band's legacy intact.

As Jim recalled in his autobiography, "It never ceases to amaze me how many people loved that band and thought of it as an important part of their lives." For many of them, it still is. Turn up your radio!

Thanks to Brian, Mick, and Rick for sharing their memories for this piece. Quotes from Doug taken from Go-Set, *from Jim and Glenn via their respective autobiographies,* His Master's Voice *and* Paper Paradise, *and from Denny via Michael George Smith's* What's Been Did (And What's Been Hid) Volume 2. *Additional quotes from Jim via his appearance on Channel 31's* Wrokdown *and Glenn A Baker's notes for* Hands Of Time, *and from Jim, Colin, and Glenn via Mike Stax's history of the band in* Ugly Things #29. *News cuttings from Luke Taiapa's collection. Photographs by Colin Beard supplied by Susie Gamble, additional photographs from Victor Marshall at the Grape Organisation*

Nuggets
ORIGINAL ARTYFACTS FROM THE FIRST PSYCHEDELIC ERA
1965-1968
elektra

The Relentless Middle Finger Drive

Ejected into a musical landscape dominated by bloated supergroups, corporate teen slush and "a certain mellowness", Elektra Records' 1972 compilation *NUGGETS* was both a nostalgic glance back at the short sharp shock of the '60s hit single and a herald of things to come. An unparalleled feat of curation, licensing, and design, it galvanised a like-minded yet far-flung coterie of fans, musicians, writers and cultural commentators, kicking down the doors for generations of garage bands and "punk" kids to come.

As an expanded edition belatedly marks the album's 50th birthday, we take you inside its birth and legacy via eyewitness accounts, contemporary reviews and retrospective adoration.

"How did I put The Mojo Men next to The Seeds? What would make me do that?"

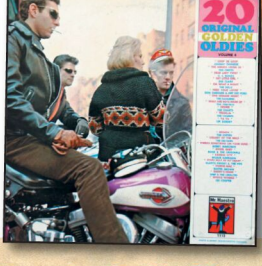
Lenny Kaye's original *Nuggets* liner note, 1972: "This is the story of a transition period in American rock and roll, of a changeling era which dashed by so fast that nobody knew much of what to make of it while it was around, only noticeable in retrospect by the vast series of innovations it would eventually spawn, both in the way music would be listened to and the way it was constructed."

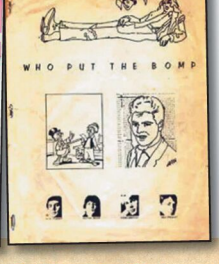
Jon Savage, *England's Dreaming*, 1991: "The early '70s were a hard-rock desert. What was needed was a return to the primal, earthy energy of the mid-60s. Hence writers like Bangs, Greg Shaw, Dave Marsh, Robert Somma and 'Metal' Mike Saunders would use the word 'punk', approvingly, in articles about The Stooges, ? & The Mysterians, The Sonics and The Flamin' Groovies. As Lester Bangs wrote in his mammoth rant "James Taylor Marked For Death": 'All right, punk, this it.' Bangs' famous article was printed in issue #8 of Greg Shaw's *Who Put The Bomp!*, a magazine dedicated to hard-rock past and present. Most of these writers worked for fanzines like *WPTB* or rock magazines like Detroit's *Creem* or Boston's *Fusion*. This was part of a fan groundswell that broke above ground in autumn

Lenny Kaye in Bleecker Bob's record store, 1974; '63 Mr Maestro oldies comp and *Nuggets* inspiration; *Who Put The Bomp!* #8 containing Lester Bangs' mammoth rant "James Taylor Marked For Death"; Ben Edmonds' November '72 *Creem* review

1972, with the issue of Lenny Kaye's ground-breaking double album *Nuggets: Original Artyfacts From The First Psychedelic Era 1965-1968*."

Lenny Kaye to Carl Cafarelli, *Boppin' (Like The Hip Folks Do)*, March 2016: "On the one hand you had your prog-rock symphonies, and on the other you had a certain mellowness invading the pop charts. But there was an underground of bands doing pretty concrete work that was gathering a bunch of fans and adherents around them. And, in the true nature of the underground forming under the overground, this was kind of coalescing. *Nuggets* worked as a kind of opposition to the dominant trends of the time by kind of re-focusing things on the short, sharp shock of the hit single. You know, the quick blast of energy, the guitar hook and the in-your-face chorus. It kind of reminded me of why I started playing music in the first place. This was music that was immediate, that was gratifying, that was loud, that was geared with a lot of unfocused energy that was looking for a voice and was a means to identity in a way that has some adolescent aspects. You know, it was not quite your mature music, even though it seems to have matured quite well."





Psychedelic Punkitude Lives!!

NUGGETS
(Elektra)

I learned about golden oldie collections the hard way. I was all of eleven, and had finally managed to figure out what that noise coming over the radio meant. I'd bought my first single, (Bobby Rydell's "I Wanna Thank You?" which made no sense to my parents, even though it seems perfectly impotent in retrospect), but it wasn't enough. One small circle of plastic, and all you could do was play the song over and over again until you became sick of it. Albums didn't particularly make it, either. They cost four times as much as a single, and only gave you a couple of hits and a lot of dead air in return.

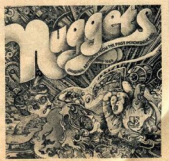
One afternoon, the TV screen exploded with what seemed to be the answer: "For a limited time, 72 golden oldies all in one great four album set. . ." Then a seemingly endless list of all the songs I'd ever wanted rolled across the music and I became an instant prisoner. I scraped and stole the amount they demanded for this miracle, mailed it to the specified address (a post office box in some faraway Midwestern place) and waited.

When the postman finally rang the bell some weeks later, I tore the package out of his hands and threw one of the records onto the battle-scarred stereo. Halfway through the first song, I was stunned speechless by a realization that stopped my smile in mid-formation. The songs each lasted for roughly a verse, and they were mimeograph renditions by a bunch of people I'd never heard of. "A Hundred Pounds of Clay" was by Delbert Sims, "The Wanderer" by Rock Randall, "Uptown" by Ruby & the Tomatoes and so on. I could've sworn that Delbert, Rock and Ruby were all the same lame person. I carefully labelled the record "Amateur Hour Rejects" and cried for a week.

After that experience taught me the virtues of consumer cynicism, I remained unswayed by the TV's frenzied come-ons. The state of the art improved with time – those that were composed of originals said so, and those that weren't tried to sneak a disclaimer by – but the sour taste in my mouth was activated every time the announcer jumped mouth-first into his slick and slimy salespitch. The recent *Super Hits of Motown* is a set worth breaking any personal discipline for, but exceptions were exceedingly few. The golden oldie records were still being compiled from the charts of 1963 when 1968 rolled around, and I assumed that'd was forever out of their clutches.

But now we have a two-record set called *Nuggets*, really only a stepchild of those earlier compilations and different in practically every way that counts. First off, this one was assembled under the aegis of Elektra Records, not by some two-man operation in the back of a New Jersey deli. This means that it will most likely get radio airplay and media exposure, thus allowing you to watch your *Star Trek* reruns without fear of harassment. You'll be able to buy the album from your local record merchant, and inspect the merchandise prior to purchase if you so desire.

Upon inspection of the merchandise, you note that the packaging of *Nuggets* is also quite unlike any of those others. The cover is bright and alive with color, a welcome change from the flimsy unmarked cardboard you've by necessity become used to. All 27 cuts are annotated on the inner sleeve, transferring hard facts, obscure tidbits and even some choice gossip about the songs and the bands who performed them. Where we've been consistently subjected to mercenary hit-or-miss, the impression is that a good deal of thought and consideration went into *this* package.



That same consideration was extended to the music. Earlier collections randomly grabbed at hit singles for their face value in the TV blitz. *Nuggets* however, is the first set programmed for the post-AM audience: those of us who were reared on radio, but learned somewhere along the line that the best music didn't always make the Top 40. Most all of these songs *were* initially released as singles, but you'll not find a No. 1 in the lot. They were chosen as music, not as numbers on some forgotten sales report.

This is also the first album to be compiled according to a defined concept, in this instance, "Original Artyfacts from the First Psychedelic Era, 1965-1968." That concept is far from a straight-jacket – music is presented which spills over both sides of the time barrier – because The underlying concept is just good rock & roll. Good music that, by varying ways and means, helped effect the first major redefinition of American popular music since rock & roll became a way of life.

The term psychedelic as it is applied here has very little to do with later connotations of winding complexity and endless artistic ego. These songs are really singles at heart – few of them dare venture much beyond three minutes, and most are the product of a period when bands ruled supreme and singer/songwriters were still in pickerlines – but with their free hand they were fiddling out the winds of change. Those qualities were often subtle and always unpublished, but there can be little doubt that without the Seeds, for example, there might never have been the Doors. On that level this album is as historically valid as it is musically entertaining.

One might expect an album that flaunts the label "psychedelic" to be overly concerned with music from San Francisco, but this is not so. Well over half these cuts are the work of Los Angeles or New York-area bands, which have always been the hotbeds of music industry activity. The relaxed psychedelic exploration which San Francisco boasted could never have come to be had the battle not already been waged in the nerve centers of New York and L.A., centers that only processed the need and willingness from the real source: your own hometown.

For those to whom a record collection is a "library," there are plenty of gems previously

Lenny Kaye, *Shindig!* #122: "After I was named as the token rock critic in an issue of *Esquire* in 1970, Jac Holzman of Elektra hired me as a "talent scout". Though he never signed any bands I found, he had an idea for an album called *Nuggets*, which would assemble those tracks from albums that had one strange track on them. He handed the assignment to me, and though I spun it into my own universe, he allowed me free rein."

Elektra Records president Jac Holzman to Richard Williams, *The Guardian*, 24th November 2006: "The *Nuggets* idea came out of a typical Elektra conversation. Lenny was sitting around the office one day – musicians used to drop by the whole time to cadge records, which I thought was wonderful – and the idea

Elektra Records president Jac Holzman photographed for a 1970 Dolby advert; *Nuggets* deejay sticker; '72 pressing label; Greg Shaw's October '72 *Phonograph Record* piece (with added Seeds!)

> **"This was no K-TEL bargain TV ragbag, but a serious study. Already I could sense that we were on the cusp of a time when doctoral candidates would be writing dissertations on the history of rock"**
>
> ***Jac Holzman***

of doing the great garage bands came up. I was terribly excited. I was always looking for something that was odd and wonderful, and Lenny is a guy you always want to work with, because he knows stuff that I don't."

Lenny Kaye to Cafarelli: "I think what my contribution might have been was to kind of cobble together two opposing types of oldies packages. You know, on the one hand you have your *Greatest Goodies Of The '50s*, usually with some kind of motorcycle-y scene on the front. My touchstone for that were these albums that came out in the early '60s, under the rubric of Mr Maestro. And there was like four or five volumes. I had, I think, volume four. It kind of introduced me to things like 'For Your Precious Love' by The Impressions. So they were really great oldies albums that you'd want to listen to from start to finish. And cut with this [late '60s archival label] Yazoo blues scholar thing. And I knew I didn't want to do either of them, because what *Nuggets* actually moved into was the middle ground – not the greatest hits of the period, nor the greatest scholarly obscurities. You know, kind of a great listening album that took elements of both approaches and tried to make it a package that even a non-fan or afficionado could listen to and think, 'Wow, what a bunch of great records!'"

Jac Holzman, *Follow The Music*, 2000: "This was no K-TEL bargain TV ragbag, but a serious study. Already I could sense that we were on the cusp of a time when doctoral candidates would be writing dissertations on the history of rock. I didn't have any designs on a degree; I just wanted to get there first."

Greg Shaw, *Phonograph Record*, October 1972: "The original idea was to collect some of the great singles that were around in 1964-67, break them down according to geographical origin, and put together a series of albums exploring the unique contribution of several local scenes to the rock music of that era. Elektra accepted this proposal, but later whittled it down to one album's worth of outstanding obscurities."

Lenny Kaye, *Shindig!* #122: "The concept of 'garage' was hardly formalised – many of the tracks were only three or four years old at the time – but there seemed to be an adventurous and anything-goes attitude among these bands. As I assembled tracks, they seemed to have a synchronicity, though there were vast stylistic differences between, say, The Seeds and Sagittarius."

Lenny Kaye to Cafarelli: "I just chose the records I dug. [The Barbarians'] 'Are You A Boy Or Are You A Girl' probably actually fit better, in the same way that maybe The Amboy Dukes' 'Journey To The Center Of The Mind' fit better. But I thought 'Baby Please Don't Go' was, you know... I'd rather listen to it. I chose 'Tobacco Road' by The Blues Magoos. It was very much a favourite cut of mine. If I would go to a record, I would want to play 'Tobacco Road' because it was a true mind-blower. 'Moulty' was one of the weirdest records I ever heard in my life. Why not 'Gloria' instead of 'Oh Yeah' by The Shadows Of Knight? I mean, some of it I was just being contrary, to be honest. It was my nature then, and probably my nature now. I always liked the rave-up idea, and I think both 'Tobacco Road' and

'Oh Yeah' had a certain rave-up quality that set them apart for me. And there was some sense that, well, instead of putting the hit on here, let's just put the great weird song. And, you know, only given so much space..."

Lenny Kaye's original *Nuggets* liner note: "Like most golden goodies collections, *Nuggets* has been designed primarily as a listening album; and whether you want to use it to remember that bittersweet moment when you first decided to let your hair grow/take up a picket sign/ wonder what a deadly toke would feel like, or just welcome yourself into some surprisingly fine and memorable music, well, that's 'your trip'."

Ben Edmonds, *Creem*, November 1972: "Earlier collections randomly grabbed at hit singles for their face value in the TV blitz. *Nuggets,* however, is the first set programmed for the post-AM audience: those of us who were reared on radio but learned somewhere along the line that the best music didn't always make the Top 40."

Jon Savage, *England's Dreaming*: "The result was an earthy directness – what Kaye called "the relentless middle finger drive" – that, mixed with psychedelic touches, just sounded great."

Ben Edmonds, *Creem*: "One might expect an album that flaunts the label 'psychedelic' to be overly concerned with music from San Francisco, but this is not so. Well over half these cuts are the work of Los Angeles or New York-area bands, which have always been the bastions of music industry activity. The relaxed psychedelic exploration which San Francisco boasted could never have come to be had the battle not already been waged in the nerve centres of New York and LA. Most of *these* "hits" never saw the inside of the upper 10 but clung tenaciously to the lower end of the Top 40 ladder. They're the songs which weren't played so often that you had to push another button when they came on. Hearing them now triggers a rush of nostalgia and, what's best, the joy in these songs as music which once was and still is part of you."

See The Light

NUGGETS VOLUME 2 never got further than the planning stage... until now

After the grass roots success of *Nuggets* in 1972, the album was reissued in '75 (on cassette and 8-track too!) and Lenny Kaye began compiling a follow-up. His tentative tracklist was unveiled in an '80 interview with *Trouser Press*'s John Leland. The garage-rock sound that defined the original set remained the over-riding ingredient, with key selections by Syndicate Of Sound, The Music Machine, Richard & The Young Lions, The Lollipop Shoppe and The Squires leading the charge. Echoing the stylistic diversions heard on the original set's fourth side, more decorative pop moments would be provided by The Lovin' Spoonful ('Do You Believe In Magic' slated as the opening track), The Left Banke, The Beau Brummels, The Yellow Balloon and Kaleidoscope.

? & The Mysterians' '96 Tears' and others had been slated for *Nuggets* but licensing issues intervened. "I was unable to license key songs like The Music Machine's 'Talk Talk' or The Five Americans' 'I See The Light', not to mention '96 Tears'," Kaye told *Shindig!* in December 2021. "There was a proposed *Volume 2* in conception, but sales of the original compilation were minimal."

"It just kind of got lost in legalisms," Kaye elaborated to Carl Cafarelli for Boppin' (Like The Hip Folks Do) website in March 2016. "The original *Nuggets* succeeded in large part because a man named Michael Kapp was assigned the job of getting the licensing. And he had the persistence that was needed to track these people down, to send them letter after letter, to move through some of these strange owners of tracks that wanted to trade their track for a record deal or who knows what. He kept at it, and it wasn't an easy task. For the second *Nuggets*, someone else was assigned to it. Jac Holzman had left the company by then. And nothing really seemed to happen; they would send one letter, get one reply, and [say], 'Well, we couldn't do that.' It just seemed to lose steam."

Many of Kaye's choices would appear on Rhino's expanded 4-CD box set. "Rhino, of course, they're licensing specialists. The art of licensing has come a long way since then. They know how to get the rights. Elektra was a company that was basically into making new records with artists. It's just amazing that *Nuggets* got as far as it did. I was sad, 'cause I thought there was more to be told to the story."

But *Nuggets* had cast its spell, and an entire cottage industry sprang up in its wake. "The ball was picked up so quickly by *Boulders* and *Pebbles* and the, you know, 'Chips Off The Old Block,' that in a way I felt like [a *Nuggets* sequel] wasn't necessary, that my job as the first runner in a relay race had been completed, and I was more than happy to let anybody else with the enthusiasm and the energy and the desire to keep on building on it."

Rhino's 50th anniversary edition packages the original double, a fair approximation of *Volume 2* (The Good Rats' 'Hobo' and The Rainy Daze's 'That Acapulco Gold' remain missing in action) and a fifth disc of songs that the press release tells us were "considered for the original set but didn't make the final cut" and includes surprise appearances by Lothar & The Hand People, Pearls Before Swine and, um, The Koobas – an English act.

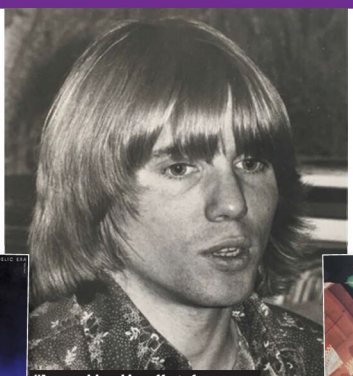
Andy Morten

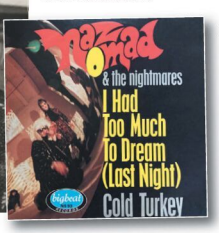
Greg Shaw, *Rolling Stone*, 4th January 1973: "Elektra, acting with a vision and foresight rare to the music industry, has paved the way for a massive rediscovery of the past decade. The album, with all its less than perfect choices and obvious omissions, is nevertheless a ground-breaking effort of monumental proportions. *Nuggets* is just a scratch on the surface of a vast motherlode. Now that a start has been made, the mind grows dizzy with the thought of other possible projects along this line."

Lenny Kaye to Cafarelli: "It was critically very well-received, [which] wouldn't surprise me because it was the product of a kind of critical group-think that was in the air at the time. It was commercially received indifferently, and marketed fairly perfunctorily, all of which leads to your usual cult item. I don't know how many copies it sold – I would doubt that there's more than 10,000 in circulation. Sales-wise, I can't imagine that it topped 5,000."

Jac Holzman, *Follow The Music*: "The album created an enormous stir, as much for its concept of an archaeological dig into the recent past as for its contents. Harold Bronson and Richard Foos, who founded Rhino Records in 1978, credit *Nuggets* and the Elektra style as their starting point. What Elektra had begun with The Stooges was furthered by *Nuggets* and would influence The Ramones and others right through to the subterranean revival of retro-punk in the '80s."

Lenny Kaye to Cafarelli: "I think it gave an early expression to some of the motivations behind punk. Whatever punk is, because, again, if you look at the CBGB's bands, each one of them was so different from the other: Television, The Ramones..."





"A ground-breaking effort of monumental proportions." Greg Shaw approves; Sire's punk-era '76 reissue; The Damned become Nax and tackle The Electric Prunes' *Nuggets* opener

Rat Scabies of The Damned, *Shindig!* #44: "The *Nuggets* bands were in the same mould as we were. It was very

comparable to what had been going on in England. To me it always sounded like a very natural progression for a punk band to make."

Mark E Smith of The Fall to Will Hodgkinson, *The Guardian*, May 2018: "There was no music when I was 15 or 16. It was all crap. What I listened to was *Nuggets*, '60s bands. That was the only stuff around that was tolerable. I'm not talking about '70s punk, which was awful, I'm talking about mid-60s American garage-punk. The Seeds are my group. What me and my friends used to do, when we were unemployed, was order records by The Seeds from America. You would go into a Virgin Records shop in 1972 and they would say, 'You can't have this, what you need is *Tubular Bells* by Mike Oldfield.' They used to boast about how they could get any LP, and they couldn't."

Susanna Hoffs of The Bangles, *Shindig!* #58: "I became obsessed with garage and obscure '60s bands when I was attending The University Of California at Berkeley in the late '70s. I had *Nuggets* – it was very much a musical bible for me. I'm a huge Patti Smith Group fan and the fact that Lenny Kaye curated *Nuggets* meant a lot to me."

Bobby Gillespie of Primal Scream, *Shindig!* #121: "Julian Cope did that great article where he referenced the more obscure *Pebbles/Nuggets* underground artists. That was really helpful. I met The Jesus & Mary Chain and they were also sourcing and mining that particular field of forgotten but vital rock 'n' roll. You know… garage-rock. The other "big band" from that era who turned us on to garage sounds was The Cramps. We would read interviews with Lux and Ivy and they'd be talking about The Electric Prunes and The Seeds. They obviously loved a lot of garage-rock as they covered The Groupies' 'Primitive' and 'Psychotic Reaction' by The Count Five."

Jason Pierce of Spiritualized, *Shindig!* #123: "A lot of people were influenced by *Nuggets* and we, like many others, would discover that there wasn't just one track by The 13th Floor Elevators – there were four albums of their stuff. The adrenalin rush of it!"

Will Sergeant of Echo & The Bunnymen, *Shindig!* #137: "I loved Wayne County & The Electric Chairs, who'd come on and play The Strangeloves' 'Night Time'. Then later at [Liverpool venue] Eric's they used to play the odd thing like 'Dirty Water' by The Standells and The Chocolate Watchband. I then started buying loads of the compilations, *Nuggets* and all the *Pebbles* stuff."

Lenny Kaye to Cafarelli: "*Nuggets* was, to me when I put it together, vastly different music. You know, to me there's a lot of difference between a group like Sagittarius to The Amboy Dukes to The Knickerbockers to The Vagrants – these were very different styles. And I think maybe the retro look of years has honed more into a kind of specific definition of a *Nuggets* type of band: more garagey than actually was on the first record. I mean, how did I put The Mojo Men next to The Seeds? What would make me do that?"

Jac Holzman, *Follow The Music*: "In an interview years later, Lenny said that he thought the groups we picked reflected the yearning of a teenager aching to play in a band."

Lenny Kaye, *Shindig!* #122: "Actually, if I felt the weight of the upcoming half-century in which *Nuggets* has become a touchstone of anthologising, I'm sure I would've screwed it up. I never thought the album was going to come out, and so asked for the moon. I always knew that there was more to archaeologise, and once the genre had a lodestone, I was honoured that the garage impulse would be further 'dug-it'." S!

Nuggets: 50th Anniversary Box is out now on Rhino

"The concept of 'garage' was hardly formalised – many of the tracks were only three or four years old at the time – but there seemed to be an adventurous and anything-goes attitude among these bands"
Lenny Kaye

Psychedelicized!

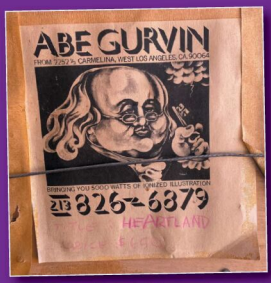
Nuggets sleeve designer ABE GURVIN gets his props

Before being immortalised for a generation of listeners as the artist tasked with decorating the first *Nuggets* compilation, Abe Gurvin (1937-2012) cut his album cover design teeth as part of another long-running series. Nonesuch was the budget imprint created by Elektra's Jac Holzman to repackage classical and world recordings in hip new sleeves, a job for which they employed a huge pool of freelancers, including Bob Pepper, Gene Szafran – and Gurvin.

His signature style is evident on discs, including Bach symphonies and harpsichord pieces, choral collections, a particularly striking Schoenberg/Webern/Stravinsky compilation, and 1970's *A Nonesuch Christmas*. Sometimes they appear to be collages, sometimes illustrations, but all use colour in a characteristic way – a controlled chaos of clashing brights that shouldn't work, but somehow never quite overwhelms. It's a delicate feat.

Gurvin's other covers during this period include perhaps his best-known, Mort Garson's *The Zodiac* – muted by his standards – as well as a number of sleeves for which he added painted elements to existing photography as a frame, or sometimes just typographical treatments. There's the the-longer-you-look-the-stranger-it-gets image for The Platters' *Sweet, Sweet Lovin'* (is that an inflatable prawn?), a '68 attempt to psychedelicise Gene Pitney, another collage for the Mothers, Jimmy Smith's *Groove Drops* and, later, Sergio Mendes and Brasil '77 magically transported to the rainforest (except, weirdly, on the Brazilian release) for *País Tropical*.

Gurvin also worked prolifically in advertising and on book and magazine illustrations throughout the '60s. His output in this medium shows a love of Victoriana and hand-lettering, sometimes deliberately evoking the look of offset litho gone slightly wrong and creating new, unexpected colour combinations. His characteristic curled lines even liven up the cover of May '68's issue of *Car And Driver*, whose editors have let Gurvin loose with pots of day-glo paint on the bonnet of a brand-new Alfa. Of course, they have.



For the '98 four-CD *Nuggets* box set, Rhino Records' Gary Stewart asked Abe to fashion three more covers in the bendy, luminous, acid-distorted style of his original. Gurvin, at that point 20 years out of the album cover game, dusted off his palette and recaptured the vibe perfectly with a trio of pieces that fit right alongside the original, and helped to turn on a whole new generation. Quite a final commission.

Christopher Budd

PSYC

ECHO

"When we went in there and started blasting it out the engineers said, 'Gee whiz, you guys are loud.'" The Sonics in 1966. L-R: Larry Parypa, Bob Bennett, Rob Lind, Andy Parypa, Jerry Roslie

FOR FANS OF '60S PUNK, THERE'S ONE BAND THAT CONTINUES TO BEAT THE REST.

THE SONICS

REDUCED ROCK 'N' ROLL TO ITS MOST ELEMENTAL, ALLOYING POUNDING BEATS WITH FUZZ GUITAR AND HONKING SAX IN A WAY THAT MANY HAVE ATTEMPTED BUT FEW, IF ANY, HAVE MATCHED. THE STRING OF SINGLES AND ALBUMS THEY BASHED OUT IN THE MID-60S REMAIN KEY TEXTS FOR NOISENIKS THE WORLD OVER. WITH *BOOM*, THE DOCUMENTARY FILM OF THE NORTHWEST LEGENDS FINALLY GEARING UP FOR GENERAL RELEASE, WE REVISIT PAT LONG'S 2009 IMMERSION IN THE GARAGE GOSPEL

Magnificent and moody. The Sonics channel witchcraft; defining November 1964 debut 'The Witch'; Broom!

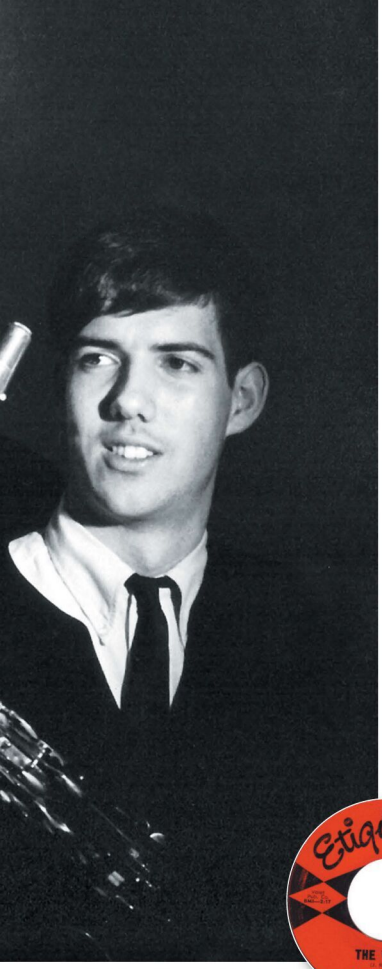
The story of The Sonics starts in 1960 in the port city of Tacoma, Washington. Thirty miles south-west of Seattle, Tacoma's population back then was only 150,000, but it was part of a thriving local music scene: local heroes The Wailers had a national hit with 'Tall Cool One' in '59, inspiring bands like Seattle's Dynamics and The Kingsmen from nearby Portland, as well as the 14-year-old Larry Parypa. "I was one of seven brothers and all of them played an instrument, so it was a very musical family," he recalls. 'My uncle played the guitar – he was the first guy that I ever heard play electric and I just fell in love with the sound immediately."

The early Sonics, recruited by Parypa, included drummer Mitch Graber, another guitarist Stuart Turner, plus a saxophonist and stand-up double bass player. The band were given their name by Graber's father, inspired by the sonic boom of jets flying out of the Boeing factory in Seattle. Then in '61 Larry's older brother Andy replaced the double bassist and Tony Mabin became saxophonist. "Andy was two years older than the rest of us, so he took over the band," laughs Larry. The group began playing teen dances in the Tacoma area – an era captured for posterity on Norton Records' 2001 compilation of live recordings, *This Is… The Savage Young Sonics*.

"We were listening to instrumental stuff," says Larry. "The Wailers, The Ventures, Duane Eddy. My favourite was Freddie King, who I still think is the greatest guitarist ever." After several line-up changes, The Sonics appointed Ray Michelsen as singer in '63. Michelsen was a local star who had played in The Imperials with Jerry Roslie and future Sonics saxophonist Rob Lind.

Two years older than Larry Parypa, Jerry Roslie had been playing the keyboard since his early teens. "I liked the feeling of having all this power at my fingertips" he remembers. "I'd play a Hammond through a Leslie speaker and it just sounded so raw that it appealed to me." By '63 The Imperials had disbanded, and Jerry was a member of The Searchers with Lind, drummer Bob 'Boom Boom' Bennett, and Jerry Miller. The latter ended up going on to fame as guitarist in Moby Grape alongside fellow Tacoma native Don Stevenson.

"I played in a lot of different bands," remembers Jerry. "The Searchers, The Imperials. Not exactly original names, but we were young – I was just about 16 at



"THE WAILERS WERE PRETTY WILD BUT WE WERE A LITTLE ROUGHER AROUND THE EDGES. THEY WERE POLISHED MUSICIANS. WE KIND OF LOOKED UP TO THEM. WE WERE LOUD AND DIRTY AND FIGURED THAT MAYBE THE POLISH WOULD COME ALONG LATER"
JERRY ROSLIE

Lakewood. According to Larry, what the band lacked in finesse they made up for in spirit. "The first time that we all practiced together, we didn't really have that much talent. But somehow, we just ended up all having the same kind of feeling about what we wanted the songs that we did to sound like – we all just agreed that the music had to sound really aggressive."

When The Beatles made their debut on *The Ed Sullivan Show* on 9th February '64, The Sonics were as impressed as teenagers throughout the rest of America. "We immediately started growing Beatles haircuts," says Jerry Roslie. "We just thought '*That's* what's happening.' They were so cool. We couldn't believe it – it was the same as when Elvis came out: just a whole new thing. They had a style, and they were good,

that time. It was just kind of pop-rock, we just used to cover whatever was big on the radio at the time. We'd play anywhere we could: sock hops, dances in church halls, parties, teen clubs."

Both The Sonics and The Searchers performed regularly at the teens-only Red Carpet Club in Tacoma ("Tacoma's Finest Young Adult Night Club") so when The Sonics' keyboard player and drummer left simultaneously, the Parypa brothers approached Jerry Roslie and Bob Bennett for an audition. Roslie was reluctant to join a new band without his friend Rob Lind, so Andy Parypa fired Toby Mabin to make way for him. The line-up of The Sonics that would record three albums and become legends was in place.

Their first practice together was in late '63 in the basement of the Parypa family home in suburban

and the girls just ate them up. We thought 'Man, we've got to grow some hair.'"

Prompted by this same revelation that launched a million garage bands, The Sonics threw out their pomade, combed their hair down and bought Beatle boots. More importantly Jerry plucked up the courage to sing as well as playing keyboards, moving the band away from instrumental songs and Ventures covers, as shown on the 2007 Norton *Busy Body* album of two live shows from Tacoma in 1964. The first set, from September of that year, is entirely instrumental and consists of covers of Northwest standards like 'Night Train' and 'Tall Cool One'. By November, though, they were playing 'The Witch' and Roslie was screaming his head off.

A lot changed for The Sonics in '64. They had built up a solid local following, playing local teen dances at places like The Red Carpet, St Mary's Parish Hall in Lakewood, and The Gaslight Club, Crescent Ballroom and National Guard Armoury in Tacoma. They also ventured further afield to Olympia's Skateland roller rink, The Evergreen Ballroom in Lacey, and the famous Spanish Castle Ballroom on Highway 99 between Seattle and Tacoma.

The Spanish Castle was a '30s ballroom designed to look like a Moorish castle that Seattleite Jimi Hendrix later paid tribute to in the song 'Spanish Castle Magic'. In '62 The Wailers had released a live album recorded at the Castle: the first full-length release on their own Etiquette label. Andy Parypa was friendly with Wailers bassist John 'Buck' Ormsby and managed to convince him to come down to a Sonics rehearsal, in his capacity as owner of and talent scout for Etiquette. This was a coup for the younger band, as The Wailers were the undisputed kings of the local scene and heroes to the teenage Sonics. "The Wailers were pretty wild," laughs Jerry. "But we were a little rougher around the edges. Actually, we were *a lot* rougher around the edges. They were polished musicians. We kind of looked up to them. We were loud and dirty and figured that maybe the polish would come along later."

"They were practicing in Bob Bennett's basement," Buck Ormsby recalled in an interview in '85. "I was looking for something that was different, something that would rock my socks off and give me a reason to live. I went down and saw them, and I found it. I liked the guitar because it sounded dirty, and I liked Jerry because he was such a screamer." Buck wasted no time in signing the band to Etiquette, and in November '64 The Sonics recorded their debut single, 'The Witch'.

"I remember practising in the basement of Bob Bennett's house and that's where we wrote 'The Witch'," says Larry. "Originally it was called 'Do The Witch', like 'Do

The Sonics' classic 1965/66 albums

The Twist' or something – it was supposed to be a dance."

As was to happen to The Sonics repeatedly throughout their career, this first recording session saw the band battling with studio recording engineers to maintain the rawness of their live sound.

"The people at the studio were used to recording little old ladies singing ballads for their husbands, stuff like that," remembers Jerry. "When we went in there and started blasting it out the engineers said, 'Gee whiz, you guys are loud.' But that was the way we played, that was our sound. We cranked up the amps and just played it through like we did live." The end result was one of the most frantic songs from a scene that prided itself on producing some of the most pounding music in the country – with Roslie's organ and strained vocals struggling to keep pace with Bob Bennett's drum fills. "It's a pretty raw song, but they made me do it a dozen times or something," says Jerry. "So I had to get to that 12 times in a row. I was hoarse by the end of it."

Recording a version of Little Richard's '57 hit 'Keep A-Knockin'' for the flipside, Ormsby rapidly pressed up copies of Etiquette Records single ET11 and… nothing happened. "We'd recorded a record because that was just what bands did," says Jerry. "We didn't know what to do with it afterwards."

Help came from Pat O'Day, a Seattle-based dance promoter, record producer and DJ on KJR, the area's most popular radio station. O'Day was the king of the Northwest, breaking records locally and being a vocal champion of local talent on-air and at the dances he promoted at The Spanish Castle.

A week after The Sonics had played a dance at Tacoma's Curtis High School, Dick Curtis, a DJ who worked alongside Pat O'Day, went to MC another dance there. "Some girls kept bringing up this record and asking him to play it," says Jerry. "Dick Curtis would play it and these kids would go wild and keep coming back and asking for it again. Dick Curtis went back to Pat O'Day and told him that all the kids down in Tacoma were really crazy about this record 'The Witch'."

BABY BOOM

JORDAN ALBERTSEN on why he's made a movie about THE SONICS

Shindig!: You bonded with your dad over The Sonics. Was he there at the time?

Jordan Albertsen: My dad went to school just outside of Tacoma Washington, in Bremerton, so when he was in high school and college he'd go see The Sonics all the time! According to him, they were the hardest, craziest band around.

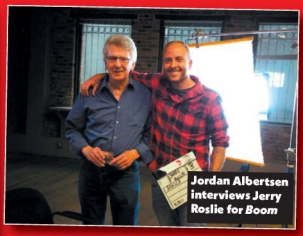
S!: When and why did you decide you wanted to make a film about the band?

JA: Well, they were always my favourite band. And they held a special place in my heart since they were this thing my father and I had bonded over. And when they first reunited and played in Seattle I flew up for the show. My dad and I took a big group of us and it was just this incredible night. It was probably halfway through their performance when I just decided that I was going to make a film about them.

S!: Do you have a background in film?

JA: I do. Mainly narrative work. This was the first documentary I'd ever worked on.

S!: What is it that makes the band's music so timeless and visceral?


Jordan Albertsen interviews Jerry Roslie for *Boom*

JA: It's this perfect storm of chaos. Nobody sounded like that back then, and frankly, nobody sounds like it now.

S!: Why has it taken so long for the film to come out?

JA: A lot of reasons. Mainly lack of funding. The film was never actually funded. I had pieced most of the money together through tips I made working at a sushi restaurant in Montana. And that took years. Another thing, which I haven't really spoken about publicly, is that after its festival run I did some clean-up work on the film and shot some new footage. A week after I completed that work and was about to get everything together for its release, we found out that my father had brain cancer. He passed last year. Since this movie was a huge love letter to the band and my father it's been painful for me to deal with. That took some time.

As told to Jon 'Mojo' Mills

As Jerry Roslie remembers it Pat O'Day started playing 'The Witch' the very next day. The record rapidly climbed to #2 on the local charts, stalling behind Petula Clark's 'Downtown'. It eventually sold over 25,000 copies and is still the biggest-selling single on a local label in the history of the Pacific Northwest.

"A lot of the DJs didn't like it," says Larry, "but so many people phoned in to request it, they just had to play it. But they couldn't play it until after 3pm, after the kids got out of school, because the housewives didn't want to hear it."

"'The Witch' was our first song, so we were pretty lucky to put out our first record as a local group, and for it to become a hit – the chances of that happening were not high. We got real lucky," says Jerry. "But hearing it on the radio was amazing… at that stage the radio stations played all the big stuff from nationwide and here we are, teenage kids with our ears sticking out and covered in freckles being played alongside the hits of the day. *Goll-ee*! That's our record! More than once I heard it on the radio and had to pull over to the side of the road to just bask in the glory."

Almost overnight The Sonics – who were still all at High School – became regional stars. "It happened all at once," says Jerry. "There were some shocking fringe benefits: we were all average guys but just *being* in a band was cool, let alone being in one with a hit record. You'd tell girls that you were in a band and they'd flip. Girls would actually come up to *us*, which, when you're a little bubblegum 16-year-old kid, is unheard of."

By early '65 the success of 'The Witch' meant that The Sonics graduated from playing Friday night teen dances to gigs supporting national touring artists. The first of these shows was at the 10,000-capacity Portland Coliseum on a bill with The Wailers and The Beach Boys. "We just couldn't believe it – we were going to play this concert at The Coliseum, a real big place, and we were on right before The Beach Boys," says Jerry. "The audience didn't know where we were from and all they'd heard on the radio was 'The Witch'. After we played our first song – and I still don't know what got into me – I said (slightly mangled 'British' accent), 'On behalf of the band and myself I'd like to thank you very much for coming tonight.' And everyone in the front row went "AAARGH! They're from ENGLAND!" They just went *berserk*. They didn't know that we were from just up the road in Tacoma – and we weren't going to tell them any different."

"WE WERE ALL AVERAGE GUYS BUT JUST BEING IN A BAND WAS COOL, LET ALONE BEING IN ONE WITH A HIT RECORD. YOU'D TELL GIRLS THAT YOU WERE IN A BAND AND THEY'D FLIP. GIRLS WOULD ACTUALLY COME UP TO *US*, WHICH, WHEN YOU'RE A LITTLE BUBBLEGUM 16-YEAR-OLD KID, IS UNHEARD OF"
JERRY ROSLIE

As 'The Witch' began to gain airplay outside of Washington, the band invested in a second-hand '62 Ford van and hired three roadies in order to play more out-of-town shows. They travelled over to Montana and Idaho and booked a six-night tour of Pittsburgh and Cleveland, which culminated in a TV appearance on Cleveland's nationally syndicated *Upbeat* show.

"When we played people liked it because we'd lay it down real hard," says Jerry. "The beat was just BOOM! BOOM! You couldn't miss it. It was good for dancing." Saxophonist Rob Lind had a pilot's licence, so sometimes the band would cram into the back of his Beechcraft Debonair to fly to gigs. They also crossed the border into Canada to play shows in Vancouver. "The one thing I remember about Vancouver is that we played up there and afterwards we visited a tailor's shop," says Jerry Roslie. "They had made outfits for Sonny & Cher and a lot of other big groups. They made us some suits that kind of looked like bullfighter's outfits – short jackets that came just down to the belly button. And they were orange with black stripes around the edges of everything including the pants. We called them our pumpkin suits."

Although 'The Witch' was a success across the Northwest, Etiquette struggled to break the disc nationally: something

that the band themselves didn't help by turning down offers of gigs in San Francisco and Northern California because they could make $1000 a night playing nearer home in Seattle.

"We were making a good chunk of money," says Jerry. "We were playing dances every Friday and Saturday night during school time, and then when summer came we'd play a lot more because all the kids were out of school on vacation."

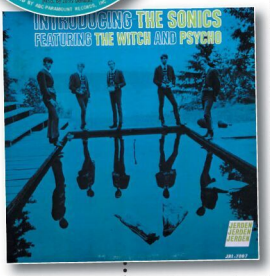
The band soon gained a reputation for being the wildest around – even more so than The Wailers. According to Larry, however, this just wasn't true. "Most of us were going to college, so it would just be the weekends that we could play. There was an image of us that we were backstage choking on our own vomit or whatever, but actually we were just normal conservative college students. It was just when we got onstage and would be throwing the microphones about that everyone got this image of us as being really wild."

As the money from singles sales increased, Etiquette decided that they needed to replace 'Keep A-Knockin'' with a song that they owned the publishing rights to in order to avoid paying royalties to Little Richard. The band were unhappy with their version of the song so were keen to write some new material. In typical fashion, however, they didn't lose sleep over what the new song was to be, casually bashing out 'Psycho' after hours at The Red Carpet. "We were playing The Red Carpet one Saturday night and we had a recording session the following Monday,' recalls Jerry. "When we got done playing at about one o'clock in the morning we sat down and wrote and rehearsed 'Psycho'. It took about 15 minutes."

According to Larry Parypa, this approach was typical of the group. "We were teenagers, so a big objective was playing the show and then getting back to the motel and finding where the parties were going on. That was a *big* objective. In fact, it was too much of an objective, until it got to the stage where we never did practice. We'd party all weekend, throw all our stuff in the back of the van and not pull it out again until there was another place to play. It was just normal teenage stuff. The Sonics were just like every other group – it's just the music didn't sound like every other group."

Etiquette was keen to capitalise on the success of The Sonics, by now no longer The Wailers' baby brother band and outstripping their mentors in terms of success. Early in '65 they were given a few days' notice and then hustled into Audio Recording Studio in Seattle for a few hours to record their debut album *Here Are The Sonics* with producer Kearney Barton.

Jerden Records promo photo; 1966 singles; '67's final album *Introducing The Sonics*



"The thing was that we didn't do any preparation for anything,' says Larry. "We'd know we had a recording session coming up and we just wouldn't do anything about it. Other times Jerry would bring an idea and we'd roughen it up a bit and work it into some kind of shape before we recorded, put the rough corners on there and then in the studio."

The resulting album benefited from this slapdash approach: recorded on a two-track tape recorder with only one microphone for the whole drum kit, *Here Are The Sonics* sounds as vital today as 57 years ago. With the band having honed their sound live, and with a producer willing to indulge the band – allowing Larry to overload his amp until it was virtually smoking – the record assembled classic Roslie originals ('Boss Hoss', 'Strychnine', 'Psycho') alongside coruscating versions of live standards like 'Have Love Will Travel', 'Roll Over Beethoven' and 'Do You Love Me'. "Their interpretations are something very special indeed" claimed the liner notes, accurately.

Yet this album was a high-water mark for the band. Their rapid success and the schedule of constant touring and partying meant that intra-group bickering was becoming more common. "We were so young that we didn't realise what a good deal we had," sighs Jerry. "We got lucky with our first record and didn't realise that there were good bands out there that just could not get a hit record. But it was pretty easy for us, so we used to get in arguments, typical teenage punk stuff. We'd always be worried that if you left the room during practice you'd be afraid that the rest of the band would be talking about you, because that's what we did. Anyone would leave the room, we'd be like, 'I don't like that guy, we've got to get rid of him.' Everybody did it to everybody."

By the time it came to recording their second full-length, *Boom* in February '66, the band opted to use a studio, Wiley/Griffith, at home in Tacoma. "It was just a little funky old brick building that had once been a grocery store," says Jerry. "The guys who were the engineers there normally recorded country acts, so I'm surprised that they did as good a job as they did – we looked a little different from the normal crowd that they'd have in there with the cowboy hats and all. We went in with the Beatle haircuts and the pointed boots and the whole nine yards and played loud enough to crack the plaster."

"But we also got into trouble. They had egg cartons all over the walls of the studio to dampen the sound, so we thought it would be better if we tore them all down. We'd always do stuff like that – Larry used to poke holes in his speakers with screwdrivers to get more of a dirty sound. Fuzztone or anything like that hadn't been heard of, so you had to make your own sound."

Again recorded live on two tracks with a few overdubs – and with members of The Wailers helping out on backing vocals (Ron Gardner from the band also played sax on The Sonics' version of Little Richard's 'Jenny Jenny') - *Boom* managed to be even rougher and rawer than The Sonics' debut, taking Northwest rock standards into territory so minimal and fuzzy that they were almost *avant-garde*. The version of 'Louie Louie' in particular restores the song to its former glory after the tame '63 hit version by The Kingsmen.

As Andy Parypa explained in an interview given in '87, it was this hit that

prompted The Sonics to switch from Etiquette to Jerry Dennon's Seattle-based Jerden records. "Jerry Dennon had The Kingsmen and was responsible for that god-awful version of 'Louie Louie' that became a real big hit. We were thinking, 'If he can take a group like The Kingsmen and make them something, well, shoot, maybe he could do something for us,' and so we wound up with him." Rather than being the smart move that they anticipated, for The Sonics the switch in labels would mark the beginning of the end.

In '64 the raw energy of 'The Witch' fitted in more naturally on the radio alongside The Beatles or The Kinks. But looking at the *Billboard* charts for late '66 it's not hard to see why the stomping sound of the Northwest teen dances had become passé. Garage bands like The Count Five, ? & The Mysterians and The Syndicate Of Sound (who themselves covered 'The Witch' on their sole album) had scored Top 10 hits that year, but elsewhere the American charts were full of the floaty pop-psych of Donovan, The Association and The Left Banke.

With this shift in the musical climate, it's no surprise that, for their first album for their new label, The Sonics decided that they were sick of being raucous – it was time to clean up their act. Accordingly, Jerry Dennon booked them a session at Gold Star Studio in LA with Phil Spector engineer Larry Levine, but the session didn't start well, While the band was driving down to California the Parypa brothers got into an argument with them pulling over to the side of the freeway and having to be dragged apart by the rest of the band before a fistfight ensued. When they eventually arrived at Gold Star, Levine was more reluctant to allow the band to make a racket than the cowboys at Wiley/Griffith, removing any fuzz from Larry Parypa's guitar and telling Roslie to turn down his keyboard.

With a couple of exceptions – most notably The Yardbirds-style stomper 'High Time' and the Them-influenced 'Head On Backwards' – the album, titled *Introducing The Sonics*, was a disappointing combination of unfinished mixes of songs that the band had lost interest in, or worse, cleaned-up pop. "That third album was us trying to be legitimate," explains Larry. "All of the time we were together, even when playing professionally, we never thought that we were a legitimate band. We tried to do things that were different to our normal stuff – we tried to be mainstream and it didn't work out. It was the wrong thing to do."

"THERE WAS AN IMAGE OF US THAT WE WERE BACKSTAGE CHOKING ON OUR OWN VOMIT OR WHATEVER, BUT ACTUALLY WE WERE JUST NORMAL CONSERVATIVE COLLEGE STUDENTS. IT WAS JUST WHEN WE GOT ONSTAGE THAT EVERYONE GOT THIS IMAGE OF US AS BEING REALLY WILD"
LARRY PARYPA

The final single by the classic line-up of The Sonics – featuring, curiously, a cover of The Mothers Of Invention's 'Any Way The Wind Blows' – came out on Jerden subsidiary Piccadilly in '67. By this time, though, the band knew that things were over. Bob Bennett was the first to leave, departing to play with Merrilee Rush, then just about to break with her single 'Angel Of The Morning'. Rob Lind departed to join the air force, becoming a fighter pilot in Vietnam. Jerry Roslie was fired by Andy Parypa, and Larry left in February '68. Andy sold The Sonics' name to their replacements before leaving himself – meaning that a fake Sonics carried on gigging around Tacoma and Seattle until '80, with at least 30 different members passing through their ranks.

For the "real" band, though, that period of their lives had ended. "I went into the military and so did Rob," says Larry. "We just felt like it was over and the end of that stage of our lives. I put my guitar down in '68 and didn't pick it up again until the mid-80s. We played three songs at a benefit show in Seattle in '72, but apart from that we just went our separate ways."

In the late '70s, one member of The Sonics did come out of retirement briefly. Bomp! Records boss Greg Shaw persuaded Jerry Roslie to front a Seattle new-wave group called The Invaders, releasing an album, *Sinderella*, of re-recorded Sonics songs to cash in on their reputation as punk forebears. The project was bad enough to convince Roslie that he should forget all about his old group once and for all.

"We'd heard that people remembered The Sonics, but we didn't realise that there would be so many people that would be acting like we were The Beatles reforming or something," laughs Jerry in regard to the numerous reunion shows they have played since 2005. "We never got that kind of reaction before. Never.

"We were pretty early for starting songs about psychos and witches and strychnine and that kind of stuff," he laughs. "We were real early in the game. When we started that was pretty different – all that screaming and stuff like that. We didn't play pretty. We liked pretty music – we even tried to play pretty music sometimes. But it just didn't come out that way. We just couldn't make it sound like anything apart from The Sonics."

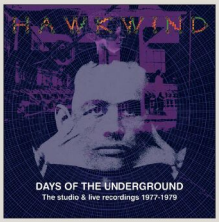
Boom: A Film About The Sonics is coming soon. Visit sonicsfilm.com for news and updates

This is an edited version of a piece that originally appeared in Psychotic Reaction: The US Garage Explosion *(Volcano Publishing, 2009)*

RIP Pat Long

Spirit Of The Age

JOE BANKS revisits an under-appreciated iteration of the biggest underground UK band of the '70s



HAWKWIND
Days Of The Underground: The Studio & Live Recordings 1977-1979
★★★★★
ATOMHENGE 8-CD+2-BLURAY BOX SET

Hawkwind were the biggest underground band in '70s Britain, but many people's idea of them is still 'Silver Machine' on *Top Of The Pops*, Stacia cavorting in a state of undress, and Lemmy prowling the stage on an amphetamine high. Yet that period in the band's history came to an end by the mid-70s, and a new iteration of the band emerged that, while not as commercially successful as the previous model, produced a series of albums as exciting and innovative as anything they'd done before.

Focused around the mercurial genius of singer, frontman and space-age poet Robert Calvert, the music on these albums sounded shinier and more futuristic than the deep space psychedelia of yore. Yet while they're often described as being new-wave-influenced at this time, Hawkwind always existed and created in a universe of their own – in fact, punk and post-punk owes a debt to them rather than vice versa.

Days Of The Underground is a 10-disc box set that provides a comprehensive overview of the band during this period. It includes Steven Wilson's new stereo and 5.1 surround sound mixes of *Quark, Strangeness And Charm*, *Hawklords/25 Years On* and *PXR5*, plus four CDs of live shows newly mixed from the original multi-tracks. A particular treat is the first-time inclusion of two promo films from the 1978 Hawklords show at Brunel University, Uxbridge. Given the rarity of footage of the band from the '70s, this is an especially enticing feature. And it all comes in a nicely appointed 10-inch box, including a 64-page book and a repro *Quark* promo poster.

Let's get the quibbles out of the way first. The main one is, where's *Astounding Sounds, Amazing Music*? As the first Charisma/Calvert era album, this should surely have been included. Yet Atomhenge/Cherry Red have clearly made the decision to highlight the spikier end of Hawkwind's late '70s oeuvre – and there's at least a fine version of 'Steppenwolf' on one of the live sets. The Steven Wilson mixes are a little sharper – for instance, 'Uncle Sam's On Mars' sounds less cluttered – but his tinkering under the hood won't please everyone: there's a couple of extra bars at the start of 'Damnation Alley', an extraneous drum roll into 'Days Of The Underground', and 'Automoton' is puzzlingly one-speed. And while the book is nice, there're no new interviews or unseen images.

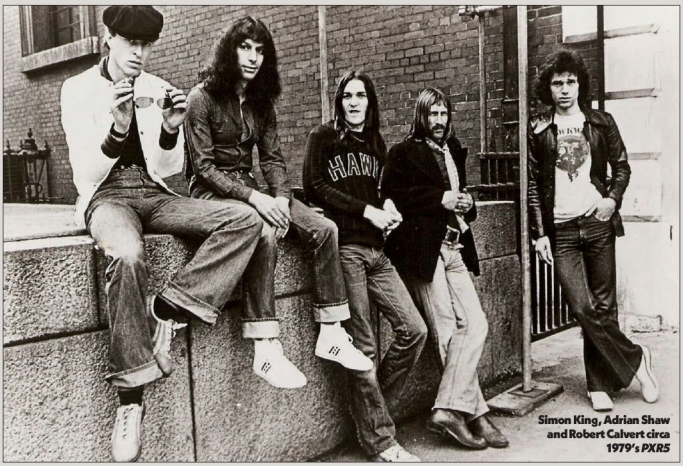
As a band that was ultimately in its element on stage, the live shows represent the real treasure here. They might not have been selling as many records, but Hawkwind were still a formidable and hugely popular live act, something that's abundantly clear on the recordings of the '77 tour. Some of these tracks have been available before, for instance on the early '80s *Weird Tapes*, but everything is speed-adjusted and properly mastered here, and it all sounds terrific. The version of 'Robot' from Croydon is just incredible, and 'Spirit Of The Age' from Leicester is particularly, well, spirited.

There's also the most complete version yet of the Christmas '77 Sonic Assassins gig, with the addition of a cracking 'Master Of The Universe' and a sung 'Welcome To The Future'. The Brunel University show has previously been available as *Live '78* but seeing Calvert commanding the stage in the film promos for 'Psi Power' and '25 Years' is something special.

Nearly all of the extra tracks and alternate takes have been available on earlier Atomhenge reissues, but the real bonus here is a previously unreleased recording of "lost" Calvert-era song 'Fahrenheit 451'.

Quibbles aside, this is a top-class archival release and a must for hardcore fans.

"They might not have been selling as many records, but Hawkwind were still a formidable and hugely popular live act, something that's abundantly clear on the recordings of the '77 tour"



Simon King, Adrian Shaw and Robert Calvert circa 1979's *PXR5*

DAVID AXELROD
Heavy Axe
★★★★
CRAFT/JAZZ DISPENSARY LP

Composer and arranger David Axelrod gets most of his kudos round these parts for his two late '60s outings *Song Of Innocence* and *Songs Of Experience*, plus his hijacking of late period Electric Prunes. Yet in the '70s, he created a series of less celebrated yet equally memorable albums under the direction of producer Cannonball Adderley.

Heavy Axe, originally released in 1974 on the Fantasy label, is the second Axelrod album helmed by Adderley, and it's a beauty, stuffed full of Axelrod instrumental originals alongside covers like 'Don't You Worry 'Bout A Thing' and a seriously vocal-shredding version of 'You're So Vain'. The word "heavy" in the album's title is a slight misnomer; for the most part this is slinky jazz-funk fusion in a Weather Report vein. The Axelrod of old peeks out, however, on tough, choral-led cut 'Mucho Chupar', now sounding more gorgeous than ever on this nicely remastered reissue.

Thomas Patterson

BAILEY'S NERVOUS KATS
The Nervous Katz
★★★
NUMERO GROUP LP

From the fringes of rural North California, Bailey's Nervous Kats was just one of a myriad number of groups in the state trying to gain attention in the early '60s. Alas, for them it was not to be. Originally issued on the Emma label in 1965 this, their only long-player, still serves up some early surf and pop highlights.

From the ringing bossa nova beat of 'Surf Express' through the Caledonian riffing of 'Five Fingers Of Scotch' there's no fat on the bones of these tunes. On 'Cobra' the band manages to incorporate doomy far-eastern melodies, R&B licks and sea shanty vibes without it sounding strained, while 'Traveling Sam', with its growling vocals, conjures up the feel of Vince Taylor's 'Brand New Cadillac'. 'Devil's Run' has the guitars surprisingly low in the mix and there are moments of lightweight teen-pop, but if you're a surf aficionado it's well worth a listen.

Henry Hutton

RAY BARRETTO
Que Viva La Musica
★★★★
FANIA/CRAFT LATINO LP

Reissued on vinyl as a shiny new 50th anniversary edition, Ray Barretto's *Que Viva La Musica* has long been considered a highlight of the master *conguero*'s long and distinguished career as both a bandleader and star sideman.

Released on Fania at the height of his *salsa duro* period, the album represents the closing of a chapter as it was the last to feature Barretto's classic Afro-Cuban ensemble featuring vocalist Adalberto Santiago and *timbalero extraordinaire* Orestes Vilato, who would later form the *conjunto* Tipica 73. Alive with the dense polyrhythmic interplay of congas, bongos and timbales offset with dazzling bursts of razor-sharp trumpet the album is a sustained celebration of NY salsa at its purest, richest and deepest. Particular stand-outs here include the title track, a reworking of Arsenio Rodrigues' 'Bruca Manigua', 'La Pelota' and, best of all, the wickedly vibe-driven meandering jam 'Cocinando'.

Grahame Bent

BE-BOP DELUXE
Sunburst Finish
★★★★
ESOTERIC LP

Cut at Abbey Road studios where much of its content was originally recorded, this new edition of Be-Bop Deluxe's third album was the first to feature the Bill Nelson, Charlie Tumahai, Andy Clark, Simon Fox line-up.

Featuring the hit single 'Ships In The Night', *Sunburst Finish* is genuinely inspired and satisfying with Nelson unafraid to take his borderline glam style in a more progressive direction if he felt the material needed it. There are few Chuck Berry riffs thrown into the mix as the band uses Nelson's undeniably precise guitar skills to produce plaintive, soaring songs that highlight the virtuoso guitar work but aren't defined by it – the tight backline and fluent keyboards knit the

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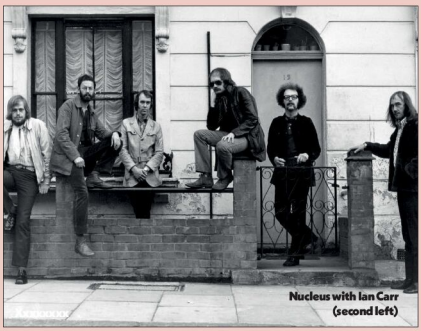

Nucleus with Ian Carr (second left)

Insane In The Membrane

NUCLEUS
Elastic Rock
★★★★★
We'll Talk About It Later
★★★★
Solar Plexus
★★★★
Snakehips Etcetera
★★★
ALL BE WITH LPS

Wait for one Nucleus album to be reissued and four come along at once, courtesy of the fine people of Be With. Ian Carr's quirky, clever, often berserk instrumental jazz-rock fusion outfit released a prolific stint of LPs on Vertigo in the early '70s that command tidy sums today.

Nineteen-seventy's debut *Elastic Rock* remains a stone classic. Reputedly inspired by Miles's early fusion adventures ('Earth Mother' even directly quotes from 'Shhh/Peaceful'), *Elastic Rock* is nevertheless very much its own beast. The horizontal rhythmic slouch of the title track is still unsurpassed, and Nucleus Mk I thrillingly turn from octopoid riffs to lyrical ditties on a hair.

Second album *We'll Talk About It Later* cranks up the volume and leans towards rock. Chris Spedding's grungy wah-wah riffs and John Marshall's thunderous drums are in the driving seat throughout, especially on the wiggy opening salvo of 'Song For The Bearded Lady' and 'Sun Child'. It's not all muscle – the lovely 'Lullaby For A Lonely Child' (with Spedding on bouzouki) shows their command of light and shade. It's nearly an equal to *Elastic Rock*, only falling down slightly when vocals are introduced – but the almost doom-metal 'Ballad Of Joe Pimp' is great fun, daft lyrics aside.

Solar Plexus from '71 is the first album to give Carr star billing. The opening 'Elements I & II' is basically a prog-horror sting, sounding very much like a VCS3 being lobbed down some stairs (possibly landing on some Sea Devils). But elsewhere, the pendulum swings slightly back towards jazz, with meaty big band brass arrangements and tight but needling improv, but it's still funky as hell, with the closing 'Snakehips' Dream' a thrilling knot of interlocking grooves.

We skip to '75 for *Snakehips Etcetera*, with Carr now fronting a very different line-up. It's solid but more straightforward jazz-funk, with some unexpected diversions ('Alive And Kicking' is bookended by more doomy prog but otherwise goes for the funk jugular), and 'Rat's Bag' features Carr trying to outdo the screech of *On The Corner*-era Miles by apparently using a mute *and* a wah-wah pedal.

Martin Ruddock

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CA Quintet in 1971 with Ken Irwin (middle)

arrangements together. There are nods to fellow artists as 'Crystal Gazing' incorporates elements of both Bowie and The Beatles with 'Blazing Apostles' and 'Sleep That Burns' borrowing from Roxy Music's art deco fandango.
Henry Hutton

CA QUINTET
Trip Thru Hell
★★★★★
SUNDAZED CD/LP

Originally released on obscure Minnesota label Candy Floss in 1969, CA Quintet's sole album is among the most sought-after rarities of its era, and for good reason.

Less dark and heavy (bar the last 30 seconds) than its reputation, but every bit as brilliant, *Trip Thru Hell* muscles precociously in-between Love and The Red Crayola. The Spanish guitar and trumpets can't help suggesting *Forever Changes*, mixed with the wild experimentation of *The Parable Of Arable Land*, while Ken Erwin's deceptively gentle, sibilant vocals are reminiscent of both Arthur Lee and Mayo Thompson. Uncredited at the time, 16-year-old Toni Crockett's ghostly wails grant the epic title track much of its chill beauty, while 'Underground Music' is an exemplary guitar freak-out. The LP version features the original track listing on hellfire red vinyl, while the CD adds 11 bonus tracks from Sundazed's '95 reissue. A welcome return trip for this psychedelic classic.
Ben Graham

THE CHANTAYS
A Dawning Sun
★★★
SUNDAZED CD/LP

Recording at Gold Star studios in 1969/70 – years after the original band's output – and utilising luminaries such as Earl Palmer on drums alongside Rob Marshall and Bob Spickard from the primary line-up, The Chantays revisited past glories and added some new tunes to the mix.

The overall feel of the album is of a fairly smooth/easy-listening take on the surf genre with occasional stand-out numbers such as 'Take It Like A Man' with it's surprising tempo change. There are laidback, rolling, relaxing instrumentals alongside the authentic minor key twang and rolling 'Apache' style triplet drumming of 'A Dawning Sun'. This incarnation of the group also revisits some surf classics such as The Bel-Airs' 'Mr Moto' without quite matching up to the prototype. The CD version hosts further bonus material, including a version of The Astronauts' 'Baja' and a reworking of The Chantay's best known hit 'Pipeline' that, again, can't improve on the original.
Henry Hutton

COMBUSTIBLE EDISON
Forbidden Isle Of Demos
★★★★
MODERN HARMONIC LP

Credited with lighting the fuse of the neo-lounge movement, Combustible Edison started out making proudly unhip music. Fate had it that it would sound perfectly cool 30 years later: this fine selection of 1992 recordings is a welcome opportunity for re-appraising a band that was having so much fun courting the past it proved ahead of its time.

Forbidden Isle Of Demos offers early versions of songs that would end up on the group's '94 debut plus other rarities that don't sound like demos. The artwork is caught somewhere between Arthur Lyman's *Taboo* and The Louvin Brothers' *Satan Is Real*, which really says a lot about what you're about to listen to. The songs expertly conjure the golden age of exotica and space-age pop novelties, a sound that's retro and timeless at once. Still, it somehow reminds us that this music was being made in the age of *Twin Peaks*.
Camilla Aisa

GODLEY & CREME
Fly Away: The Frabjoy & Runcible Spoon Sessions 1968-1969
★★★★
GUERSSEN LP

Well, it's not a jaw-dropping secret anymore, because it was all included on last year's CD edition, but it's still a staggering early days document of a brilliant songwriting team, and a textbook example of the head-shaking "Why was this never released?" genre.

The songs are brilliant. You'd expect that, of course, but you would not expect the *way* in which they're brilliant. And neither would you expect – if you read all the press-release trumpeting about how Giorgio Gomelsky intended to market them as Britain's answer to Simon & Garfunkel – what this actually sounds like. There are a few 10cc touchstones, but not many – 'Cowboys And Indians' for the harder side, and 'Fly Away' for The Beach Boys ballad part of the ledger. But mainly this is a collection of superb Marmalade-era (band *and* label) pop-psych, with nicely softened edges. It contains the bones of the unreleased LP on Side One and six contemporary bonus tracks on Side Two.
Mike Fornatale

LUTHER GROSVENOR
Under Open Skies
★★★★
ESOTERIC CD

In the interregnum between the collapse of Spooky Tooth and being reborn as Ariel Bender in Mott The Hoople Mk II, guitar whizz Luther Grosvenor put out his own album for Island Records.

Released in 1971, it offers an intriguing glimpse of an alternative career as a solo artist, one that Grosvenor wouldn't resume for another quarter-century, and it stands up well: the jazzy blues of 'Ride On' is suggestive of Traffic or Graham Nash, while 'Waiting' has a *White Album* feel, the last wisps of English psychedelia being overwhelmed by rootsy Americana. Grosvenor would revisit 'Here Comes The Queen' and 'When I Met You' with Widowmaker, but they swing better in

Continues over

prog nosis

MARCO ROSSI surveys the prog reissue landscape

Season's greetings from Renaissance

On the back cover of 1978's **A Song For All Seasons** (★★★★, ESOTERIC LP) by **RENAISSANCE**, keyboardist John Tout is pictured wearing a T-shirt that proclaims "Prokofiev rules" in that sort of pudgy, ur-70s *Goodies* font. Readers of a certain age, calculable only by carbon dating, may remember the same font also being pressed into service on the packaging for Old English Spangles. Which seems rather oxymoronic for an "Old English" anything, with hindsight. It's a bit like grafting a Space Hopper onto *The Hay Wain*. I only mention it because it's a telling little indicator of the way battle lines were arbitrarily drawn after punk fell through the door with a Party Seven under its arm and sick on its shoes. If you'd been noodling along quite happily in a prog band, you were suddenly forced to pick a side. Did you pay lip service by cutting your hair, donning a skinny tie and feigning interest in Eater and The Lurkers, or did you dig your stack heels in and double down? *Triple* down, even? (It's a prog thing.) Renaissance kept the prog faith – some members more passive-aggressively than others, evidently – but that didn't prevent them from securing an actual Top 10 hit single in '78, a year which was by some degrees more forgiving than '77. There was still a principle involved, however, which meant that post-punk zealots like this writer here dismissed Renaissance out of hand at the time. I should have got over myself. The single in question, 'Northern Lights', sounds perfectly lovely to these ears now, as does its parent album, the aforementioned *A Song For All Seasons*. Featherlight, romantic and melodious, a home for Renaissance in the singles chart was pretty much guaranteed if they could momentarily rein in their propensity for mammoth interludes of labyrinthine minstrelsy with keyboard rivulets trickling down their face. (Listen to the title track or 'Day Of The Dreamer', for example. Autumnal as Colin Blunstone, yet prog *as fuck*.) A crisp remastering job lends punch, clarity and peripheral vision to those forest-floor orchestral arrangements, Jon Camp's sabre-rattling bass and Annie Haslam's beguiling, bell-toned voice. No vibrato, no blue notes. A voice that could have lured sailors onto the rocks in any century, in coracles and gin palaces alike. Not that Jon Camp was timorous whenever he tipped up to a microphone. If it helps you to overcome your innate distrust, try to imagine the spellbound 'She Is Love' as a *SMILE*-era Beach Boys out-take sung by Carl Wilson, and feel the floor give way beneath you.

If Annie Haslam sounded like rod-straight rays of winter sun shining through medieval stained glass, Silvana Aliotta of Italy's **CIRCUS 2000** sounded, rather magnificently, as though her lungs were still full of smoke from a car she'd just torched at the barricades. A real 20-a-day rasp, if that means *eating* 20 cigarettes a day. **I Am The Witch: The Anthology** (★★★★, GRAPEFRUIT 2-CD) is quite startlingly brilliant. Italian prog tends to be somewhat misleadingly associated with the PFM way of operating; grandiose, dramatic, gestural, cathartic. Outliers like Goblin, Area and Circus 2000, however, poked into some decidedly weird corners. Silvana's most significant influence was Grace Slick, but be aware that Circus 2000 sound more like The Great Society than Jefferson Airplane. Which in itself is great, obviously. Gaunt, garagey, prickly, dry and uncomfortable, the proto-glumcore likes of 'Must Walk Forever' and 'Try To Live' seem to be shuffling around inscrutably behind the skirting. Apart from Silvana's vocals, of course, which are as in-your-face as... oh, I don't know. Did anyone ever make a 3D version of the 'Come To Daddy' video? By the time of 1972's second album, *An Escape From A Box*, their sound had become looser and more expansive, but no less perverse. Check out the spidery chromatic scale Silvana chooses to sing against the backing on 'You Aren't Listening', for example: the oddness, boldness and unexpectedness of that decision defines them.

It's a banner year for **JADE WARRIOR** enthusiasts, you'd have to say. The appearance of **Eclipse/Fifth Element: The 1973 Recordings** (★★★★, ESOTERIC 2-CD) and **Wind Borne: The Island Albums 1974-1978** (★★★★, ESOTERIC 4-CD), in addition to last year's reissue of the first two albums, means that the band's entire recorded career is now yours to nuzzle, remastered and packaged with due care and dignity. *Eclipse* and *Fifth Element* are clearly transitional. There are still vocals on there, for starters, and often highly overstated ones. 'Have You Ever' and 'Discotechnique' might as well be a spit away from Wild fucking Cherry, which may have factored into their pledge to go fully instrumental once the blood had dried on their Island Records contract. However, it's Jade Warrior we're talking about, so moments of greatness abound regardless. Their dynamic range was already unmatched: they loved sudden spikes in volume, aural jump scares, which betokens the headstrong contrariness which set them apart from the get-go. A successful career as purveyors of anodyne New Age anaglypta was theirs for the taking, but no outfit with Tony Duhig on guitar could ever settle for such a tawdry fate. Capable of immense subtlety and lyrical beauty, Duhig also had the courage to venture way off-map. If he hit a rogue note, he'd follow it deep into uncharted territory instead of fearfully doubling back. Duhig and percussionist/flautist Jon Field plied their trade as a duo throughout the Island years, producing four albums' worth of mesmeric, exotic, spiritual soundscapes which quite rightly seem enraptured with themselves. *Kites*, from 1976, is probably my favourite for a contemplative uniformity of mood which nevertheless encompasses multiple dimensions. A single body of water, innumerable reflections.

There's barely time to point out that the magnificent self-titled '70 debut by **PATTO** (★★★★★, THINK LIKE A KEY CD) is back amongst us, freshly demixed and remastered, and sounding more gloriously mis-shapen than ever. Goodtime rockers and self-saboteurs, inviting free-form jazz to wade in and assail chunky 4/4 grooves with massive pinking shears. Thank God. So smitten have I always been by their euphoric musicianship, particularly Ollie Halsall's cosmos-refiguring guitar and vibraphone, that I didn't even notice the horrific lyrics to 'Hold Me Back' until about an hour ago.

Finally, if you're wondering what all the prog fuss isn't about anymore, can I direct you to the 1971 cornerstone **Fragile** (★★★★★, ATLANTIC/RHINO LP) by **YES**, now reissued on clear vinyl, Yes man **CHRIS SQUIRE**'s '75 solo debut **Fish Out Of Water** (★★★, ESOTERIC LP) and the rather lush **Winds Of Change: Progressive Sounds Of 1973** compilation (★★★★, ESOTERIC 4-CD), featuring choice cuts from that year's most grandiloquent prog foot soldiers including Caravan, Gong, Camel, Rare Bird and Beggar's Opera, both of which should either give you an inkling or a prolapse.

their loose, laid-back original incarnations, countrified R&B grooves in a Kinks/Faces mould that are rich in understated soul. Bolstered by both sides of schizophrenic '72 single 'Heavy Day' (think pub-jazz-rock), *Under Open Skies* is an overlooked minor gem.

Ben Graham

JOHN HOWARD

Cut The Wire

★★★★

THINK LIKE A KEY LP

Since his return in 2005, John Howard has generally operated in three ways – recording with a small ensemble (2004's *As I Was Saying*), joining a group (for 2015's triumphant *John Howard & The Night Mail*) or, most often, making albums as a one-man studio auteur. Of the collections made by the third approach, 2019's *Cut The Wire* is the best.

Poignant, imaginative lyrics and a flamboyant grasp of keyboards, chord progressions and melody combine to create something magical that unabashedly tips it hat to McCartney, Nilsson and Wilson, Howard's musical forebears. The surprisingly convincing synth-strings of 'Pre-Dawn' bring George Martin to mind and Howard is on fine form as a singer throughout, his voice actually sounding better single-tracked ('Remains') than double ('So Here I Go'). This is arguably Howard's finest post-*Kid* opus and, like all good albums, it's appreciable as a cohesive whole as much as a series of tracks.

Charles Donovan

JOHN MARTYN BAND

The Smiling Stranger In Bremen

★★★

MIG 2-CD

The '80s were problematic, even by John Martyn's standards. His work had effectively peaked with *Grace And Danger* at the turn of the decade; a perfect melding of warm production with Martyn's most confessional songwriting. Three years later he somewhat seemed caught in the trappings of the era, as evident on this crystal-clear sounding German radio broadcast from 1983.

A lengthy performance spread over two discs, there are nods to his acoustic beginnings, but mostly to the classic Island albums on which his reputation still rests. Performing with a trio alongside drums and occasionally intrusive fretless bass, it's Martyn's guitar which rescues the band above the humdrum. The rearrangements of some key songs may feel too anchored to an '80s backbeat, but the likes of 'One World' still deliver. One for the dedicated, but still with its share of fine moments.

Ben Phillipson

MEIKO KAJI

Hajiki Uta

★★★★

WEWANTSOUNDS CD/LP

Inaugurating a five-album reissue series, this 50th anniversary release of Kaji's second album features 'Onna Somuki Uta' and 'Urami Bushi' from her *Female Prisoner Scorpion* film series, the latter also appearing in *Kill Bill Vol 2*. Cult exploitation actress Kaji had a parallel career as a pop singer, often singing the films' theme songs.

Fuzz guitars and bellowing Spanish brass augment Kaji's extravagant vocals on 'Meiko no Futebushi' while she quickens heartbeats with her sexy come-hither beckoning on 'Wara No Ue.' Lush orchestrations, Kaji's soft, melodic vocals, and frequent sinewy sax embellishments set a "romantic soundtrack" mood throughout, with Ennio Morricone a familiar touchstone. Tasty guitar licks permeate 'Hizume Moe', flute and wah-wah guitars compete for attention on 'Hitori Kaze', a smoky jazz vibe fingersnaps through 'Betsuni Douttekoto Demo Naishi', and the emotionally uplifting 'Nigori Onna' and sultry 'Urami Bushi' complete this opening salvo that has us anxiously anticipating future entries.

Jeff Penczak

ARTHUR LYMAN

Lush Exotica: As Dug By Lux And Ivy

★★★

RIGHTEOUS CD

Dear Rex and Marjorie, well, our De Havilland somehow managed to deliver us safely after our three-day jaunt from Gatwick aerodrome. The locals are very friendly, weather good, but steamy, landscape lush, food interesting, shall we say? We are staying in The Halekulani Hotel, where the receptionist is a very nice young man called Arthur Lyman who doubles as the marimba and vibraphone player in the hotel band.

They play nightly in The Beachcomber Bar which is adorned with bamboo, palm trees, a volcano mural, exotic Polynesian artefacts and, would you believe, an indoor waterfall? They play a rum brand of jazz with an array of curious instruments, and one can sometimes barely hear the music for squawking parrots, croaking frogs and the patter of rain. Anyway, we're having a simply wonderful time getting rather merry on the local fruit punch. Do wish you were both here. Toodle pip.

Vic Templar

MICHAEL VINER'S INCREDIBLE BONGO BAND

Bongo Rock: 50th Anniversary Edition

★★★★★

MR BONGO LP

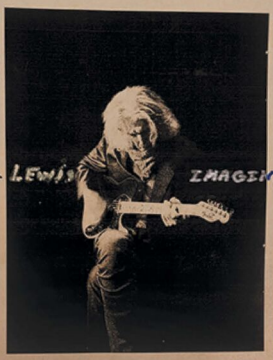
It's hard to understate the historical importance of this album as no more, no less than the foundation stone of hip-hop in The South Bronx. Dreamt up by MGM label executive Michael Viner, then in the market for supplementary soundtrack material for low budget flick *The Thing With Two Heads*, the resulting *Bongo Rock* would have a cultural significance way beyond anything he could have possibly imagined.

Constructed over a deep pile rhythmic carpet laid by drummers, conga and bongo players including Jim Gordon, King Errisson and reputedly one Ringo Starr, besides transforming The Shadows' 'Apache' into "the national anthem of hip-hop", the album features funky, rhythm-heavy reworkings of Sandy Nelson's 'Let There Be Drums', Iron Butterfly's 'In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida' and Preston Epps' 'Bongo Rock'. Synonymous with the early pioneering sound of hip-hop in The Big Apple, 50 years on *Bongo Rock* still kicks ass.

Grahame Bent

Meiko Kaji. In for the kill

Peter Lewis



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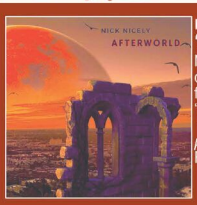
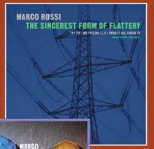


nick nicely
'Afterworld' LP
Nick selects a collection of demos and alternate mixes from his archives, including 'Rosemary's Eyes' and 'DCT Dreams'.*"...the greatest popstar that never was"*
FACT magazine

an introduction to
Us and Them CD
The first in a series of retrospectives, this one features the Swedish folk duo, who cover Pink Floyd, The Wicker Man, Sandy Denny and more *"...turn down the lights and immerse yourself in it"*
Ian McCann, Record Collector



MARCO ROSSI
'The Sincerest Form Of Flattery'
8" EP / CD
Shindig's very own recreates a dozen slices of classic and long-lost psych on CD and then puts four of them onto an extremely limited-run 8" lathe-cut EP

ROB GOULD & FRIENDS
'NURSERY CRYME' LP + CD
Last time, Rob remade the whole of VDGG's 'Pawn Hearts', this time he takes on the progressive rock classic 'Nursery Cryme', which he dusts down and rebuilds in great style.

'REKINKED' 8" EP
The Kinks are fondly remembered by FdM with an 8"lathe-cut containing covers including 'I'm Not Like Everybody Else' and '(Do You Remember) Walter'

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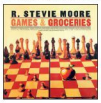
R STEVIE MOORE
Games & Groceries
★★★
THINK LIKE A KEY 2-CD



Dubbed the "godfather of home recording", R Stevie Moore's output is prolific and daunting, with homemade albums dating back to the mid-70s now running into triple figures. Nineteen-seventy-eight's *Games & Groceries* appears to be a good place to start. A Todd Rundgren-esque double of pop earworms, noodles and interludes, it now gets an upgrade via "needle drop" maestro Prof Stoned.

Cleaning up the intrusive hiss and sonic murk, the music breathes, almost belying its origin as a home recording without losing its charm, and while much of Moore's music appears spontaneous or whacked out, songs like 'Part Of The Problem' and 'I Wanna Sleep' hit a sweet spot between *Revolver* and The Cleaners From Venus. *Games & Groceries* feels like an out-of-time private press gem, but also anticipates much of the outsider/bedroom-pop that would eventually follow.
Ben Philipson

nick nicely
Afterworld
★★★
FRUITS DE MER LP

nicely's fifth album is a collection of out-takes, demos and abandoned projects, some of which appeared on *Space Of A Second* in 2014. While there's an inherent lo-fi quality to several tracks, the wobbly sonics actually enhance their psychedelic impact.

Spoken word bits, brain-frying solos from out of nowhere, and impromptu electronic flourishes add to the fun, recalling the equally warped Bongwater. 'Rosemary's Eyes''s frenetic headrush leads into the stalking, horror-film paranoia of (distorted) spoken word 'Eels', driven along by a blood-dripping bass-line. An alternate version of debut single 'DCT Dreams' is more claustrophobic and hallucinogenic than the crisper electro-pop version and 'Further Down The Beach' has an even stronger Hawkwind vibe than the version released as 'Headwind Aheadwind'. An exhilarating roller-coaster ride through nicely's creative process with all the warts, kitchen sink embellishments and musical *volte-faces* left intact.
Jeff Penczak

ALAIN PIERRE
Des Morts
★★★★
FINDERS KEEPERS LP

Finders Keepers have surpassed themselves once again, this time with the expanded reissue of the ultra-rare Alain Pierre soundtrack to 1979 French film *Des Morts (Of The Dead)*, Thierry Zeno's examination of death across cultures and traditions.

Having worked with Belgian prog-group COS and free-jazzer John Surman, Pierre was the right man to tackle *Des Morts*, which combines ethnological field recordings with *musique concrete* and synth exploration. And this is a soundtrack to immerse yourself in. Bookended with the *Des Morts* theme (not to mention an alternative version plopped in the middle), the album is made up largely of field recordings of burials and celebrations from the indigenous Hmong tribe of Thailand, the Mayan Tzotzils of Mexico and Thai Buddhists. In amongst it all, futuristic synths segue into police sirens as we're regaled with the benefits of cryogenics, while the sound of abandoned fairgrounds blends into everyday traffic on 'Clown'. A sonic voyage.
Sarah Gregory

Too much to smoke?

SAPHRON
Red Amber
★★★★
FEEDING TUBE/SHAGRAT LP

Some 50 years ago, London-based artist Jill Tipping joined forces with her then schoolmates to fill the vacant musical spot at her grammar school assembly, where the gang performed a mix of covers and original tunes under the name Saphron. Thanks to a twist of fate, a set of amateur recordings of the foursome – long considered lost – were recently unearthed by Shagrat's Nigel Cross, who fell under their charm and has released them on limited edition vinyl.

Given that this was the early '70s, their influences stretched from pop (Monkees, Kinks), by way of Pentangle folk and the singer-songwriter tradition of Cat Stevens. And while Saphron started off playing other's songs, they soon decided to have a go at writing their own. *Red Amber* features six originals, alongside the trad 'Sovay' and 'Sinner Man', a brilliant scratchy cover of King Crimson's 'Moonchild' and the album's highlight, Lesley Duncan's 'Love Song'.
Sarah Gregory

LOS SHAKERS
¡Shakermania!
★★★
GUERSSEN LP

The album title and sleeve with the four smiling faces, mop tops and matching suits says it all.

Welcome to the Fabs-tastic world of Uruguay's Los Shakers, who ranked as Latin America's foremost Beatles emulators at the height of their fame circa 1965-1967.

Following up Guerssen's reissues of Los Shakers' back catalogue, this is a miscellany of non-LP singles, alternate versions, stereo mixes and previously unreleased material. Variously recorded in Buenos Aires and Caracas and showcasing original compositions chiefly penned by the Fattoruso brothers Hugo and Osvaldo, the mood covers all bases from the mildly to the quintessentially Fab-esque. Interestingly it's two of the previously unreleased Spanish language cuts – 'No Fuimos' and 'Nunca Nunca' – alongside the bossa-pop hybrid 'Adorable Lola' that respectively capture Los Shakers at their most full-on Fab-est and stylistically inventive.
Grahame Bent

THE SMOKE
It's Smoke Time
★★★
MORGAN BLUE TOWN LP

Cobbled together for the German market, where displaced York quartet The Smoke were a big deal following the #2 success there of 'My Friend Jack' (see also fellow Brit freakbeat heroes The Creation), *It's Smoke Time* nevertheless remains a cohesive and hugely enjoyable set.

It's equal parts melodic mod-pop swagger and stoned playfulness. They weren't just called The Smoke because of their relocation to London; the album is full of lyrical allusions to things "growing in the window" and being 'High In A Room', never mind 'My Friend Jack''s acid evangelism. This new edition inexplicably (erroneously?) uses the demo of 'My Friend Jack' in place of the master, before bolting on four early '70s cuts by the reconstituted glam Smoke that inhabit an entirely different sonic and stylistic universe. Those late '67 Metronome 45s would have made far more appropriate and welcome additions.
Andy Morten

tune up

THOMAS PATTERSON uncovers the best vintage jazz reissues and anthologies

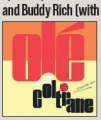
It's all '70s jazz-rock fusion up here in *Shindig!* towers, as heard on our first few releases. First up is a hands down classic of the genre, **Spectrum** (★★★★★, RHINO LP), the 1973 smash hit LP from former Miles Davis/ Mahavishnu Orchestra drummer **BILLY COBHAM**. Featuring Jan Hammer, Ron Carter, and guitarist Tommy Bolin of The James Gang and Deep Purple, this is a fast and furious showcase for some serious musical show-offs, all widdly rock guitar lines and frantic drumming. When first released, *Spectrum* hit the top spot on the *Billboard* jazz charts and even reached #26 in the Top 200, so original copies aren't too hard to source; even so, this is a nicely remastered edition, and opening track 'Quadrant 4' sounds like the theme tune to *The Goodies* played at 100 miles an hour and is therefore excellent.

More drumming excellence with **Purdie Good!** (★★★★, CRAFT/ JAZZ DISPENSARY LP), the 1971 album from **BERNARD PURDIE** (here *sans* his "Pretty" moniker). Featuring ultra-funky covers of James Brown's 'Cold Sweat', Bobby Bloom's 'Montego Bay' and a surprisingly heavy version of Fred Neil's 'Everybody's Talkin'', with drum solos galore, the true stars of the show are Purdie's originals, cuts like title track 'Purdie Good' and 'You Turn Me On' ideal for pretending you're strutting the mean streets of NYC, pre-gentrification.

Hear And Now (★★★, REAL GONE LP) is the closest trumpeter **DON CHERRY** came to rock, the 1977 album stuffed full of funky mysticism ('Mahakali'), Frank Zappa-style prog insanity ('Karmapa Chenno'), proto-Acid Jazz ('Universal Mother') and what could best be described as "cocaine and mood ring music" ('California'). Contemporary reviews were relatively unkind to the LP, complaining of its stylistic incoherence, but with the perspective of time, it sounds pretty great to these ears.

Also from 1977 comes **HENRY FRANKLIN's Tribal Dance** (★★★★, REAL GONE LP), the double bassist having previously graced these pages with reissues of his first two albums *The Skipper* and *The Skipper At Home*. This is his third, originally recorded on the Catalyst label and now given its first reissue on vinyl. It's top-notch spiritual jazz, featuring many of the same players as the two *Skippers*. Expect Gilles Peterson to rinse this one for all it's worth on his ace Saturday afternoon BBC Radio6 show.

Two from saxophonists, one ultra-famous and one less celebrated, captured a decade apart but cut from the same cloth. Firstly, **BEN WEBSTER's In Hot House** (★★★★, TIDAL WAVES LP) was recorded live by a cool jazz quartet in The Netherlands in 1972 but unreleased until '79. This is swinging gear, the tenor saxophonist supported by some sparkling ivory playing from Spanish pianist Tete Montoliu. File alongside Duke Ellington and Buddy Rich (with whom Webster both played).



On the flipside comes **JOHN COLTRANE's Olé Coltrane** (★★★★, RHINO LP), the '61 Spanish-inflected classic influenced by Miles Davis' *Sketches Of Spain* but no less revelatory for that. This is primo Coltrane goodness, the legend supported by a 'Who's Who' of jazz, including Freddie Hubbard, McCoy Tyner and Elvin Jones. This repress misses out 'To Her Ladyship' which has graced many reissues since '89, but does come on snazzy clear vinyl.

A quick pitstop to highlight a pair of gorgeous box sets for readers with deep pockets. **With Strings Attached 1957-1965** (★★★★, NEW LAND 6-LP) collects jazz harpist **DOROTHY ASHBY**'s pre-psychedelic jazz platters into one set, handsomely mounted and stuffed full of photographs and ephemera. While her Cadet albums remain the pinnacle of her playing, this is still a must for Ashby fans out there (and we're sure there are plenty of you).

ALBERT AYLER's Europe 1966 (★★★★, ORG 4-LP) meanwhile is a Record Store Day release featuring live sets by the free-jazz titan in Berlin, Lörrach, Stockholm and Paris. How much you get out of this set depends of course on how much you love Ayler – he's at his blistering best here, but of course free-jazz, in all its squonking glory, ain't for everyone. Then again, if you don't love free-jazz, what are you doing buying a 4-LP box set of the stuff?

To close out, a quartet of releases from British jazz greats. The first two come from the estimable Jazz In Britain label, and feature Trevor Tomkins, the late drummer who played with everyone from Nucleus through to Mike Westbrook. **Warm Up** (★★★★, JAZZ IN BRITAIN 2-CD) from **THE DON RENDELL / IAN CARR QUINTET** captures the saxophonist and trumpet/flugelhorn players Rendell and Carr alongside pianist Michael Garrick and drummers Tomkins and Dave Green live in the November of 1965, sometime between the recordings of albums *Shades Of Blue* and *Dusk Fire*. The sound is a little thin, unsurprising for a live set of such vintage, but the playing is undeniably great, especially on opener 'Blues By Five' and closer 'My Funny Valentine'. With copies of Jazzman's Rendell & Carr box set now going for around 400 quid a pop, this is a much more affordable way to enjoy true cornerstones of the British jazz scene.

More delights from Tomkins are heard on **TREVOR TOMKINS' SEXTANT For Future Reference** (★★★, JAZZ IN BRITAIN 2-CD), a selection of never before released recordings made in the early '80s, featuring appearances from the likes of Chris Pyne, Jimmy Hastings and Phil Lee. Tomkins never released a solo album during his lifetime, so this collection of timeless post-bop is a fitting memorial.

Bassist/composer **GRAHAM COLLIER** is perhaps best known for his fabulous 1969 album *Down Another Road*, as eulogised by everyone's favourite junkie, Libertine Pete Doherty. **Down Another Road @ Stockholm Jazz Days '69** (★★★★, MY ONLY DESIRE LP) captures the album live, with some incredible playing from trumpeter Harry Beckett. It's worth seeking out the original studio recording first (again, original vinyl copies are only for those with deep pockets), then diving into this live set for contrast.

Saving perhaps the best till last comes **THE STAN TRACEY QUARTET's Jazz Suite Inspired By Dylan Thomas' Under Milk Wood** (★★★★★, RESTEAMED LP), the 1965 album often described as the greatest British jazz album of all time. Whilst we may be a little reticent to hurl around such superlatives, this is still an incredible LP, anchored with stunning work from Tracey and bassist Jeff Clyne. This gorgeous remaster, here sporting the '76 sleeve with Tracey's locks flowing in the breeze, sounds better than ever. Go out and get it – you'll be glad you did!

THE SOUNDCARRIERS
Celeste
★★★★
PHOSPHONIC CD/2-LP

Originally released in 2010 and now remastered, expanded and repackaged, The Soundcarriers' second album more than delivered on the promise of the previous year's *Harmonium*, reining in that debut's more expansive, experimental moments in favour of a concise set of post-everything analogue pop.

From the ultra-compressed opening rush of 'Last Broadcast' to the spacious break-heavy atmospherics of the closing title track, the Nottingham quartet distils Morricone's Western soundtracks, David Axelrod's Hollywood jazz fusion, The Günter Kallmann Choir's Euro easy-listening and The Free Design's *avant*-folk sunshine-pop into an eminently listenable whole. Dorian Conway's occasional bursts of fuzz guitar, Leonore Wheatley's gently pulsating electric piano, and the pair's octave vocals ride, almost disembodied, across Paul Isherwood and Adam Cann's precision bass/drum foundations. Snap this up now before it too becomes a deluxe entry on many wants lists.

Andy Morten

Alloy, I Love You

T REX
1973
★★★★
DEMON 4-CD/5-LP

It's good news that last year's *1972* was clearly intended to be the first in a series of T Rex "era" boxes, because the anniversary deluxe editions of a decade before were inconsistent. This time, it looks like Demon will actually stick to a format instead of being frustratingly capricious. While *1972* captured *The Slider* and attendant singles, B-sides, radio and live performances, *1973* includes material either released or recorded the following year. These were the final throes of the Bolan-Visconti partnership.

But, oh, what throes they were. While Bolan's songwriting wasn't radically altered for *Tanx* (T Rex's final UK Top 10 LP), new life was breathed into it by creative production and arrangement ideas, including Visconti's Mellotron. 'Electric Slim & The Factory Hen' and 'Mister Mister' had a swinging energy that served as a portent for what was to come, but the real signpost was the uncredited gospel-style singing in 'Left Hand Luke And The Beggar Boys' because, by the time of the following year's *Zinc Alloy And The Hidden Riders Of Tomorrow*, Gloria Jones and 'Sister' Pat Hall were de facto T Rex members (Mickey Finn, increasingly sidelined, wouldn't last much longer). Jones, an exceptional talent, had abandoned a burgeoning singer-songwriting career with Motown to throw herself into the group. It's beyond question that Jones and Hall's Flo-&-Eddie-on-steroids backing vocals, mixed prominently, were an important part of the Rex evolution. Sniggered at by some, *Zinc Alloy* is actually tremendous, trashy fun, from the moment the hyperactive, shoulda-been-a-single 'Venus Loon' begins. It's one big, glorious collision of glam and soul, untethered to any sort of restraint, with bracingly frenetic Visconti string arrangements and lyrics that are sometimes more a series of outlandish images than intelligible sentiments.

Also included is the unfinished album Bolan was writing and producing for Pat Hall. Hearing it in the context of *Zinc Alloy* makes so much sense that I hope Demon will include Gloria Jones's *Vixen* when they reach 1976. Additional fan-bait may be slender, given the already-familiar demos and out-takes, but there's a substantial new essay from Bolanologist and compiler Mark Paytress.

Charles Donovan

THE SPENCER DAVIS GROUP
At The BBC 1965
★★★
1960S LP

Steadfast live performances of tracks that wound up on the band's first two albums plus assorted single sides including the prophetic 'Goodbye Stevie' (a track that had by all accounts been kicking around some 18 months before Winwood's departure) this collection has its moments, but with the variations in sound quality veering between reasonably solid BBC warmth and third generation lo-fi transfer, this customarily smoking British R&B boom unit loses some of its veneer.

Highlights include the latter take of 'Midnight Train', a song originally handed to the SDG by songwriting duo Alvin Roy and Gerry Hicks, where it's all about teenager Steve Winwood's unrestrained vocals showcasing his dominance of the blues at such a tender age, and Bobby Parker's 'Watch Your Step', having previously been tackled by both ex-Searcher Tony Jackson and Manfred Mann. In the hands of the SDG it's blistering and all the more vital a number.

Louis Wiggett

THE STOMACHMOUTHS
Speed Freak
★★★★
BUSY BEE LP

Spawned in a dark cave in the wilds of Sweden back in 1984 – part of the recreational wave of young groups roaming the planet in beat boots, living and breathing out of time with the modern world – The Stomachmouths came and went leaving behind a couple of great singles, a mini-album and a couple of LPs which duplicated some selections, while adding and subtracting various live and demo tracks.

This, however, could be their most comprehensive sounding document and includes stinging debut 45 'Don't Put Me Down' and 'Wild Trip', which still serves as a deadly statement of intent, as do 'Dr Syn', 'I'm Going Away' and 'Eegah'. Led by psychedelic kingpin Stefan Kéry, other members included Lars Kjellen, Martin Skeppholm and, later Anna Nyström and Jens Lindberg. The Stomachmouths are easily up there with the leading '60s acolytes, their hybrid, often unhinged approach imbued as much by punk and garage as by psych and surf. The enlightening recollections were gathered by the late, great Patrick Lundborg.

Lenny Helsing

GIOVANNI TOMMASO
Indefinitive Atmosphere
★★★★
SONOR MUSIC EDITIONS LP

Another deep dive into the archives of Italian library label Sermi, this time for the much-anticipated reissue of this rare and highly prized solo 1970 debut disc from composer Giovanni Tommaso.

Tommaso's double bass brings us the beautiful bowed tone and funky shuffle of 'Due Per 5/4', the wordless vocal accompaniment of 'Mr Slam', and the hypnotic workout of the title track, before he switches seamlessly to electric for the tight and funky 'Strong Beat', the full-band soul-jazz stylings of 'Clap Dance' and the frenetic 'Bass Pedal'.

Uncredited collaborators provide jazzy and bluesy guitar, piano and organ, percussion, and even a tasteful touch of electric sitar, but chief guest star is prolific American sax man Steve Lacy, who spices up 'Circle' and 'Out', with its lovely cinematic ending, and even gets a near-solo track named for him. Sound quality, remastered from original tapes in Tommaso's archive, is top notch.

Christopher Budd

TOMORROW
Permanent Dream
★★★★
SPIRIT OF UNICORN MUSIC CD/LP

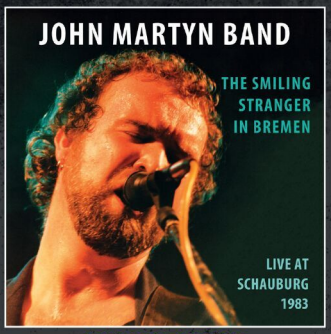
Time for a new and supposedly "improved" version of a widely acknowledged classic of late '60s British psych.

In assembling this re-imagining of Tomorrow's Mark Wirtz-produced 1968 self-titled opus Steve Howe has gone back to the original Abbey Road mono masters and, using state of the art technology, redrafted something apparently closer to the band's original vision. In practice this has meant subjecting the album to a comprehensive makeover to the extent of re-titling, re-jigging the sequencing, removing some tracks and replacing them with less familiar studio recordings, adding two live performances from 1967's 14 Hour Technicolor Dream and clothing the results in underwhelming new sleeve artwork.

Whether fans will take this new redux to their hearts will only become apparent in time. One thing's for sure, they'll want to explore and evaluate this new take on an old favourite in forensic detail.

Grahame Bent

LISTEN TO SHINDIG! ON SOHO RADIO
Soho Radio



JOHN MARTYN BAND
THE SMILING STRANGER IN BREMEN
LIVE AT SCHAUBURG 1983
Release: 10.03.2023

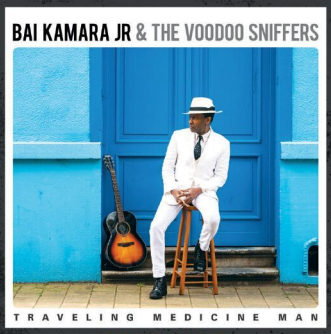
2CD, DIGITAL

MARION BROWN QUARTET
MARY ANN
LIVE IN BREMEN 1969
Release: 28.04.2023

2CD, DIGITAL

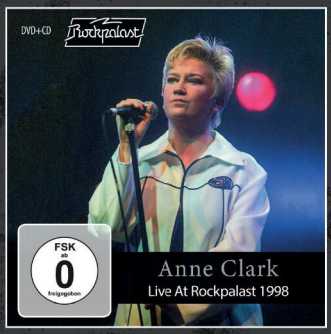
TÍR NA NÓG
LOVE LOST IN BREMEN
LIVE IN BREMEN 1973
Release: 31.03.2023

CD, DIGITAL



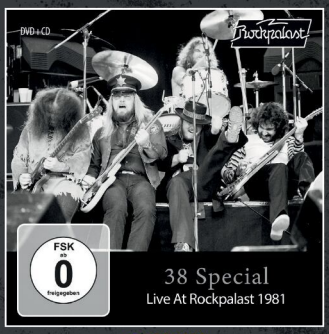
BAI KAMARA JR.
& THE VOODOO SNIFFERS
TRAVELING MEDICINE MAN
Release: 10.03.2023

2LP, CD, DIGITAL



ANNE CLARK
LIVE AT ROCKPALAST 1998
Release: 26.05.2023

DVD+CD, DIGITAL



38 SPECIAL
LIVE AT ROCKPALAST 1981
Release: 30.06.2023

DVD+CD, DIGITAL

NEURONIUM
QUASAR 2C361 & VUELO QUIMICO
THE HARVEST YEARS
Release: 03.03.2023

2CD, DIGITAL

SFF
SCHICKE - FÜHRS - FRÖHLING
THE COMPLETE RECORDINGS
Release: 07.04.2023

3CD, DIGITAL

EPITAPH
HISTORY BOX 1
THE BRAIN YEARS 1979 - 1981
Release: 28.04.2023

4CD, DIGITAL

UNICORN
Too Many Crooks
★★★★

THINK LIKE A KEY LP

The finest country rock act ever to come from Surrey, Unicorn will forever remain best known for their association with producer David Gilmour. While the Pink Floyd musician was responsible for the glittering sound of this, their third album, it's the band themselves, and in particular principal songwriter Ken Baker, who really deserve the plaudits.

Released in 1976 while the punk revolt that would scupper their career was only starting to loom on the horizon, *Too Many Crooks* includes 10 melodic songs redolent of the American West Coast sound but with a lyrical undertow of English melancholy. Without the pretensions of their prog-rock contemporaries, these are short and tightly arranged tunes. Highlights include the wistful title track, the fable 'Bullseye Bill' and the towering 'No Way Out Of Here', faithfully covered by their famous producer on his eponymous debut solo album two years later.
Clive Webb

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Diggin' For Gold Volume 13: A Collection Of Demented '60s R&B, Punk & Mesmerizing Pop
★★★★★

BUSY BEE LP

For this latest instalment of the long-revered *Diggin' For Gold* series, almost 30 years after it launched, the attention is focused solely on Argentina. The aim here is to bring us the very best in that nation's beat, garage and psychedelic pop scene from the mid-60s into early to mid-70s.

A wealth of terrific, diverse contributions is presented from Los Red Fires, Los Killings, Blue's Men, La Barra De Chocolate, La Joven Guardia and others. A multitude of chunky, Kinks-esque guitars and Vox continental organs ring out across the tracks, sometimes battling it out with Eric Burdon or Mick Jagger-inspired lead singers, and there's a plethora of fuzz-filled lead guitar soloing for that extra pinch of menace. Favourites include melodic opener 'Golpeando' (Red Fires), 'The Day The World Lost Its Mind' (Blue's Men), 'Now You Love Me' (Walkers) and 'Hoy' by the wonderfully named Shopping. There's also a generous detail and photo-packed insert. Dig it!
Lenny Helsing

VARIOUS ARTISTS
It's A Beautiful Day
★★★★

MUNSTER LP

This focus on early '70s artists from the Peruvian capital Lima feels overdue, authentic and joyful, all at once. For the most part, this is ultra-melodic, sunshine-soft music, mostly sung in the mother tongue. It comes with loving nods to the world outside – Liverpool and California, specifically – and with all of the immediacy, period touches and instrumental quirks one would hope for. Fresh as a daisy, in short.

Alongside the rarities, there are names that may be familiar to listeners, namely Traffic Sound and We All Together. The latter's sublime 'It's A Sin To Go Away' closes the set and is probably worth the price of admission alone, but there is a lovely coastal warmth to pretty much everything here, notably on tracks by Grupo Amigos and Zulu. And if you've ever swooned to Alessi's 'Seabird', you need to hear Innovation's winning take; a gem among many.
Ben Phillipson

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Rendez-Vous Chic Vol 1: Champagne Party au Chabanais
★★★★

LE POP CLUB LP

From the imaginations of Alain Chapot (AKA deejay/curator Number 9, bassist with garage-pop retro-futurists Penelope) and Alexis Kacimi (indie jangle merchants Kacimi) comes this handsomely packaged collection of French and Anglo-French deep cuts from the late '60s and early '70s – "the lost paradise", as the curators call it.

It's a world in which the dancefloor is king, the fidelity is crystal-clear, and you can never have enough Hammond, wah-wah, sample-ready drum breaks and brass stings. By turns sexy, psychedelic and cheesy, it's the soundtrack to a wild night out in a swinging Parisian club circa 1971. Jean Wiener's theme from '73 flick *Féminin Féminin* is one of several highlights, its relentless driving beat, thundering bass and wonky jazz guitar segueing into a sultry Hammond-led slow-burn groove. Not bad for a composer who was 76 at the time!
Andy Morten

VARIOUS ARTISTS
She's Got The Power: Female Power Pop, Punk & Garage
★★★★

BIG BEAT CD

A fun romp through 45 years of the international female rock scene (heavily skewed towards 21st century stompers), the set is bookended by Rock & Roll Hall Of Famers Blondie and The Go Go's and samples some of the finest Scandinavian, Japanese, South American and European female-centric acts – with a few guys along for the ride.

The Dollyrots' girl group punk seamlessly merges The Crystals with Ramones, Bad Moves fist pump the rafters on 'Spirit FM', Amy Rigby dances with Joey Ramone, and Norwegian powerpoppers Cocktail Slippers ('In The City') and Dahlmanns ('Bright City Lights') soften the attack with great harmonic singalongs. We also get Shonen Knife's bubblegum-punk, BBC deejay Liz Kershaw covering The Undertones, high-energy blasts of fresh air from Baby Shakes and The Donnas, metallic crunch from Girlschool and Sahara Hotnights, and this writer's favourite of all, Japanese TV stars Puffy [Amiyumi] burning a yearning in your heart with their 'Love So Pure.'
Jeff Penczak

VARIOUS ARTISTS
A Way To Make A Living: The Dolly Parton Songbook
★★★

ACE CD

There is no denying Dolly Parton's writing prowess, so why does this release, collecting 23 cover versions of her work, come across as a bit so-so?

For one thing, there is too great a surfeit of country stars – Porter Wagoner, Merle Haggard, Buck Owens, early Emmylou amongst them – and even those from which one might expect something different, such as The Incredible String Band or Tina Turner, go all Grand Ole Opry on us. I couldn't shake the feeling I'd be better off listening to Dolly. Stetsons off, then, to Percy Sledge's brassy soul rendition of the terrific 'Here I Am', The Everly Brothers' sublime harmonies on 'In The Good Old Days (When Times Were Bad)', and Bettye Lavette's slinky blues take on 'Little Sparrow'. The White Stripes and Ru Paul also do something different with 'Jolene' and 'With Bells On' respectively, but what they do is to cause aural haemorrhaging.
Peter Gallagher

THE YELLOW BALLOON
The Yellow Balloon
★★★★★

SUNDAZED CD/LP

Dismayed with Dean Torrence's version of his song 'Yellow Balloon', 24-year-old Gary Zekley hastily formed a band, re-recorded it and scored the *Billboard* hit he knew it to be. Recorded in 1967 this is that band's sole album, augmented with four tracks from drummer Don Grady, well known in the US as an actor.

Zekley's breezy tunes with key and time signature changes, delicious harmonies and a kitchen sink of harpsichord, calliope and banjo combine to stamp Sunshine Pop Classic all over it. And then there are Grady's bonus cuts. With the superb 'Junk Maker Shoppe' his only solo credit on the original album, the astonishing 45 'Impressions Of Syvonne' is a true fuzzed-up mind-blower and 'The Children Of St Monica' an utter delight. I guess a solid gold balloon was destined not to fly. Zekley, Grady and co definitely should have been bigger, but be grateful that we have this.
Vic Templar

LISTEN TO THE
SHINDIG!
BROADCAST
ON MIXCLOUD

THE LEMON TWIGS

EVERYTHING HARMONY

ALBUM OUT MAY 5TH

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CAPTURED TRACKS

reviews now

A multitude of new music

Sibling When You're Winning

THE LEMON TWIGS
Everything Harmony
★★★★★
CAPTURED TRACKS CD/LP

There was a moment following the D'Addario brothers' debut *Do Hollywood* when superstardom seemed inevitable. Prodigiously talented, they had so much going for them, not least an instinctive musical aptitude. In commercial terms, things turned out slightly differently, and their fourth album emerges into a changed world. On a superficial level, they've since parted company with 4AD for supreme indie Captured Tracks, and going by *Everything Harmony*, it's a move that suits them. This is a more mature, thoughtful Lemon Twigs; weathered by the storm, perhaps, but far from out.

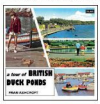
Anyone confused by any prior musical bombast should tune right back in here. *Everything Harmony* is a concise 13-track set showcasing the brothers as they stand in the here and now, their musical gifts ever expanding. The powerpop jewels of yore are still there; younger brother Michael bringing top-drawer skills on the Big Star-ish 'What You Were Doing', while 'In My Head' is both gorgeous and insidious. Elsewhere, 'What Happens To A Heart' is an absolute triumph led by brother Brian; a huge, cinematic wall-of-sound production with French horn, celeste and '70s Phil Spector drums that raises a heartfelt vocal performance to epic proportions.

Pleasingly though, the D'Addario's individual styles feel closer this time around, helping to give a more cohesive feel to the album. Both are to the fore on 'Ghost Runs Free', one of the most immediate songs here. Smartly, it lifts the flow, since much of the mood elsewhere is either more delicate or significantly darker. Among those slow-burn highlights, 'I Don't Belong To Me' and 'Still It's Not Enough' feel like hymns to displacement and frustration, both sweetly dissonant ballads with strong hints of Jimmy Webb-level sophistication. The title song on the other hand, is catchy and tricky; a light, minimal thing that unifies the album's themes of triumphing over adversity, purely by burying itself in the joy of music. *Everything Harmony* may not be the commercial hit the world once expected, but it's incredibly easy to love.

Ben Phillipson

Michael and Brian offer hymns to displacement and frustration

FRAN ASHCROFT
A Tour Of British Duck Ponds
★★★
THINK LIKE A KEY CD



Performed and recorded using vintage equipment, this solo debut from producer Fran Ashcroft provides a musically ramshackle and lyrically amusing perspective on life.

Ashcroft sings in a laconic voice reminiscent of Jarvis Cocker about everything from the indignities of ageing ('Showdown At Horseshoe Pass') to the pretensions of music and fashion ('Longhaired Git') to nostalgic delusion (the title track, including the witty couplet "Stroll across the bowling green / To a Britain that has never been"). It seems churlish to wonder what the album would have sounded like with a more polished production when its charm lies in the lo-fi sound of tinny pre-set rhythms and rinky-dink keyboards. But there is, in the Beatlesque 'Heads Up', an anthem awaiting a larger audience. Lovers of the eccentric and outrageous, from John Shuttleworth to Sleaford Mods, should find much to entice them in this slow-burning collection.

Clive Webb

MATHEW BETHANCOURT
Mathew's Hidden Museum
★★★★
INTERSTELLAR SMOKE CD/LP

Josiah frontman Mat Bethancourt departs the sonic temple built by his respected acid-rock compadres and flings opens up the doors of his hidden museum.

This mostly instrumental solo recording has a dark, intense experimental energy, immediately apparent on 'Golden', which has a relentless beat that draws in doom-laden church organ and reverberating fuzz guitars. 'The Voyage Of Psyche' is an improvised skeletal jam with organ drums and epic guitar that could easily be the soundtrack to some lost horror flick, whilst 'Born On The 3rd Of July' hits a heavier Uriah Heep-like groove with driving bass and lashings of fluid, overdriven lead guitar that would sit snugly on a Josiah record. The sunny country melody of 'Summer Rain Will Fall' and folk-blues vibes of 'All Of The Saints Will Sin Again' add to the variety of an album that should appeal as much to the heavy progger as to the obscure psychster.

Richard Allen

BIKE
Arte Bruta
★★★★
QUADRADO MÁGICO / BEFORE SUNRISE DIGITAL

Given the progressive nature of their music, Brazil's BIKE are certainly believers in brevity – the 13 tracks on this LP take up just 34 minutes.

In that short period however we get the hypnotic sonic adventuring and reverb washes of 'Além-Ambiente', the glossy, synthy guitar textures of 'Cedro', the pulsating drones of 'Traço e Risco', the soaring, upbeat 'Clara-Luz', the delicate but still weighty 'Além-Céu', the feedback-drenched 'O Encontro do Céu com a Terra', the motorik pulse of 'Santa Cabeça' with its doomy coda 'A Queda do Céu', and the early Floyd finale 'Yaripo'. On the way we encounter lead single 'O Torto Santo', a song about duality which, with its balance of heaviness and delicacy, expresses everything BIKE are trying to tell us over the half-hour. The four-piece are prolific live performers in their home country – let's hope we see these songs translated to a stage somewhere nearer here soon.

Christopher Budd

CHILD OF PANOPTES
Child Of Panoptes
★★★★
SOUNDFLAT LP

Named for the 100-eyed giant of Greek mythology, Montpellier's Child Of Panoptes have used their enhanced vision to dig out some '60s obscurities to cover on their debut album alongside a string of originals.

Their own material is dance-friendly, keyboard-heavy freakbeat, exemplified by lead single 'Walk With Me' (released almost two years ago), with one odd outlier – 'More Stuff More Fun' – that suddenly goes '80s electro-pop. Cover versions on the disc include a fairly straight interpretation of Clouds' '69 folk-psych 'Make No Bones About It', an almost unchanged run through The Vipps' darkly poppy 'Wintertime' and a sped-up version of Apple's '68 *Chocolate Soup* favourite 'The Otherside'. The band add a nice baroque organ figure to their take on The Fairytale's '67 Brit-psych mood piece 'Guess I Was Dreamin'', but the joker in the pack is a punky spin on Elias Rahbani's 'From The Moon'. Just when you were getting comfortable.

Christopher Budd

JOOST DIJKEMA
After Thunder Sun
★★★★
TWIN DIMENSION CD/LP

Joost Dijkema (pronounced "Yowst Dykuh-ma") is a Dutchman who's grown up on Leo Kottke and Michael Chapman and his fingerstyle guitar technique was what made his two previous records, *Sacred Revelations* (2016) and *The Time Thief* (2019), so appealing.

On this third album Joost broadens his palette and exhibits his multi-instrumental capabilities with a selection of material that sounds like a full band through to solo acoustic guitar work. It's as enjoyable as those previous releases, with 'When A Dog Knows You're Home' folk-rocking up the tempo with slide guitar, electric bass and drums. 'Beautiful Ride' is a mid-70s-flavoured rock number that boasts some neat pedal steel guitar, whilst 'Vic's Raga' is exactly as the titles suggests – acoustic eastern bliss. Side Two kicks off with the epic '(Packing In For The) Train Of Doomsday', an epic piece built around thoughtful guitar solos redolent of Richard Thompson. A startlingly great record.

Richard Allen

THE GOLDEN GRASS
Life Is Much Stranger
★★★★★
HEAVY PSYCH SOUNDS CD/LP

New York's paramount purveyors of hard-grooving rock have re-set the bar with their jaw-dropping fourth album.

Having settled nicely into a third line-up of long-timers Adam 'La Otracina' Kriney (drums, lead vocals) and Michael Rafalowich (guitar, more lead vocals), plus "new boy" The Above's Frank Caira on bass (and even more lead vocals) their mutual love of The Artwoods, Nazz, Chicano-soul and jazz, combined with a resolve to peddle hard-rock in the style of Yesterday & Today or Highway Robbery, gains them salutations and horned fists all round. *Life Is Much Stranger* is all highlights, from 'The Answers Never Know' with "Slade B-side" vibes veering quickly into a beast of multi-faceted vocals *a la* American Gypsy, and 'Island In Your Head', a gutsy underbelly of phased guitar balancing the ballsy grooves of Kiss' debut. The addition of a ton of twin lead just feels like Christmas. *Nazz IV* anyone?

Louis Wiggett

HAWK PERCIVAL
Night Moods
★★★★★
THINK LIKE A KEY CD

Thankfully, we now live in a time in which bold female artists are finally considered to be (almost) as important as their male counterparts. With her rather magnificently indefinable, genre-surfing brand of music, Hawk Percival's name is one that should most certainly be added to this expanding throng.

Releasing music since 2017, the LA-based musician currently goes under the collaboration-friendly signature of Hawk Percival And Friends, her latest release is *Night Moods*, a compilation of her two most recent EPs (Vols 1 and 2) of the same name. Percival is truly the mistress of her own domain, writing both music and lyrics, arranging and producing. She also plays piano and guitar. Tugging on a myriad of influences – prog, melodic '60s pop, yacht-rock – this is intensely personal music. With a voice part Kate Bush, part Yoko Ono, her songs border on the anthemic but with an *avant-garde* twist. Fascinating, unique and totally captivating.

Sarah Gregory

HOLLY HENDERSON
The Walls
★★★★
IVY RECRODS DIGITAL

For most singer-songwriters music became an insular affair in the age of lockdown, prompting a deeper focus on the familiar (the plethora of lonely acoustic guitar recordings we're left with is evidence of this). Things seem to have gone quite differently for Holly Henderson.

Whereas her previous album favoured classic alternative guitar sounds, the impressive *The Walls* takes melodies, words, riffs and a wider instrumental palette in adventurous directions, as the brightly lopsided psych-pop of 'Heart Full Of Soil' demonstrates from the beginning. At 27, Henderson offers a multi-coloured selection of songs that refuses to stay put in one genre or mood, a brilliant reflection of a generational omnivorous switch in listening habits. 'Wendy' shows a love of '60s pop, while 'Back After Sunrise' brings to mind Julien Baker. The lulling dusk folk of 'Gold' is another highlight, and 'Weary Stars' is the most out-there, slow-burning experimental number of the bunch.

Camilla Aisa

THE HIGH SPAN
The High Span
★★★★
SPINOUT NUGGETS LP

Rochester's The High Span is the latest group to highlight the sturdiness of the Medway towns' grass roots music scene. It's comprised of ex-members of Ye Ascoyne d'Ascoynes, Armitage Shanks, Subway Sect, These Guilty Men and Pod, amongst others. This is their debut full-length outing and follows 2020's *Quirky Miniboss Squad* EP. The group comes across as a likeable band of commuter town bohemian misfits with their self-deprecating lyrics but can also dash off some deft musical touches.

'Boomer' neatly summarises generational differences via a frantic post-punk rush. 'Nee Naw' is a garage-rocker which relates several brushes with the long arm of the law. But perhaps best of all is 'Listen To Records', which encourages you to switch off the TV, get the kettle on and settle down with a good book, or indeed "listen to records". Wise counsel indeed, and *The High Span* makes for an excellent listening choice.

Duncan Fletcher

Joost Dijkema goes finger painting

MATTHEW HIMES
Hemlock & Bergamot
★★★
RAMBLE LP

Minnesotan Matthew Himes offers seven songs of loner-folk on this dark and ghostly recording.

"We're going down," he intones in the opening lines of the album. "There's no way out." Things don't look up much from there. Himes' sound evokes eerie landscapes of the inner mind as much as the external world, the vocals echoing, the sparely strummed guitar drifting through a gentle wash of electronica. Himes sings in his dusty and defeated voice of loneliness, doomsdays and lost memories and hopes. There's a hint of redemption with the promise of daylight in the closing 'Always In The Morning', but even here the beatless music has an unsettlingly, otherworldly air. If David Lynch is looking for someone to score one of his films following the death of Angelo Badalamenti, he could start his search here.
Clive Webb

HOLIDAY GHOSTS
Absolute Reality
★★★
FAT CAT LP

On their fourth long-player, Falmouth-based four-piece Holiday Ghosts add new elements to their sound without losing sight of the fresh charm previous records, such as 2019's memorable *West Bay Playroom*, brimmed with.

Absolute Reality might feel a little less immediate in comparison, but the band's signature blend of garage-rock and poppy DIY is simple, scrappy, tuneful and bright, and still the core of a most pleasurable listening experience. There is a bit of new-wave to some of these songs, which are sparse without the risk of feeling spare: that, with added moody romantic flair, is especially evident on the title track and numbers such as the pensive 'Blue' and 'Vulture' (the latter has a short guitar intro that would make The Only Ones proud). The best is saved for last: 'B Truck' is a driving hooky highlight, and jangly slow-burner 'Big Cold River' proves the album's dreamiest moment.
Camilla Aisa

JANA HORN
The Window Is The Dream
★★★★
NO QUARTER CD/LP

If intimate indie-folk and songs full of multiple meanings are your thing, you're about to meet a new favourite singer-songwriter. An even more elegantly nuanced follow-up to Horn's exquisite 2021 debut *Optimism*, the beautifully titled *The Window Is The Dream* finds the Texas artist pushing her range of expression, both lyrically and musically.

The songs are seemingly sparse; they might appear quiet and stripped down but they're tastefully complex: you can follow different paths with each new listen. Horn's singing is understated, at times almost lost in thought – it's as if the self-reflecting that is being done in the lyrics was still in process (as a wonderful result, one feels welcome to take part in it). Similarly, the music yields an ethereal ambience that carefully considers each detail (a vibraphone on 'Leaving Him', a free-flight guitar on 'Song For Eve') without losing any of its emotional power.
Camilla Aisa

IMMATERIAL POSSESSION
Mercy Of The Crane Folk
★★★★
FIRE CD/LP

The name and look might lead one to expect ethereal folk, but opener 'Chain Breaker' sounds more like Immaterial Possession's Athens, GA forebears The B-52's on an exotic, gothic trip.

Clarinet and bongos snake in and out of conventional rock instrumentation, while Madeline Polites' vocals swoop and swoon. On the title track, Cooper Holmes shares singing duties, while skeletal post-punk guitar riffs meet warm 'Astronomy Domine' organ. And, despite its title, 'Medieval Jig' is more of a dark, jazzy smoulder, like a beatnik Associates. Folk influences are present, with the eclectic musical approach reminiscent of Trembling Bells, and Polites' voice has something of Lavinia Blackwall. There's a suspicion, too, of an over-arching storyline, but your enjoyment won't be diminished by not following it if so. From the film-*noir*, guitar-twanging instrumental grooviness of 'Siren's Tunnel' to the dreamlike, hallucinatory 'Red Curtain', the quality of *Mercy* is in no way strained.
Ben Graham

JIM
Love Makes Magic
★★★★
VICIOUS CHARM LP

JIM is the new musical alias of Jim Baron who is most well-known as a founder member of contemporary disco and house outfit Crazy P. This album is a complete departure from that sound and sees Jim reaching deep into his record collection for a free-flowing set of '70s Laurel Canyon harmony-rock meets soulful yacht-rock vibes.

There's finger picking folk interludes, woozy psychedelic Crosby Stills & Nash-style harmonies and soulful Balearic grooves aplenty. Baron cites Nick Drake, Jackson C Frank, Terry Callier and Ned Doheny as key influences in the making of this record, and boy, can you tell. It's an intriguing and authentic blend of shimmering styles, featuring acoustic guitars and sun-kissed electronic textures that evoke hazy sunsets over warm rippling waters. It's the sort of record we could imagine/hope Beck would make. Be amazed if *Love Makes Magic* doesn't appear in most end of year polls.
Paul Ritchie

JOHN ANDREWS & THE YAWNS
Love For The Underdog
★★★★
WOODSIST LP

Our favourite fictional band has some affection to express. It's not just *Love For The Underdog*, as the title impeccably recites, but also an enchantment with New York and a lifelong passion for cinema.

There are cityscapes at the core of these musical vignettes, but the cosiness of Andrews' music, previously captured between Pennsylvania and New Hampshire, is perfectly intact; it still oozes a kind of mellowness – all understatedly soulful vocals, soothing keys and caressing guitars, halfway between bedroom-pop and a more aware yacht-rock – usually heard on the west coast. If other songwriters turn to lush string arrangements to make flamboyant statements, Andrews uses them as a means to convey intimate poignancy. Music that works as such an impressive balm for fucked up times usually does so by burying its head in the sand. *Love For The Underdog* doesn't, and it's all the more stirring for it.
Camilla Aisa

At the mercy of Immaterial Possession
PHOTO: CAROLYN SCHEW

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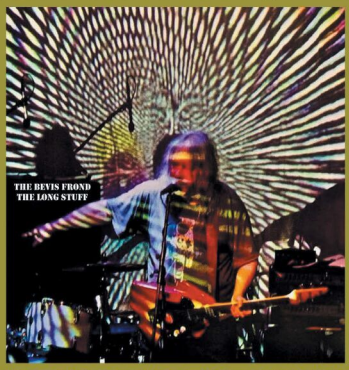

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DURAND JONES
Wait Till I Get Over
★★★★
COLEMINE CD/LP

This solo gem from the Durand Jones & The Indications' frontman is about reclaiming one's roots. In his case, roots are to be found in Hillaryville, Louisiana – the rural south.

Wait Till I Get Over is personal in such a candid, dedicated way it ends up speaking a universal language. Places and events aren't the only determining biographical factors – musical roots are equally crucial. They are skilfully varied: there's lush neo-soul ('Gerri Marie'), gospel (the arresting one-man choir of the title track), hip-hop (rapper Skypp's interlude on Donny Hathaway's 'Someday We'll All Be Free'), even spoken word ('The Place You'd Most Want To Live'). 'Sadie' evokes Motown in full Beatlemania, and 'See It Through' is a fun groover with echoes of Stevie Wonder. Then there's stand-out 'That Feeling': a hard-won emotionally naked exploration turned queer anthem, and one of the most stirring love songs we've heard in a while.

Camilla Aisa

THE MURLOCS
Calm Ya Farm
★★★★
ATO LP

Okay, the sleeve is hardly inviting, and makes one think of a homely lost cousin to Dry Cleaning's *Stumpwork*. But what lies inside is The Murlocs' most addictive and memorable record to date.

Surprisingly for a band that is so prolific and comprises members of the ultimate madly prolific band (King Gizzard & The Lizard Wizard), each track on *Calm Ya Farm* is infused with irresistible urgency. This is The Murlocs at their loosest and rowdiest, taking the raw energy of their signature garage sound and alchemising it into a blend of earthy electric country and pub-rock. There's a swampy quality to this all-killer set, which isn't new to the KGLW tribe, but this is a far more gripping and groovy affair, the sound of a remarkably tight group that manages to channel a classic feel while keeping things fresh. Going up the country parties rarely get this fun and hooky.

Camilla Aisa

Peter Daltrey and Mark Mortimer keep on running

Returning Legends

PETER DALTREY & THE KNOW ESCAPE
Running Through Chelsea
★★★★
THINK LIKE A KEY CD/LP

Kaleidoscope lynchpin Daltrey has teamed up with Mark Mortimer (DC Fontana/The Sorrows) for this 13-song CD/10-song LP. Daltrey's lyrics are as astute as ever and are married here to well-produced, song-serving music. Expect a shape-shifting journey through psychedelic rock, baroque strings and North African textures and scales.

At the heart of the album sits 'Time And Tide', a meditation on the passing of time, ageing and mortality delivered via a timeless English folk melody. Its flipside companion piece 'Running Through Chelsea' takes a wistful look back at youthful salad days. The here and now is examined too – 'Turn On Your Radio' addresses today's mass media overload. The album was produced by long-time Julian Cope producer Donald Ross Skinner in London and Rick Reil (The Grip Weeds, final Left Banke line-up) in New York. Guest musicians include Michael Tyack (Circulus), Luke Smith (Ulysses) and Alison O'Donnell (Mellow Candle).

Duncan Fletcher

RAIN PARADE
Last Rays Of A Dying Sun
★★★★
FLATIRON CD/LP

Oh man. You would probably figure to approach this with some healthy skepticism. You should not. It's that rare example of a favourite artist, virtually disappeared for ages and ages, coming back and carrying a bursting suitcase full of what made you love them in the first place. The Del Lords and dB's come to mind in this regard. Were you to hear it without being told who it was, suffice to say you would know. And you would smile.

They sound a bit smiley here as well, more so than in the past, and that's not a bad thing at all. Other than that, you will be transported instantly back to the spring of 1984 (if in fact you were here then.)

All in all, it's a nicely sequenced deep dive into the past; the barn-burners are front loaded (see the knowingly-titled 'Bring You Back') and it just gets dreamier as you let it all flow past.

Mike Fornatale

DANN PELL
Invocation
★★★★
RAMBLE LP

Dann Pell offers eight intimate acoustic songs on this collection that evokes the rolling hills and valleys of his native Chester County in Pennsylvania.

The sparseness of the song titles – 'Patience', 'Sea', 'Tree' – points to the meditative quality of Pell's music. He sings in a hushed tone of mortality, the redemptive power of love, and a recurring motif, dreams of flight. There's an air of the devotional in both the lyrics and the spectral sound of the guitar playing. Pell weaves elements of sacred and secular music including jazz and country-blues into a sound that somehow seems intricate but spare. More than the sum of its parts, *Invocation* has the feel of a tone poem. Lyrically brooding, musically gossamer light, this is a pensive and beautiful recording that compels close listening.

Clive Webb

"LEGS" LARRY SMITH
Mr Wonderful
★★★
RIGHT RECORDINGS CD

At long last, the tap-dancing drummer of The Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah band, sidekick of Vivian Stanshall, pal of Elton John, Keith Moon, George Harrison and many others unleashes his solo album. Decades in the making, it was revised and revamped many times during its gestation and follows the recordings Larry made in the late '70s with Gus Dudgeon.

Inevitably, given the time span, it's a mixed bag, but what a bag. And what a mix! A stream of consciousness selection of bizarre tunes, dreamy production and assorted sound effect collages – reminiscent of Spirit's *Future Games* – it's threaded together by Larry's absurdist humour. Supported by an array of musicians, highlights include 'Isle Of Money', an updated version of 'Jollity Farm' and the rather beautiful 'From A River To An Ocean / Captain Deep-Fry'. It's not an easy listen but then what did you expect?

Richard Allen

VOX
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Vox Teen Beat was a periodical broadsheet style newspaper distributed by music stores across the US between 1965 and 1967. It ran for just seven issues and offered readers up-to-date information on the latest Vox products and more importantly the bands that were using them. It chronicled the British invasion and the birth of the US garage-rock scene and although published as a vehicle to push product, Teen Beat captured the innocence, enthusiasm and spirit of the times.

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THE TELESCOPES
Of Tomorrow
★★★★
TAPETE CD/LP

Forming in 1987, The Telescopes enjoyed considerable indie acclaim during the first five years of their existence, before taking 10 years off and returning as a loose collective around sole constant Stephen Lawrie. Since 2002 they've been impressively productive, and *Of Tomorrow* is their 15th album, recorded by Lawrie solo at his home studio in Shropshire.

Opening with the prowling fuzz bass-line and organ pulse of 'Butterfly' this is a return to a more accessible rock sound for The Telescopes after the electronic experimentation of recent records. The chiming, melodic guitars of gothic lullaby 'Everything Belongs' could have come from The Cure's *Disintegration*, while waltz-time ballad 'Only Lovers Know' finds Lawrie crooning over a '50s-inspired tune like he's auditioning for a roadhouse spot on *Twin Peaks*. With his haunted vocals prominent throughout, this is an album of songs about love, loss, and yearning, making *Of Tomorrow* intimate, affecting and timeless.

Ben Graham

TETRAO UROGALLUS
Gulo Gulo
★★★★
SULATRON LP

If you haven't yet got a dedicated psychedelic doom-funk section in your record collection, then the second outing by this Hamburg band is the perfect record to get started with. Churning yet groovy, these six slow, heavy-rock instrumentals are enlivened by a powerful, no-nonsense brass section, plus spacey Moog and Philicorda organ.

'Aurora' leans into soundtrack jazz like a Cortina taking the corner on two wheels, a tough '70s thriller theme with the guitars and bass as fuzzy as the protagonist's sideburns. On 'Lupus', Sabbath-like downer riffing meets spacious dub and northern soul brass figures, while 'Regnum Umbrarum' is a post-punk epic like a heavy metal Pigbag. The 18-minute-plus closer 'Verus Imperium' cycles through all these styles and more, adding some flute to vary the tone and even ending with a hint of Berlin-era Bowie. For those wanting to go into serious Goblin mode, *Gulo Gulo* fits the bill.

Ben Graham

THE THINGZ
In The Age Of Giant Moths
★★★
CHAPUTA! LP

The Thingz. This Long Beach quartet's very name suggests cartoon punk, and that is precisely what they deliver with ninth release *In The Age Of The Giant Moths*.

Several tracks such as 'Do The Moth' and 'Chicken Gang' sound as if they were cut in a studio haunted by The Ramones, with the latter simultaneously evoking Sam Cooke's 'Cupid'. 'Aquatic Valentine' finds them entering that Black Leather Lagoon favoured by The Cramps, and 'Distance Eliminator' is a '60s girl group confection with a contradictory lack of sweetness.

The angular, Devo-esque 'New Confusion' and closer 'Thingztrumental' are all groovy keyboards and want to be *Nuggets* when and if they grow up. The whole thing is one happy celebration of nerdy punk, rock 'n' roll primitivism, and '50s sci-fi movies. It may not explore new ground, but The Thingz have lotz o' fun playing in familiar territory.

Peter Gallagher

VANITY MIRROR
PUFF
★★★★
WE ARE BUSY BODIES LP

Fans of Los Angeles' era-authentic psych-pop mavens The Electric Looking Glass will, not surprisingly, find a lot to enjoy in this spin-off side-project from half the band: singer/songwriter/multi-instrumentalist Brent Randell and drummer Johnny Sleeper.

Although not entirely cut from a different cloth, *PUFF* has more to do with the bounced-down one-man band albums that Macca, Roy Wood, and Emitt Rhodes fashioned out of necessity, the quirky period pop of Jeff Lynne's Idle Race and ELO, The Kinks, and the informed indie-pop of Olivia Tremor Control than purely '60s baroque-pop and psych. It's exactly the kind of music that everyone in awe of the upbeat and whimsical hits of 1967 made across the coming decades. And it's a beauty. If you enjoy one song, you'll love them all – as it's consistently listenable.

Jon 'Mojo' Mills

WHATITDO ARCHIVE GROUP
Palace Of A Thousand Sounds
★★★★
RECORD KICKS LP

The Whatitdo Archive Group's debut *The Black Stone Affair* was the American trio's love letter to the great Italian soundtrack and library music maestros wrapped up in the premise of a long lost grail recently discovered.

Now free of the shackles of hiding their true identities, Alexander Korostinsky, Mark Sexton and Aaron Chiazza have taken a welcome leap forward on this new collection, bringing the influence of the kings of exotica such as Martin Denny, Les Baxter and Eden Ahbez into the mix alongside their knack for a widescreen funk groove and employing a full orchestra to provide cinematic flourishes. It's a wonderful meshing of styles and compositional nous that works brilliantly on the likes of opener 'Enter The Palace', the shimmering 'Sun Harp' and the richly-layered funk of 'Iron Tusk', to name but three immersive highlights on an album that's full of them.

Paul Osborne

Whatitdo Archive Group. Immersive

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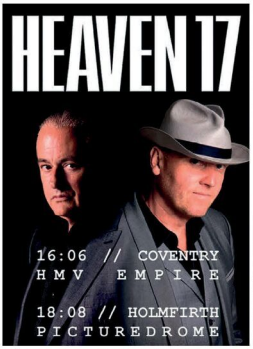
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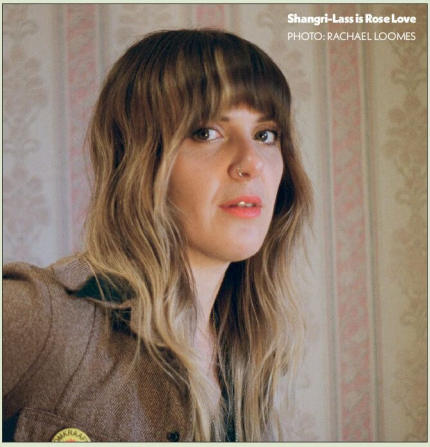
tracks

CAMILLA AISA rounds up this month's digital downloads and stray oddities



Shangri-Lass is Rose Love
PHOTO: RACHAEL LOOMES

Now that you've found your paradise... get ready for another fine selection of fresh digital delights! Our newest *Tracks* party starts with **SHANGRI-LASS**, aka Sister Wives bassist Rose Love. **'Parallel'**, her first solo single, is a groovy love letter to '60s girl groups and the sweet, sweet melancholy they made irresistibly charming. Try not to shimmy along.

We love songs that transport us around the world, and this next one touches on many corners of the globe in less than five chilled minutes. **TAPIOCA** is a Belgian duo whose music is firmly rooted in Brazil, as the smooth vibes of **'Lagoas De Ruanda'** immediately demonstrate. This and the other songs on their new album were written thinking about lyricist Alessandro 'Le Tagarel' Vlerick's time teaching in Ruanda.

From faraway shores to Brighton, where **BARBARA**, fresh from a tour supporting The Divine Comedy, treat us to their new single. **'Enduring Love'** was titled after and inspired by Ian McEwan's 1997 novel. It is also, as the first piano notes make delightfully clear, the duo's homage to the late Burt Bacharach. Hooky, wide-eyed slices of superpop are what you get when talented types fall in love with the greats.

Husband-and-wife pair **THE SAXOPHONES** are back with the first new song (and imminent album) in three years. Picture an Angelo Badalamenti production raised on Lee Hazlewood and Leonard Cohen, with some old-fashioned exotica charm sprinkled on top. The alluring **'Desert Flower'** evokes California's sunburned cinematic past with languorous old-world chanson vibes thrown in for good measure.

A new cut from skilled purveyors of exquisite grooves **THEE SACRED SOULS**? Don't mind if we do. **'Running Away'** has quickly become a staple of their live shows and is now getting the studio treatment it clearly deserved. Once again, they hit the spot with a classic '70s sound built around bouncing bass, horns, velvety vocals and bongos to boot. A new soul fave with a delicious Curtis flair.

Check, check, check, one, two... no, wait, this is not that **'Cannonball'**. This one is a stylish throwback to the '60s of catsuits and technicolour grooviness (if you're a fan of action-packed, sepia-toned B-movies, we recommend seeking out the video, which features to-die-for costumes and even a canine mastermind). **IRAINA MANCINI** makes revisiting the past a tremendously fun, properly catchy adventure.

A completely different '60s sound is conjured on **MOONWALKS'** **'Heavy Tears'**, the first song they wrote for their forthcoming new album. This is the shadowy side of that kaleidoscopic era, reflected through modern lenses – the trio favours the reverb-heavy enticement of all things dark, and distils it into a blend of Eastern-enamoured jangly psych and sunglasses-on Detroit cool.

Also surveying the cathartic effects of dark trips are **SKULL PRACTITIONERS**, a New York-based three-piece fronted by Dream Syndicate guitarist Jason Victor. **'Leap'**, one of the highlights of the group's debut long-player, is all martial stride and Stooges-loving raucousness, a visceral garage-rock number that's either under the effect of brown acid or, simply, aware of what's going on in this world.

THE CRYSTAL TEARDROP is a brand-new band making familiar music. **'Nine Times Nine'**, their debut single, faithfully evokes modish 1967 psychedelia with some garage-rock punch. The vibe suggests The Fab Four about to get tickets for Rishikesh and, of course, there are backwards guitars too. The group comprises of Alfa 9 member Leon and friends; Alexandra Rose's singing adds nice indie-pop flavour.

On his latest tune, **JAMES COMBS** teams up with folk duo **THE WELL PENNIES** and pens a love letter to what he calls his favourite people, aka the giant redwood trees that immediately won his heart when he first moved to California. The result is **'High Pine Steeples'**, a fine slice of caressing Americana made of three-part harmonies and gently strummed guitars. It only takes one listen to start singing along.

There's a duality at the core of **CHLOE GALLARDO**'s music. "Hope to God we never meet again," she concludes on the chorus of **'God Is Dead'**. The lyrics reflect on abusive relationships with candour. The music, on the other hand, floats slowly and gently, its brittle indie-folk texture looking up to Broadcast's more lost-in-thought moments. It's this very pairing of heavy and light that makes the song deeply poignant.

Our Tracks expedition ends on a note of soothing intercontinental contemplation. **MODERN COSMOLOGY** is a collaborative project between Brazilian sonic explorers Mombojó and Stereolab co-founder Lætitia Sadier. **'A Time To Blossom'** blends Tropicalia bliss and modular dream-pop, and makes for a most perfect spring-into-summer soundtrack.

BLACK SNAKE MOAN

Fire / What You See

★★★★

HYPNOTIC BRIDGE

Not long off the back of touring with The Candys and The Black Angels, Italian psych-blues rocker Marco Contestabile, aka Black Snake Moan, releases a brand-new single.

With a visual image reminiscent of Jodorosky's *El Topo*, Black Snake Moan is as much inspired by the ancient Etruscan spirit of his Italian homeland as he is by the customary parade of '60s influences. This is music with roots that go deep. 'Fire' is 100% psychedelic and centres on a hypnotic hook driven by Contestabile's doom-laden vocal and some gruff organ, which goes into full-on Doors mode on the break. It's not difficult to see why The Black Angels picked him as support. Flipside 'What You See' channels the folkier side of psych with its Byrds-esque jingle-jangle and charming flute. Again, Contestabile's distinctive voice is key as it shifts from malevolent to endearingly charming. This is good stuff.

Sarah Gregory

THE BLUE CONDITION

Coming Home / Lost Love

★★★★

GROOVIE

No-one knows whether this obscure US garage outfit named themselves after the Cream song on *Disraeli Gears*. What is known for sure is that this the sole 45 recorded by this Waukegan, Illinois five-piece has become a serious collectors' item.

Originally released in 1969 on the decidedly small-time Tersa label, original copies have long been gold dust. Thanks to Lisbon's Groovie Records, this under the radar garage gem has now been given a limited-edition reissue. Although cut in '69, 'Coming Home', with its raw and moody combination of sullen vocals, fuzz guitar, kicking drums and echoes of The Pretty Things, Chocolate Watchband and Standells, actually feels like it should have surfaced about three years earlier. As for the flipside, if you didn't know otherwise you might think the considerably more reflective 'Lost Love' was the work of another band entirely.

Grahame Bent

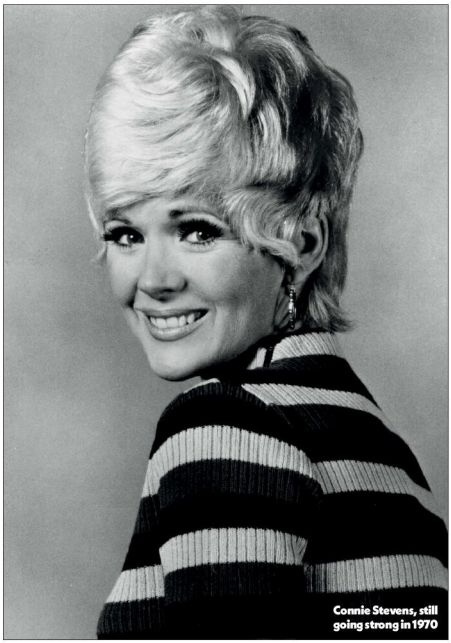
MAD MAX ELLIOTT

King Lear Was Here / Tombstone Blues

★★★★

NUDIE

An intense and semi-minimalistic approach on 'King Lear Was Here' that, in places, cuts somewhere between a rockabilly beat and the colder no-wave sound that proliferated for a while across parts of USA after punk. After a few listens it creeps


Connie Stevens, still going strong in 1970

along more like a sort of unmodulated, non-pulsating Suicide if you will – there are certainly traces of Alan Vega in the vocal delivery – with a poetic, lyrical playfulness that also calls to mind the late, great Marc Bolan; but Max also offers some cautionary advice to all living monarchs.

A pretty decent cover of Bob Dylan's *Highway 61 Revisited* epic, the masterful 'Tombstone Blues', occupies the B-side, featuring a solid, unwavering drum track throughout. This helps propel the true to the-original rhythm, aided by some cool sounding scuzz-fuzz guitar. An appropriation of the original's tasty licks also comes through loud and clear on the lead breaks. An attractive and appealing pairing.

Lenny Helsing

AS MENINAS / JORGINHO TELLES

Redondo Sambao / Brasileiro

★★★★

MR BONGO

Mr Bongo's long-running series of split seven-inch repressings of vintage Brazilian rarities reaches #100 with this memorable pairing of collector's items.

Originally released on Som Maior in 1967, 'Redondo Sambao' survives as one of the handful of recordings known to exist by all-female vocal group As Meninas. Deftly delivered, this quintessential '60s jazz samba is defined by supreme vocal dexterity, airy flute lines and understated yet tightly sprung rhythms. Overflowing with breezy uplifting vibes, this gem is over way too soon – in just under two and a half minutes. Jumping forward four years Jorginho Telles' 'Brasileiro' appeared as both on his '71 self-titled long-player and as a single on Copacabana Records. A winning blend of husky, crooned vocals, rough-hewn funky psych guitar and dramatic horn arrangements, 'Brasileiro's' soulful edge offers a whole different flavour.

Grahame Bent

MORNING DEW

Go Away / No More

★★★

HYPERLOOP

Three years before they summoned their self-titled psych-rock long-player for Roulette, Topeka, Kansas quartet The Morning Dew cut a brace of self-penned 1967 singles for short-lived Missouri label Fairyland, the A-sides of which are paired on this reissue, which throws photo cards, label reproductions and a cute jukebox strip into a spacious cardboard sleeve.

'Go Away' is classic teen alienation ("Papa said he don't care / Mama don't like my hair") set to an arrangement that's part Velvet Underground chug, part Beach Boys surf. 'No More' – immortalised on *Pebbles Vol 14* – plays the old four-chord trick with singer/guitarist Mal Robinson edging into Roky Erickson/Sky Saxon territory and a searing fuzz solo that leaps out of the mix. It also hints at the more complex, malevolent song structures that would bear fruit on the album, after acid and headbands had replaced the provincial garage naivety displayed here.

Andy Morten

THE SENSATION SEEKERS

It's Clappin' Time EP

★★★★★

SPINOUT NUGGETS

On the money and on the disc scene once again, Edinburgh-based Sensation Seekers are something of a rare breed: a modern instrumental combo, but one that doesn't just focus attention on any one player. Sure, the Hammond plays a major role, but listen for those startling lead guitar lines too, and the fiery dynamics coming from the bass and drums quarter; all are equally deserving of their time in the spotlight.

The title track lets rip with a series of tasty licks providing listeners with a carefully crafted yet full-on vintage groover. There are plenty of greased-up thrills on board 'The Gravy Train', and 'Satisfaction Guaranteed' will illicit more hip-twisting moves in no time. They finish on a souped-up, Sensation Seekers-stamped reading of Booker T & The MG's' 1965 single, 'Be My Lady', also adopted by '60s mod icons the Artwoods on their *Art Gallery* LP. This is another Ravencraig production which boasts impeccable sound throughout and comes in a superb eye-catching sleeve.

Lenny Helsing

SPEAKEASY

Last Summer In London / Candy

★★★

FAB

Speakeasy formed in 2005, originally as the house band for a star-studded charity record session and have since released three albums. Something of a supergroup themselves, previous members have included the late Mike Evans, bassist of legendary '60s bands The Action and Mighty Baby, plus Hammond organ supremo Fay Hallam. The current line-up features ex members of mod revival acts The Purple Hearts and The Chords, but this is different sound to the one you might associate with these bands.

Both sides of this 45 are in a '60s bubblegum meets '70s powerpop vein. 'Candy' features a catchy repetitive vocal hook that, like all good bubblegum records, is simple and easy on the ear. Meanwhile, 'Last Summer In London' is a more lyrically astute affair with a wistful pop melody that wouldn't have sounded out of place on The Monkees' 2016 album *Good Times!*

Paul Ritchie

CONNIE STEVENS

Tick Tock / Keep Growing Strong

★★★★

MEASURED MILE

Here's a curio, even by pop magpie Bob Stanley's crate-digging standards. Stevens was a white bread American actress whose adjacent music career began in 1959. The following decade saw her tastefully plundering the songbooks of Tim Hardin, Goffin & King, Jimmy Webb *et al* in a variety of country-pop and Brill Building styles

This single, recorded under the auspices of future Philly soul lynchpin Thom Bell in '70 (with the sides reversed), was her final release (excepting a promo-only stab at Graham Nash's gender-reversed 'Simple Girl') and closed a five-year period during which Stevens failed to crack the charts. Now an in-demand £250 northern soul collectable, 'Tick Tock' is the dancefloor filler; Stevens' slinky vocal and Bell's lush arrangement in perfect unison. Bell repurposed the sweeping 'Keep Growing Strong', with its "betcha by golly, wow" opening lyric, for The Stylistics' debut album the following year and, after that crucial change of title, scored a Top 3 US hit. A fascinating piece of musical history.

Andy Morten

SVEN WUNDER

Harmonica And / Easy Going

★★★★

PIANO PIANO

Sven Wunder is a marvel. Having spent the last three years meticulously assembling a bounteous catalogue of world-influenced jazz-funk, the Swedish instrumentalist's name is probably familiar to most *Shindig!* readers by now as he continues to blend ethnic influences, lounge and pure musicianship

Wunder's latest single bears all of the Swede's usual hallmarks, but this time he's shifted his attention to the wilds of South America with the subtle samba rhythms of Brazil permeating throughout. On 'Harmonica And', Wunder's customary jazz organ takes charge, jostling as it does with a rather satisfying harmonica line – unsurprising given the title. The Brazilian beats continue into 'Easy Going', another instrumental groove fest, awash with wah-wah guitar, strings and more harmonica while staying true to Wunder's ethnic musical roots with the inclusion of traditional Brazilian instrument the cuica. A wunder-ful record.

Sarah Gregory

CLEAN LIVING UNDER DIFFICULT CIRCUMSTANCES: A LIFE IN MOD

Eddie Piller

★★★★

MONORAY

Inimitable raconteur Eddie Piller has always come across as the kind of guy you'd happily spend time with chewing the fat on life, love and the universe, and this book is akin to being in the company of someone with plenty of entertaining tales to tell.

His autobiography is a real coming of age story as the teenage Piller enthusiastically embraces the emerging mod revival and begins a lifelong love of all things mod. Remarkably, the events of this book mostly took place whilst Eddie was under the legal age for drinking. Throughout, Eddie keeps dreaming and scheming, swerving all kinds of hair-raising adventures along the way. The stench of violence that marred the whole scene makes for shocking reading but was redolent of the times. Despite endless running battles with skinheads and overzealous police aggravation, the comradery and spirit of like-minded souls is inspiring. So much so, we get the feeling this period must have been the happiest of times for the narrator.

By 1986, disillusioned with the scene but still a mod at heart, our man looks for something new to stroke that modernist itch. Surprisingly, that's pretty much where the story closes. Those waiting for the full expose on the Acid Jazz era will have to wait for Eddie to get back to his typewriter. Hopefully, that will be sometime soon. Meanwhile, this candid and revealing memoir also doubles up as a key text for anyone interested in the sights and sounds of the mod revival era.

Paul Ritchie

COME MY FANATICS: A JOURNEY INTO THE WORLD OF ELECTRIC WIZARD

Dan Franklin

★★★★

WHITE RABBIT

Released to commemorate the 30th anniversary of their formation, *Come My Fanatics* is an absorbing, immersive history of Dorset doom legends Electric Wizard. Written with the co-operation of mainstay Jus Oborn and rhythm guitarist wife Liz Buckingham, author Dan Franklin is straight down their rabbit hole within a few pages. Anyone who reads will follow.

Deafeningly loud, hallucination-inducingly slow, and steeped in grindhouse horror movies, esoteric philosophy and the occult, the Wizard, led by Oborn, have had a huge cult following almost since day one. Defiantly raging against society, the law, even each other – they've remained in a sinister, smoke-filled bubble of their own through decades of drugs, madness and chaos.

Key to their origin story is Oborn's hometown of Wimborne, a rural market village with an undertow of jarring weirdness. Your correspondent was around when the seismic but combustible original trio formed, and at school with the two younger members – bassist Tim Bagshaw and drummer Mark Greening. Some of the story might seem far-fetched, but Franklin's excellent book might have benefited from input from other voices, like those of Bagshaw and Greening. Both joined up at the tender age of 16, and both have their own war stories to tell, but appear only in old interviews. "This book speaks the truth – maybe only *a* truth about Electric Wizard," Franklin knowingly notes in the final chapter. It's mainly Oborn's truth. After all, Electric Wizard is his baby. But regardless of whose story *Come My Fanatics* is, it's a gripping one.

Martin Ruddock

HAPPY TRAILS

Andrew Lauder with Mick Houghton

★★★★

WHITE RABBIT

It's easy to marvel at the golden age releases on the UK United Artists and Liberty labels, but the A&R man responsible for them is largely an unknown figure. With help from Mick Houghton, Andrew Lauder's memoir *Happy Trails* gives the reader a window into a charmed life that most of us can only dream of. In a story free of much regret or scandal, Lauder remembers the important smaller details.

A teenage music obsessive arriving from Hartlepool in 1964, he walks straight into work in a London music publisher, determined to follow the lead of Andrew Oldham. What transpires is a fascinating career that largely consists of him following his own good taste. Moving into A&R, Lauder nurtured the homegrown (Bonzos, Groundhogs, Hawkwind) while bringing Captain Beefheart and Creedence to UK attention. Likewise, the release of albums by Can and Neu! illustrate a defiant, forward-thinking nature.

The signing of Dr Feelgood in '75 may be the story's defining moment, helping pave the way for work with The Stranglers and Buzzcocks, and while his subsequent Radar and F-Beat labels were ultimately ill-fated, they produced their share of fine records. As if to seal his credentials, Lauder launches the Edsel reissue label and releases The Stone Roses' debut in the closing chapters, but takes greater joy in securing a huge hit album for his boyhood hero John Lee Hooker. Told in highly readable, conversational style, *Happy Trails* suggests that Lauder was frequently one to make the right call.

Ben Phillipson

ON TRACK: SPIRIT

Rev Keith A Gordon

★★★

SONIC BOND

Given that Spirit's towering reputation rests largely on the four albums they released between 1968 and '70 – as opposed to the follow-ups, reunions, off-shoots and solo projects that have simultaneously muddied and revitalised the name since – this entry in the *On Track* series ("every album, every song") could have ended up being heavily front-loaded. Actually, those albums are given fairly short shrift, occupying just 27 of the 120-odd pages, leaving the Reverend Gordon to say nice things about '90s live sets and unreleased Randy California solo albums. It's a definitive overview for sure, but who exactly is interested in California and Jay Ferguson's '80s detours into metal and corporate soft-rock?

Regardless, the group's fractured chronology is traced via studio albums, compilations and archival releases. There are interesting titbits: this fan had no idea that access was denied to the original stereo mixes for the remasters of the two '68 albums in 1996, and that California and Ed Cassidy oversaw new mixes from the multi-tracks.

Gordon remains resolutely objective throughout, often to the point where one wonders if he likes the music he's attempting to dissect. Much of *Clear* – generally agreed to be the weakest of the Epic/Ode albums but far from being a dead duck – is casually written off, half of its songs dismissed using terms like "wretched" and "ridiculous". Factual errors abound ('Darlin' If' and 'I'm Truckin'' are credited to the wrong songwriters, for example) and Gordon struggles to find new ways to describe repeat appearances of tracks or California's guitar tones, undermining what is otherwise a sound study.

Andy Morten

Spirit comes off the tracks

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ERIC TENTACLES GONG

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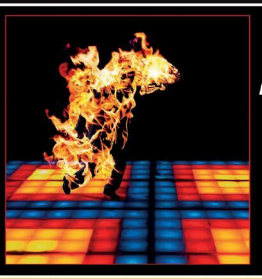
NOVEMBER 2023
FRI 17th
OXFORD O_2 ACADEMY
SAT 18th
LONDON O_2 FORUM KENTISH TOWN
+ CRAZY WORLD OF ARTHUR BROWN
SUN 19th
MANCHESTER O_2 RITZ
MON 20th
SHEFFIELD O_2 ACADEMY2
TUE 21st
COLCHESTER ARTS CENTRE
THU 23rd
NORTHAMPTON ROADMENDERS
FRI 24th
BRISTOL O_2 ACADEMY
SAT 25th
GLOUCESTER GUILDHALL
SUN 26th
BIRMINGHAM O_2 ACADEMY2
TUE 28th
BRIGHTON CHALK
WED 29th
NORWICH EPIC STUDIOS
THU 30th
BOURNEMOUTH O_2 ACADEMY
DECEMBER 2023
FRI 1st
FROME CHEESE & GRAIN
SAT 2nd
LIVERPOOL O_2 ACADEMY



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+ FAN FAVES

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05 BRISTOL O_2 ACADEMY
06 BIRMINGHAM O_2 ACADEMY2
07 SHEFFIELD O_2 ACADEMY2
08 LIVERPOOL O_2 ACADEMY2
09 LONDON O_2 ACADEMY ISLINGTON

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LONDON O_2 SHEPHERD'S BUSH EMPIRE
SAT 20TH MAY 2023
MANCHESTER O_2 RITZ
SUN 21ST MAY 2023
BIRMINGHAM O_2 INSTITUTE2
FRI 23RD JUNE 2023
LEICESTER O_2 ACADEMY2
THIS SHOW IS NOT PART OF THE 24 SONGS TOUR

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WITH JOHNNY ECHOLS

FRI 30 JUNE
MANCHESTER BAND ON THE WALL
SAT 01 JULY
LIVERPOOL O_2 ACADEMY
SUN 02 JULY
YORK THE CRESCENT
FRI 07 JULY
BIRMINGHAM O_2 ACADEMY2
SAT 08 JULY
OXFORD O_2 ACADEMY2
SUN 09 JULY
BRISTOL O_2 ACADEMY
MON 10 JULY
EXETER THE PHOENIX
WED 12 JULY
BOURNEMOUTH O_2 ACADEMY
THU 13 JULY
BRIGHTON CONCORDE 2
FRI 14 JULY
BEDFORD ESQUIRES
SAT 15 JULY
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DEAF SCHOOL
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IT'S IMMATERIAL
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Sat 06 May
BIRMINGHAM O_2 ACADEMY2
Fri 26 May
GLASGOW GARAGE
Sat 21 Oct
LEICESTER O_2 ACADEMY2
Fri 03 Nov
BRISTOL O_2 ACADEMY
Sat 04 Nov
OXFORD O_2 ACADEMY2
Fri 24 Nov
LIVERPOOL O_2 ACADEMY2
Sat 09 Dec
MANCHESTER O_2 RITZ
Fri 22 Dec
BOURNEMOUTH O_2 ACADEMY
2024
Fri 05 Jan
NEWCASTLE O_2 CITY HALL

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THE ANCORESS

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all the classics plus a 'lovely' acoustic interlude

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25 birmingham O_2 institute3
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FRI 13 OCT SHEFFIELD O_2 ACADEMY2
SAT 14 OCT LEICESTER O_2 ACADEMY2
FRI 20 OCT LIVERPOOL O_2 ACADEMY
2024
FRI 19 JAN NEWCASTLE O_2 CITY HALL

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THE MAN IN BLACK

SAT 16TH SEPTEMBER
SHEFFIELD
O_2 ACADEMY2
FRI 13TH OCTOBER
BIRMINGHAM
O_2 ACADEMY3
FRI 20TH OCTOBER
LONDON
O_2 ACADEMY2
ISLINGTON
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SAT 09 DEC
LIVERPOOL O_2 ACADEMY2
SAT 16 DEC
BIRMINGHAM O_2 ACADEMY2
2024
SAT 06 JAN
MANCHESTER O_2 RITZ
SAT 13 JAN
BRISTOL O_2 ACADEMY

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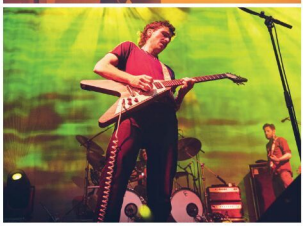
SAT 09 DEC 2023 LEICESTER O_2 ACADEMY2
SAT 27 JAN 2024 LONDON O_2 ACADEMY2 ISLINGTON



Serpent power! KGATLW take over the palace
PHOTOS: JACK FERGUSON

KING GIZZARD & THE WIZARD LIZARD

Alexandra Palace, London

WEDNESDAY 22ND MARCH

It's crazy to think that these versatile and musically prodigious Aussies have been around since 2010 – all these years of gigging, and the countless albums released, have honed the energetic sextet into a magical, shimmering, interlocked and multi-tentacled beast.

For their return to the huge Ally Pally Great Hall after the pandemic, excitement is high, both on and off stage. The predominantly young crowd wave the 2023 freak flag in all its shades and mosh like there's no tomorrow across the double whammy heavy metal / thrash introduction of 'Gaia' (from last April's epic *Omnium Gatherum*) and new song 'Gila Monster'. From there on the pace lessens (just a bit) and choice cuts from their expansive, ever-expanding back catalogue are plucked from, with a few mash-ups and lots of acid-rock diversions along the way.

Telekinetic by nature, the guitars of Joey Walker, Stu Mackenzie and Cook Craig weave in and around each other on the psychedelic 'Hypertension', taking the recent studio recording into the Dead zone; and winningly so. Whichever genre they tackle is liquidised and catapulted into the Gizzardverse. Take 'The Garden Goblin', sung by Cook, which joyously updates the 1967 Tomorrow UK psych template with a dose of Super Furry Animals' zaniness, or their foray into hip-hop meets '80s Hawkwind on 'The Grim Reaper'. Then there's the addition of the soulful vocals of Ambrose Kenny-Smith, notably on the louche, jazzy funk of 'Iron Lung'. Whatever they decide to do live, the band works as a focussed team – metronomically tight. They play like a shimmering proud peacock, aurally diverse, and talented beyond belief (mention has to be made of Kenny-Smith's blues harp, Walker's dextrous leads and Michael Cavanagh's thunderous drumming) that few others, if any, can match in 2023.

Jon 'Mojo' Mills

ROBYN HITCHCOCK, KELLEY STOLTZ

Neptune Theatre, Seattle

FRIDAY 16TH MARCH

Robyn Hitchcock's career has outlasted many other acts from the North American "college radio" indie music scene in the '80s and '90s. This longevity is attributable not only to his brilliant songwriting, mixing whimsical wordplay with moments of genuine poignancy and a keen psych-pop sensibility, but also to his collaborations with other artists.

The value that Hitchcock places on collaboration is demonstrated by his choice of bandmates for this 2023 US tour. Bart Davenport, Kelley Stoltz and Kurt Bloch all have extensive resumés of their own, but their willingness to be in Hitchcock's band demonstrates the reverence that fellow musicians hold for him.

Stoltz opens the evening with a solo turn, aided by Davenport on guitar. Stoltz characterises his songs as akin to Bob Ross painting "fluffy little clouds" in comparison to Hitchcock's being "fuckin' Van Gogh", but he is being too modest. From the gentle musings of 'Your Name Escapes Me' (from 2022 album *The Stylist*) and 'Are You My Love' to the trippy 'Pyramid Of Time', Stoltz crafts straightforward yet powerful lyrics and appealingly catchy melodies.

Next, Hitchcock performs three solo acoustic numbers, with Emma Swift adding pristine harmony vocals on 'Glass Hotel'. Then the full band joins in, with Stoltz on drums, Davenport on bass and Bloch on guitar. They rock through a decades-spanning set ranging from The Soft Boys' 'Queen Of Eyes' and 'I Wanna Destroy You' to the title track from 2022's *Shufflemania!* Any first-night nerves are counteracted by the enthusiastic reception from the audience, especially for highlights such as the Seattle-centric 'Viva! SeaTac' (Bloch played on the original recording), the guitar shredding on 'Madonna Of The Wasps', and the uber-funky extended jams on the encore closer, 'Grooving On A Inner Plane'. The prolific Hitchcock has yet another album, the all-instrumental *Life After Infinity*, coming out this spring; we can look forward to his taking us on many more musical adventures.

Fiona McQuarrie

"Whichever genre they tackle is liquidised and catapulted into the Gizzardverse. Take 'The Garden Goblin', sung by Cook, which joyously updates the 1967 Tomorrow UK psych template with a dose of Super Furry Animals' zaniness"

THE DREAM SYNDICATE, RAIN PARADE

The Lexington, London

WEDNESDAY 15TH MARCH

It's a proper Paisley celebration. The neo-psych birthed in Los Angeles is among the most relevant and enduring offerings of the '80s, but we're about to recognise that this music transcends decades, monikers and genres; it delights, moves and burns in the here and now.

Rain Parade haven't played in the UK for some 35 years; with Steven Roback absent, Matt Piucci sings and plays his acoustic with percussive help from Stephan Junca: it's a stripped-down performance that breathes

John Otway attempts to crack Australia
PHOTO: BRUCE MCINTOSH

Thee Girl Fridays' Miss Soo Kazookie
PHOTO: DANNY CARR

new, profoundly stirring gorgeousness into the songs. 'You Are My Friend' in particular feels like the most fitting anthem the night could ask for.

As for The Dream Syndicate, they often find themselves in this neck of the woods. Yet we're meeting a different band: on lead guitar there's another Paisley giant, The Bangles' Vicki Peterson. There's a fresh unexplored quality to the sound emanating from the Steve Wynn-led quartet; this might be the closest we'll ever get to being there in the pre-*Days Of Wine And Roses* days. 'John Coltrane Stereo Blues' is a cathartic jam that transforms into a lived-in 'Morning Dew', while the debut LP's title track finds its roots in Quicksilver Messenger Service. The encore starts with a jangle-heavy cover of The Bangles' 'Hero Takes A Fall', before Piucci joins in for 'Too Little Too Late' and a breath-taking three-guitar rework of Television's 'Glory'. We'll be stumbling in the rain soon, but these are moments we'll forever go back to.

Camilla Aisa

MELODY'S ECHO CHAMBER

The Scala, London

WEDNESDAY 15TH MARCH

It's a rainy midweek evening in a city ground to a near-halt by transport strikes. Not the most auspicious setting for the return of our favourite French psych-poppers Melody's Echo Chamber to the UK stage after a break of almost a decade. It's a hot ticket. Half of this expectant audience are in bands of their own. And if any of that fazes Mme Prochet, it certainly doesn't show.

Melody seems almost giddily happy to be back, emerging into the simple pink and blue spotlights in an outfit that looks like it's been spun from the very fabric of outer space, and kicking off a hazy 'Endless Shore' with her trademark breathy soprano. She instantly connects with this capacity crowd, sensing both their excitement and good will, so that when she momentarily loses her place in 'Some Time Alone, Alone', its met with an encouraging cheer, a bashful smile, and the moment passes joyfully. "It's our second gig together, Melody laughs, motioning to her backing supergroup, Dungen's Reine Fiske and Johan Holmegard, The Amazing's Fredrick Swahn, and old collaborator Jérôme Pinchon. Fiske and Swahn, the other two sides of the "Bermuda Triangle" production team of Melody's last two discs, swap instruments seemingly at will throughout a 90-minute set that digs into each of Melody's four LPs, creating a surprisingly coherent fusion of the singer-songwriter's different phases. The more recent, densely produced *Emotional Eternal* material translates well to the stage, with a bit of keyboard trickery here and there, not least to introduce the string-heavy 'Personal Message'. Of Melody's earlier songs, live staple 'Crystallised', with its extended jammed ending morphs into a space-rock freak-out, heavier than ever, and it's a real treat to hear the title track from last year's demo collection *Unfold* in its expanded form. If there isn't quite as much from 2018's *Bon Voyage*, perhaps that's a reflection of the darker content of that LP no longer resonating so strongly for Melody. One certainly hopes so. Although 'Cross My Heart', played as a final encore, is blisteringly triumphant. A jubilant return.

Christopher Budd

JOHN OTWAY

Windsor Bowls Club, Brisbane

SUNDAY 26TH FEBRUARY

A rather excitable Englishman walks on stage at the Bands Around Brisbane open mic. Fifty yards away silver-haired retirees launch bowls at the jack in 30-degree heat. John Otway, for it is he, informs a gaggle of fans and the curious that he's a pop star from England with two hit records, and this is the first step in his plan to "crack" Australia. Windsor Bowls Club is an odd place for an international debut, but then again Mr. Otway is nothing if not odd.

With gusto, he immediately launches into hit #1. The Australian public experience 'Really Free' live for the very first time. This consummate showman knows not to leave the hits too late in the set: get straight in there and rip them off like a band-aid. Then it's on to the real revelations of the show: The Sweet's 'Blockbuster' delivered as a gothic tale of relentless evil, 'House Of The Rising Sun' as a QGA session, the glorious 'Louisa On A Horse' (sung through a wonky, hands-free mic), the poignant 'Real Tears', and Otway's definitive reading of Bob Lind's 'Cheryl's Going Home'.

Fifty sweaty, smiling Brisbanites cheer as this Tommy Cooper of UK rock 'n' roll exits stage left. We were few, but we were there, and will always remember this historic gig. Which was, literally, (really) free.

Ian Thompson

THEE GIRL FRIDAYS

The Voodoo Rooms, Edinburgh

FRIDAY 3RD MARCH

Tonight, a sold-out crowd are ready to welcome back Thee Girl Fridays for their first post-pandemic show. Kicking off the night is Edinburgh-based act The Head Henchmen. With a heavy dose of surf underpinning their garage sound the four-piece (fresh from recording a 14-track album in the space of a day) race through an eclectic mix of originals and unexpected covers that include Le Tigre's 'Hot Topic'.

Next up are Shipley's revitalised Razerbills (now with added Thane Angus McPake on organ duties). Seemingly under the control of an alien brain, the masked-and-cloaked, fez-sporting quartet rattle through an energetic set interspersed with plenty of canny observations and asides.

Thee Girl Fridays' lively set includes old favourites and new numbers having their first live outing. New Girl Saskia brings a more direct element to their sound whilst additional guests throughout the set (Catriona from The Nettelles, Russ Wilkins and Razerbill Peter on final song 'Big Knicker Twist') along with Sue Kazooki's table of musical accompaniments contributes to perhaps the band's fullest performance yet.

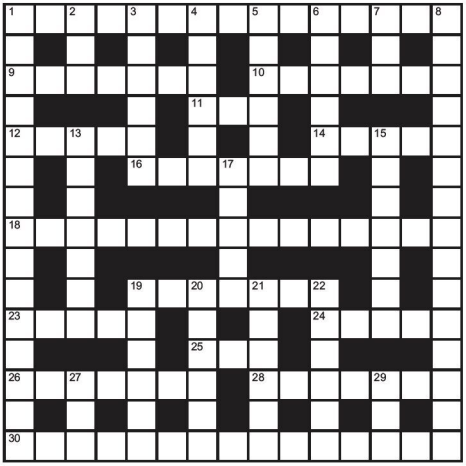
Kenny McMurtrie

Prize Crossword

by Stuart Draper

When Atlantic instructed **THE VELVET UNDERGROUND** to make an album "loaded with hits" in 1970, they duly turned in ***LOADED***, which, in a cruel twist of irony, became their first album *not* to crack the US *Billboard* Top 200 and failed to spawn any charting singles. Reissued on clear vinyl as part of Atlantic's ongoing 50th anniversary celebrations, it still sounds like it's full of smashes. And we have a copy to give away.

To enter, simply send your completed crossword to *Shindig!* #139 Crossword, 40 Windsor Crescent, Frome, Somerset BA11 2EA or email a legible scan of it to win@shindig-magazine.com with the words "S! #139 crossword competition" in the subject line, no later than 1st June. And don't forget to include your name and address!



Across

1 Sweetwater pays Mrs directly – sorted (2,7,6)
9 Solution has suitable contents before the moment of Jay & The Americans (7)
10 Stupid businessman repents sins for bright reissuers of Blossom Toes and Andwella's Dream (7)
11 Trip ceremony commences with plant extract (3)
12 Chicago band, ampere or teraampere or a distributor of oxygenated blood perhaps (5)
14 Personally handing out the cards, stuffing the husband of Father John Misty (5)
16 NATO lacks organisation in advance of Russian mountains, details the high of Mike Wallace (7)
18 Jesus surgery fronts female-owned young horse for Chris Simpson's disguised single release (11,4)
19 A gerbil goes berserk, starts on Steppenwolf and Joplin producer Mekler (7)
23 Sounds like tiny also joins together for Archies single (2,3)
24 A lot of thought needed for Montreal band (5)
25 Gary Wright tune for Johnny Hallyday is a bit exploitative of la French law (3)
26 Stephens' partner (another wrong'un) is a knaveless terrier (7)
28 Most of Grand Funk Railroad backed Terry Knight as this, as possible rugby forwards or a hunting dog collective (3,4)
30 Graham Dunnett and an eventual quotum, or DJ Simon with middle-ranking feudal servants (3,3,3,6)

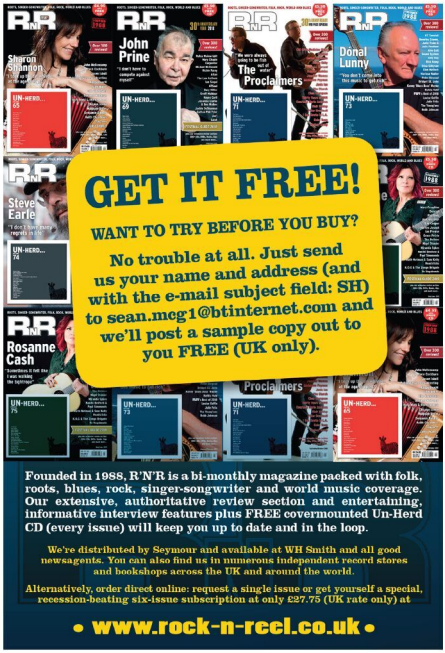
Down

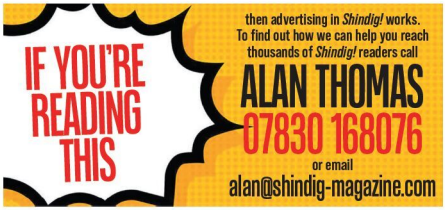
1 Wild Wallace Richmond provides spiritless society for debut Spirit (10,5)
2 America's somewhat preoccupied for Pond (3)
3 Toucan gets head transplant, duo leads famed Island sampler (3,3)
4 Winners of a Columbia contract, two-thirds of The Action made up this Kenny Lynch-produced group (3,3)
5 Saint surrounded by lascivious look introduces banging critic (6)
6 The first letter doesn't remain in place awkwardly, though David White Tricker includes this in his art supplies (6)
7 Banchee's John ends, doesn't start (3)
8 Killer puts mints in turmoil for Shel Talmy's fairy tale production (15)
13 About that nice snack from Fapardokly, no? (7)
15 Mom shuns bizarre homecoming, Plan 9 brings sunshine sunshine sunshine (7)
17 MC5 want stimulant for Egypt (5)
19 A gnome can be a foul direction from The Studio Group (2,4)
20 Initial sandwich consumes ale to begin XTC's rainy day (6)
21 Iceland, Italy and Montenegro country codes question KG Band flip (2,2,2)
22 Stanley Moon adds Lee band to Shaw second (4,2)
27 Slightly dishevelled rings the changes for Martin Newell (3)
29 Partial acclaim when Weller gets high (3)

Name

Address

Phone Email





Issue 138 crossword solution

1 M	I	2 L	K	3 F	O	4 R	F	5 L	O	W	E	6 R	S	
O		E		L		E		I				E		7 L
8 O	U	T	S	I	D	E	I	N	S	9 I	D	E		A
D		I		G		L		E		D		L		D
O		T		10 H	O	S	A	N	N	A		11 T	O	Y
12 F	R	O	S	T						13 H	O	O		G
H		U		14 S	H	15 A	M	16 P	O	O				R
17 A	R	T				G		F				18 D	I	E
M				19 D	R	E	A	M	E	20 R		I		E
I		21 M	O	I						22 A	R	S	O	N
23 L	A	Y		24 R	E	25 D	F	26 L	A	G		R		G
T		B		G		E		I		D		A		R
O		27 A	T	E	E	N	A	G	E	O	P	E	R	A
N		B				I		H		L		L		S
	28 H	E	A	V	Y	M	E	T	A	L	K	I	D	S

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New Distractions

by Dream Phases - NER-048

Emerging from the City of Angels' neo-psychedelic rock scene in 2017, Dream Phases reflects Calfornia's natural splendor and adventuresome inner spirit in its music.

The earthy-yet-exalted sounds of the Byrds, the Beach Boys and Crosby, Stills, Nash ,Young – as well as latter-dayartists like the Rain Parade, Elliott Smith and Autolux – figure into the band's family tree. Whilethis lineage is worth noting, what comes through in the band's latest work is an individual approach that translates the experiences of its members into something undeniably compelling.

First track to last, you can hear this vitality in New Distractions, Dream Phases' sophomore album.

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EXCLUSIVE RELEASES

Hold Drugs Dear

By R.J. Bloke - NER-049

Hold Drugs Dear is a dynamic solo effort from RJ Bloke, front man & songwriter for Los Angeles based alt-country, americana, roots rock quartet Patrolled By Radar.

These warm and urgent analog recordings feature an array of stellar guests including Alex Moore, Spencer Livingston (Livingmore), Eli Wulfmeier (Leroy from the North), Peter Curry (Los Straitjackets, Nick Lowe), and Davey Allen (Eric Burdon, Davey & The Midnights).

This collection of well-crafted poetic and melodic songs are sure to appeal to fans of Dylan, Ray Davies, Jeff Tweedy, Lennon & Paul McCartney and many more, truly magificent.

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Le Orme

Felona e Sorona

PHILIPS, ITALY, 1973

COVER PAINTING: LANFRANCO FRIGERI

Fifty years on, this Italian old master remains an absolute delight. **CHRIS GROOM** looks to the heavens for inspiration

"For an instant, the sister planets Felona and Sorona are alike in their happiness. It lasts only the space of a smile. With the magic enchantment, their equilibrium shatters and vanishes. Felona and Sorona capsize. In the imponderable game, they annihilate each other." So state the sleeve notes of Le Orme's fourth album *Felona e Sorona*, a conceptual work widely considered the Venetian trio's magnum opus.

Surrealism and progressive rock often make for powerful bedfellows and for the cover of their 1973 album Le Orme acquired the services of Lanfranco Frigeri, often regarded as Italy's foremost Surrealist artist. His striking painting entitled *'I pianeti del sogno e della speranza'* ('The planets of hope and dreams') brilliantly evokes the idea of the twin celestial bodies: Felona, bright and joyful and Sorona, dark and calamitous, who despite their cosmic attraction, must keep their distance in order to maintain universal equilibrium.

Hailing from Quingentole, a village in northern Italy, Frigeri began by following in his father's footsteps as a sculptor before turning his hand to painting in the early '60s. A meeting with André Breton, author of the Surrealist manifesto, in Paris led to an outpouring of canvasses clearly inspired by the work of Max Ernst and Salvador Dalí, who personally acclaimed the Italian's depictions of love, desire, frailty and femininity.

According to Le Orme's singer and bassist Aldo Tagliapietra, the painting was commissioned especially for the album. "During the recording of *Felona e Sorona*, we asked Lanfranco to come to the studio in Milan to listen to the work we were doing," he tells *Shindig!* "He arrived with a beautiful girl, his model. We talked a lot about the story we wanted to narrate. We ordered the painting, which was to be paid for by Polygram Italy," before adding cryptically, "but I don't know how much they paid or did not pay."

"We ordered the painting, which was to be paid for by Polygram Italy, but I don't know how much they paid or did not pay"

Influenced by the British beat scene, Tagliapietra and three student friends formed a band in '66 – the boys originally wanting to call themselves Le Ombre, a literal translation of The Shadows, before settling on Le Orme, meaning The Footprints. Becoming a trio in '67 – Tagliapietra being joined by Michi Dei Rossi on drums and Tony Pagliuca on keyboards – they released debut album *Ad Gloriam*, a mixture of pop and psychedelia, in '69. Musically, everything changed when Pagliuca accompanied journalist and photographer Armando Gallo on a trip to London. Inspired by live shows by Quatermass, The Nice and Yes, he returned home and convinced his bandmates to adopt a more progressive style. Consequently '71's *Collage* reached the Top 10 in the Italian album charts and a single from their third album even gave the band a minor hit in '72.

Riding the crest of a creative wave, Le Orme released *Felona E Sorona* in '73, firmly cementing their reputation as Italy's premier progressive rock group. After touring Italy with Peter Hammill later that year, the album was brought to the attention of The Famous Charisma Label, who authorised a UK release on the proviso they record a version with English lyrics supplied by Hammill.

It may be that when Frigeri died in 2019, aged 99, he was still unpaid for his work. "We found out years later," recalled Tagliapietra, "that when Lanfranco asked the company for his money, Alain Trossat (Polygram's Italian manager) had moved from Milan to Brazil, so nobody knew anything about it. Lanfranco came back home with his painting." However, the artist took great pleasure in the knowledge that his work had been splashed across every record shop window throughout Italy. After half a century, both Le Orme's glorious symphonic suite and Frigeri's cover art remain masterworks in their own right. SI

Thanks to Aldo Tagliapietra

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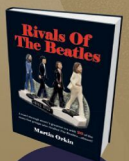

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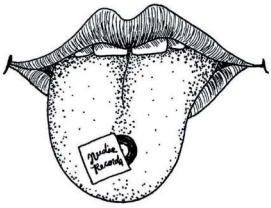

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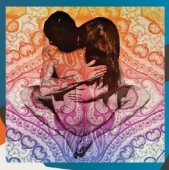

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In which **MICHAEL BJÖRN** investigates worthy albums that have somehow eluded reissue, compilation or acclaim

ROGER MOON

Nobody Knows My Name

(Capitol, USA, 1975)

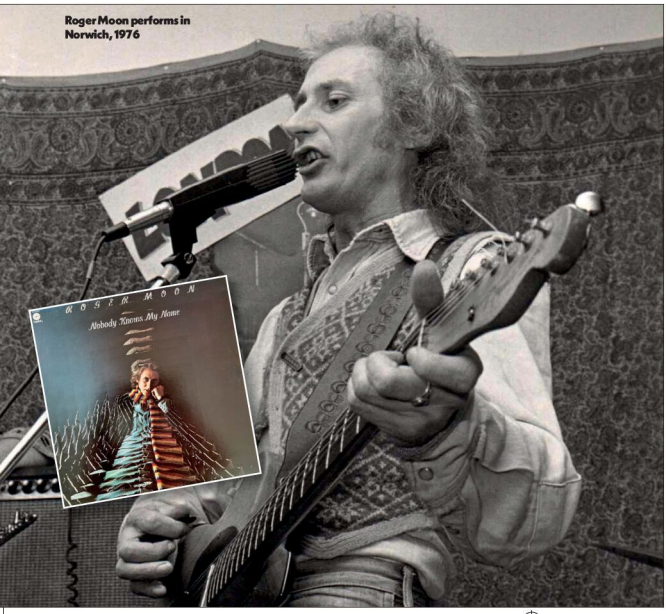
The signature "Michele" introduces Roger Moon as having "extraordinary talent" and an "entirely superlative album" on the album back sleeve. Since industry heavyweight Dee Anthony managed Moon, Michele is probably his daughter (and future Universal Music executive). "I know that they were friendly, Roger and Michele," explains Peter Frampton, who produced and played on the album with his entire Frampton's Camel band. With such multi-faceted support, Roger Moon really got everything he could wish for – except success.

Peter Frampton had gotten to know Norwich folk duo Roger Moon and Mike Rogers, aka Rogers Moon, through fellow ex-Herd member Andrew Bown, and they ended up jointly producing them as members of the band Storyteller. "I was just taken by how good they were," remembers Frampton. "I had two Revoxes that I used to record Mike and Roger, the two of them."

Frampton kept in touch with Moon after the demise of the group, and soon got involved in launching his solo career. "I sent Dee Anthony the music and said: 'I want to produce this,'" says Frampton. "What do you think about being his manager for this album?" Through Dee they secured a recording budget, and recordings got under way in 1973. "We did all the tracks at Morgan Studios and Olympic Studios in London," remembers Frampton. And they make for exhilarating listening, with tender folk aesthetics set on fire by a smoking rock band. "He wanted to run the gamut," explains Frampton. "He wanted to stretch out – so we were able to help him there."

In parallel, the *Frampton's Camel* album was taking shape. But as most of it was written in New York and recorded at Electric Lady Studios, Moon had to follow suit. Album closer 'Hideaway' was recorded at Bell Sound Studios in '73, although Frampton at this stage was less involved. "I lost control of it along the way because of Dee Anthony, who unfortunately was not always open and above board," he says. Frampton then lost contact with Roger Moon. "I was so busy with my own career." However, Roger stayed on in New York and, with the help of Anthony Dee, completed the album, which was released in '75. Moon also recorded and rush-released follow-up *Second Class View Of Paradise*. Neither made any impact and Moon soon found himself back in Norwich. There he once again struck up with Mike Rogers and formed The Fly By Night Removals, or the Flys for short, who played his solo songs together with new material, before breaking up almost as soon as they'd formed.

Had he called the album *Frampton's Moon* in reference to its *Frampton's Camel* heritage, Moon might have fared better. Instead, *Nobody Knows My Name* remains a great accomplishment by an artist who stayed true to its title.



Roger Moon performs in Norwich, 1976

audio heaven

MURDO MATHEWSON surveys the latest hi-fi and audio gadgetry

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